

The **A** **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Monthly*



WHAT IS A GOOD AMERICAN ?
By Clarence Budington Kelland



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sweeten the breath with*

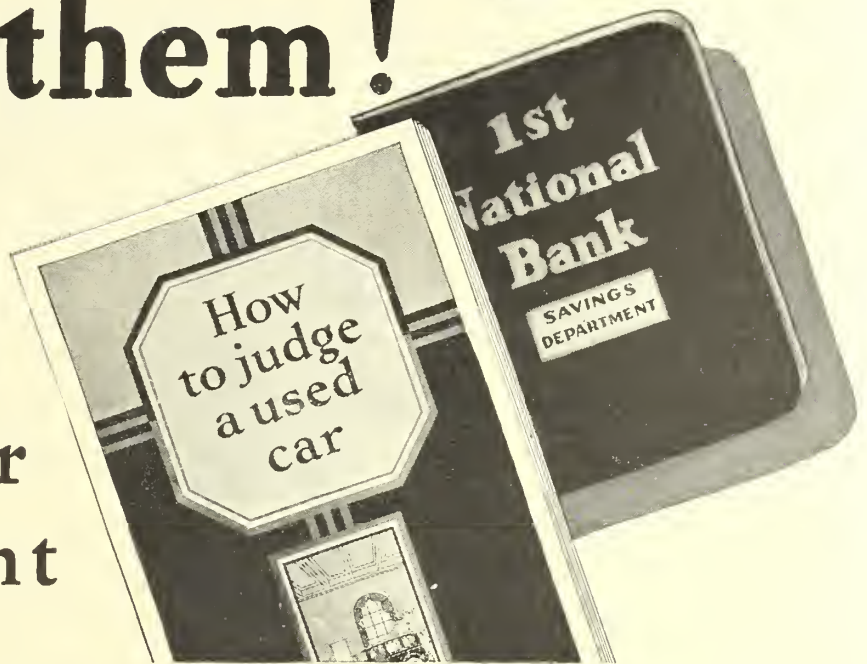
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The Great Independent



The AMERICAN LEGION

Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

GEOORGIA: One of the thirteen original colonies, and the last to be founded. James Oglethorpe, a British general, who received a charter from King George II of England, originally planned the colony for the relief of English debtors. The first recruits, who saw a chance to rehabilitate themselves in the new world rather than languish in an English jail, often for a trifling debt, arrived at Savannah Feb. 13, 1733. They were followed in a few years by other bands of Englishmen, Salzburger, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Jews and Moravians. Oglethorpe on his second visit to the colony in 1734 brought over Charles Wesley as his secretary and John Wesley, founder of Methodism, as a missionary to the Indians. These two ministers had a profound influence on the religious life of the colony that is felt to this day. In 1754 Georgia became a royal province. Population, 1790, 82,548; 1927 (U. S. est.), 3,171,000. Percentage of urban population (communi-



ties of 2,500 and over), 1900, 15.6; 1910, 20.6; 1920, 25.1. Area, 59,265 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 49 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 12th in population, 20th in area, 20th in density. Capital, Atlanta (1927 U. S. est.), 250,000. Three largest cities, Atlanta; Savannah, 96,400; Macon, 50,200. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$3,806,750,000. Principal sources of wealth (U. S. 1923), cotton goods, \$201,860,151; lumber products, \$30,036,857; fertilizers, \$24,192,743; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$540,613,626, with cotton, cereal grains and sugar cane the leaders. Georgia had 103,288 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1790: "Wisdom, Justice, Moderation." Origin of name: Named for King George II of England, who granted the charter for the colony. Nickname: Cracker State

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

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THE MESSAGE CENTER



ONLY a month ago this department chronicled the fact that, since the publication of Alexander Gardiner's article, "A Little Faster, A Little Farther," in the June, 1927, issue, three records in major track and field events had gone by the boards. Two of these, it was pointed out, would go down in the books as indoor records only owing to a technicality for which neither of the performers, Sabin Carr, pole-vaulter, and Lloyd Hahn, half-miler, was responsible. Now comes the news that Lee Barnes of the University of Southern California has pole vaulted 14 feet, 2 inches, an inch better than Carr's best leap. As this issue was made up the Intercollegiates, in which both were entered, were yet to come. Johnny Kuck, formerly of the Kansas State Teachers' College, this spring hurled the sixteen-pound shot fifty-one feet two inches at Los Angeles only a few days after previously breaking the world figure with a put of fifty-one feet one inch—the latter mark was one inch better than that set up by Ralph Rose of the University of Michigan in 1900. Rose's mark, as Mr. Gardiner's article pointed out, had survived longer than any other in the roster of major track and field events. A few days later came word that a German had beaten the new mark by seven inches, and still later that Kuck in practice was consistently beating fifty-two feet.

THE Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire enters the summer solstice with three dozen names on the membership roster. Three readers have qualified since the last issue of the Monthly appeared. Dr. Nelson J. Hawley of St. Louis, surgeon of Joseph Fournier Post, qualified as far back as 1910. The other new members are Captain H. M. Findlay, F. A., U. S. A., connected with the R. O. T. C. at the University of Oklahoma at Norman, and a member of Fletcher Odell Post, and A. C. Howard of New York City, former major, Q. M. C.

A LEGIONNAIRE who requests that his name be withheld (it is not violating this confidence to say that he used to be adjutant of an excellent combat division) writes: "One thing occurs to me which, I believe, is worthy of remark in the magazine. While I was in France last year I was impressed and touched by the keen personal interest of the French people in the areas where our troops were billeted in regard to the in-

dividual American soldier who had been with them. I am not talking about official hot air or government inspired propaganda, but about individuals whose sincerity is not to be doubted, not only in and around our training area, but everywhere. The common people in the small towns have preserved every letter, every Christmas card or postcard received from Americans who were billeted with them, and we received eager inquiries from individuals as to whether we might happen to know Corporal This or Captain That, the inquirers being innocently oblivious of American geography. A reflection of this is found in the lists of inquiries which appeared in the newspapers of Paris at the time of the Legion Convention, wherein hundreds of French people wrote asking their American friends to look them up. This attitude was so general as to be almost universal, and when the old Frenchwoman in whose house I was billeted at Reynel greeted me with tears in her eyes and a smile that would not come off, I felt guilty for the years of silence since 1918, and resolved that no year would pass again without dropping her a line. This feeling is not generally appreciated by American soldiers, and in the hurly burly of our everyday lives a fleeting intention to send a card 'some day' is easy to put off to tomorrow. I believe it would be a good thing if The American Legion Monthly urged all Americans who have the addresses of friends of 1918 to write to them once in a while. I think it would be a good thing both sides of the water, and not entirely without some larger influence on the relations of the two countries."

REFERENCE to Edgar Allan Poe's army service two issues back and his ignominious exit therefrom brings this interesting note from Brigadier General F. R. Keefer, U. S. A., of Washington, a member of Caduceus Post: "Apropos your mention of Poe's military record, it may be of interest to note that Poe wrote a poem while he was at West Point. It referred to a certain tactical officer (in charge of drills and general conduct of cadets) and was as follows:

John Locke is a very great name,
Joe Locke is a greater, in short;
The former is well-known to fame,
The latter well known to report.

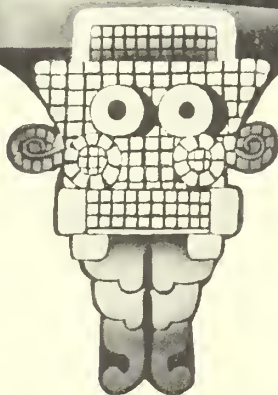
KARL W. DETZER, Clarence Budington Kelland, Joseph Mills Hanson, Marquis James and Philip Von Blon are all familiar names to readers of the Monthly. So, though a newcomer among

our contributors, is that of Walter Johnson. A native of Kansas, he went from an Idaho team in 1907 to the Washington American League team, and was affiliated with no other baseball organization until a few months ago he accepted the managership of the Newark International League team. In his prime as a player he was known as the speediest pitcher baseball has produced. His speed was once carefully computed on one of the thingumajigs that figure the velocity of projectiles and was recorded as one hundred and twenty feet a second, which, according to our figuring, is at the rate of nearly eighty-two miles an hour. Sporting history may well assign him a niche alongside the late beloved Christy Mathewson as a beau sabreur of baseball... Thomas J. Malone lives in Minneapolis.

THE August Monthly will initiate a seven-part war story by Leonard H. (Steamer) Nason called "The Man in the White Slicker." Nason is no stranger to Monthly readers, but this will be his first appearance in these pages with a long serial. The story was written, by the way, in France, from which country Mr. Nason will soon be starting back home, bringing with him the missus, two daughters, and one Leonard Hastings Nason, Jr., who has never yet in his life set eyes on these United States.

STOP the press! Just as this issue is closing comes a letter from John J. Langenbach of Raymond, Washington, Adjutant of Raymond Post, announcing his eligibility to the Gibbon Society. Quick, Mr. Secretary, with Card No. 37! Mr. Langenbach writes: "When I first observed some comments in the Monthly about this matter, I paid slight attention to it. Now it appears that a considerable organization has grown up about the idea. Back in the pre-war days I had access to my stepfather's rather large library. As a sort of preliminary round for Gibbon, I read first Ellis's 'History of the United States' and then Ridpath's 'History of the World.' It was in 1911 during my junior year in high school that I tackled Gibbon, while we were studying world history in general. Our history instructor had an endless fund of interesting anecdotes and stories from ancient times and this led me into the same field of research. I have never regretted my time in this endeavor."

The Editor



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A LAND CRUISE IN MEXICO

October 12 to October 24, 1928

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Please direct all inquiries to

MR. PHILIP B. STAPP, GENERAL DIRECTOR, TENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION
BUREAU, GUNTER HOTEL, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

9:35 - P. M.

Part One of a Two-Part A.E.F. **MYSTERY STORY**

By
**KARL
W.
DETZER**

Illustrations
by
V.E. Pyles



LIEUTENANT JOHN MEIGS, American Division of Criminal Investigation, arrived at the Café St. Hubert at five minutes past nine on Thursday evening, May 14, 1919. The café, which is patronized chiefly by Sunday fishermen and hunters, lies just off the River Huisne on the Paris road, four and one-half kilometers east of the city of Le Mans. Meigs's visit on this evening was purely a matter of routine. It concerned stolen American army supplies which were being sold in large quantities by absentees without leave to hotel keepers and farmers. Orders provided that he inspect regularly every country inn, decent or otherwise.

The moon was shining in promise of a fair night when the lieutenant cranked his solo motorcycle in front of the D. C. I. office on Rue Bollée, in Le Mans, but a cloud bank obscured it before he passed the city limits, and out along the River Huisne a low fog hung over the marshy bottoms and the air smelled like rain. Arriving at the St. Hubert, Meigs stood his motorcycle upon its rack and turned in hurriedly at the gate.

He was well acquainted with the place. The café itself, which is set back at some distance from the main road, is approached by a double row of poplars, making a lane barely wide enough for an automobile. A stone wall with broken bottles imbedded in its top parallels the highway for a hundred meters. Between the wall and the café stretches a garden of considerable proportions, somewhat run down in 1910, and spotted with dwarfed fruit trees. On the right of the lane, as one approaches the door, stands a small, ornate summer house with cast iron pillars and a tin roof.

The main building is a low sprawling structure of pressed brick, plaster and exposed timbers. Its kitchen faces the lane and is entered by a flight of three worn stone steps. Beyond the kitchen is a wide, low eating and drinking room with heavily beamed ceiling; a pleasant, airy apartment, furnished with stout wooden tables and chairs. Opposite the door from the kitchen a short, narrow passage opens from the dining room to the living quarters of the proprietor. A stairway leads from the left of this passage to the two private dining rooms on the second floor, and under the stair, a steep flight of stone steps descends to the cellar.

A light burned dimly in the kitchen window on the evening of May 14th. Meigs, perceiving it, had almost reached the door

when he thought he detected a queer sound behind him. He paused for a moment; seeing nothing, walked on; for the time at least, forgot it.

He was admitted by Madame Beret, proprietor of the St. Hubert. She was a tall, blonde woman of forty-five, with bright, shrewd eyes, well formed features, immobile lips, and a dignity seldom encountered among the proprietors of wayside inns. Meigs had questioned her on one other occasion, while searching the countryside for a deserter. He thought her keen at the time; she had answered his questions with terse intelligence, and it had been by her aid that the man was captured. That was in March . . . two months before.

Now, opening the door, she recognized him at once and invited him in.

"You remember me?" he asked.

"But certainly! You are of the division of criminal researches."

"I've a perquisition. I'm looking for stolen army property."

"Oh, m'sieur! You search here? And with my reputation? But come in!" It had begun to rain suddenly. The widow drew back into the stiff cleanliness of her kitchen. "That door under the stair leads to the cellar," she said. "If you wish me to accompany you . . ."

"It would be better," Meigs agreed. "You understand, I'm making no accusation. I'm simply searching every inn and café in this canton. An unpleasant job."

"Most police work is unpleasant," the woman replied. "I wonder they find men willing to perform it."

His search was concluded in five minutes. He was convinced that no large quantity of plunder was concealed about the St. Hubert. As Madame Beret turned to the door of her own living quarters, Meigs said: "Never mind. I'll not look there."

"No? I am glad. Celeste, my daughter, is a long time asleep," she explained as they returned to the kitchen. "She would not like it if she knew the American police search her mother's house. She is what you call sensitive. She objects to this café business! But what is a woman to do? My husband was killed in 1914. We must live . . ."

"Certainly." Rain still slapped violently against the windows. Meigs buttoned his slicker.

"You depart in this storm? Stop, have a hot grog!"
"I better hurry," Meigs answered. "This rain may last all night."

Running down the steps, he turned by mistake toward the left. "The other way," Madame Beret shouted after him. "That leads to the river, the fishermen's boathouses. You would drown yourself?" She laughed very pleasantly.

Her large, angular form was silhouetted sharply in the yellow rectangle of the door. Meigs thanked her again. He glanced at his luminous wrist watch as he hurried along the lane, already spongy under foot. The hands pointed to twenty minutes past nine. Later he remembered this distinctly. His tour of duty ended at ten; there remained one other place to search; he'd put it off till tomorrow.

The motorcycle sputtered uncertainly for several minutes in protest at the rain. Before it started, a car, approaching from the rear, halted a hundred yards behind him. Meigs saw only its headlights. He was interested in nothing just then, except in getting to his billet and out of his wet clothes. Before morning he wished he had turned around to look.

A quarter kilo from St. Hubert's gate another car blinded him, spattering mud recklessly as it charged by. Unmistakably it was American; judging from its size and its glass windows, it belonged to an officer of rank. Immediately behind it, and pedaling in the same direction, a man rode a bicycle without a light.

Meigs was aware of a girl trudging through the rain at the extreme left side of the road a short distance farther on, a girl or a woman, he could not determine which. She was going toward St. Hubert's. Just ahead the yellow windows of the Buvette Pouce, that disreputable grog room he was sparing an official visit tonight, looked out dully. He was tempted to stop in spite of the hour. He disliked the one-legged Pouce; the man was crafty; deserved watching.

He encountered no one else. The rain ceased as suddenly as it began, when he arrived at the edge of town. At fifteen minutes past ten he completed and signed his daily report sheet, and bade the desk sergeant good night. On quiet evenings, after ten o'clock, this enlisted man was left in charge of the office, under instructions to notify Lieutenant Meigs at his billet four doors away, in case anything unusual occurred.

The lieutenant was half way to his own gate when a car racketed up to D. C. I. headquarters. Two operators, Sergeant Seagraves and Corporal Plumber, got out, bringing a third man with them.

"Trouble, Sergeant?" Meigs called.

"Just picked up this big john, sir," Seagraves answered. "A. W. O. L., I guess. Bumped into him at the edge of town." The sergeant approached, leaving the prisoner with his companion. "Found him route-steppin' around without no hat or cap. No pass. Thought he'd bear checkin' up."

"What does he say?"

"Says he's a sergeant in finance quartermaster's office. Name of Cass. No tongue in his head. Don't talk a-tall."

"Search him. Phone his C. O. If he's all right, send him home."

"Yes, sir."

"All quiet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good night, Sergeant."

Meigs slept quickly and soundly, so soundly that the messenger from the office must pull the bell chain at the gate twice before he stirred. He looked at his watch. Five minutes past one.

In the operations room at D. C. I. headquarters, two Frenchmen awaited him. One of them he greeted familiarly. This was Inspector Girardot, chief investigator for the Le Mans civil police. The other, in a faded uniform, he saw to be a member of the Gendarmerie Nationale.

"Mon Lieutenant, this is M'sieur Napoleon Piquet, of Le Loup post," Girardot explained. "He has a report. It concerns an affair in which an American is implicated."

Meigs groaned. He knew Girardot's habit. He implicated Americans in every crime in his territory.

"Well?" he asked.

"M'sieur understands French? My friend here has none other."

"Slowly." Meigs turned to inspect Napoleon Piquet.

He was a small, wiry, black-eyed man, with the look of a private soldier of France. Meigs knew the type. About thirty, he guessed; younger than most gendarmes and not so sure of himself. His eyes shifted away from Meigs's stare. He was in need of sleep and evidently what he came to report had upset him.

"I was returning from Le Mans, m'sieur, this evening on the Paris road. It was my day of permission. My post is at Le Loup, a village seven kilos east." He looked at Meigs uneasily to see if



"Perhaps you'll feel like talking in the morning, m'selle,"

he understood. The lieutenant had leaned forward in his chair. He, too, had traveled that same road not many hours before. "As I approached a place known as the Café St. Hubert," the gendarme continued, "it is a small café . . ."

Meigs spoke quickly. "I know where it is."

"You have noticed it?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps eaten there?"

"Proceed!" Meigs said sharply.



he said. "I'll be back at seven o'clock. You understand, you are in the inspector's care?"

"I was riding my bicycle. I am near the café gate when a car comes suddenly from the lane and turns toward Le Mans. A large car, such as the American army uses. I am an alert gendarme, m'sieur . . ." He paused.

"Go on," Meigs bade.

For a moment the gendarme paused again. He fondled his blue hat nervously. His short toed, black military shoes tapped restlessly on the floor. His eyes shifted back and forth.

"I am alert, so I notice the speed at which this car is traveling,

instead and we walk to Le Loup. There I instruct my partner . . . he is an old gendarme . . . to remain with the girl. That is orders in every case. M'sieur understands I am positive Celeste was not herself guilty?"

"Why positive?"

"I have known the mother a long time, an excellent woman!"

"Didn't know the girl?"

"Oh, but yes, both of them." He hesitated nervously.

"Good girl?"

Terrific, m'sieur. So I wonder if everything is well. Descending from my bicycle and pushing it beside me, I advance in the lane. I go only a short distance when I see that the kitchen door is open. I leave my bicycle and approach."

The gendarme stood up suddenly, as if it were impossible to describe his discovery from the comfort of a chair.

"A woman lay in the doorway. Her face outside. Her feet in the kitchen. She was dead."

Meigs heard his own breath pass suddenly through his throat.

"It was . . ." he asked calmly. "Madame Beret, the café owner."

"Of what did she die?"

"A bullet. It was in her head, behind the left ear."

"What time was that?"

"I consulted my watch at once, as regulations insist. The hands pointed to thirty-five minutes past the twenty-first hour . . . thirty-five minutes past nine o'clock."

Meigs arose abruptly. For a moment his calm deserted him. Nine thirty-five! Fifteen minutes before that he had bade good night to Madame Beret. In the quarter hour between his departure from St. Hubert's café and the French policeman's arrival, the woman had been murdered. He walked the length of the room and back. "What then?" he asked. He felt chill suddenly. "What then?" he repeated.

"I shouted," the gendarme said. "At first there was no reply. Then Celeste . . . she is the daughter of Madame Beret . . . came running out in her night things. I said: 'Your mother is dead.' She looks down very speechless at the body . . . you may understand that, m'sieur? . . . and asks me: 'You killed her?' She was very much upset. She helped me lift the body into the kitchen, where I laid it on the floor."

He gulped hard and squinted once at his hands, as if seeing again the burden they had carried.

"Then what?" Meigs lighted a cigarette, found it tasteless, and threw it into the fireplace. The yellow flame of the oil lamp cast the gendarme's anxious, perspiring face into clear angles of light and shadow.

"I command the girl Celeste to come with me. We search for the door key. We find it in madame's pocket. I locked the door, leaving the woman on the floor and the lamp burning. Then what shall I do? I can not carry the girl on my bicycle. Besides, she will not permit me. Neither can I leave a witness there. So I leave the bicycle

"Ah, m'sieur!" His tone was reproachful. "Certainement, she is good! She loves her mother. To be sure, they quarrel sometimes. Celeste, she does not like the café business. She thinks it is . . . ah, you understand, m'sieur?" Meigs had nodded; he had heard once before that night that Celeste did not like the café business.

"She thinks it is beneath her?"

"Exactly!" The gendarme was becoming excited. "In the old days, before the war, you comprehend, m'sieur, women like Madame Beret did not conduct cafés! Celeste, she is high-spirited. Oui, too much for her own good. But she would not kill her mother! No!"

"You left her in your gendarmerie post. . . ."

"And call the priest. He rides his bicycle back to the café. I ride my partner's. He remains with the body. I come to the city and make my report." He paused, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Hm." Meigs's eyes fixed uncomfortably upon the smoking oil lamp. So Madame Beret was murdered. Fifteen minutes after he left her. "Why implicate Americans?" he demanded. "You saw an American car. So far as you know that is the only connection Americans have with the case?"

"Enough," Girardot growled. "An American automobile is discovered speeding away from a murder. Would you not call it important evidence?"

"Maybe, maybe not. It could have been a Frenchman driving it, or a Spaniard or a Hottentot for all we know."

"But he drove like an American . . . recklessly." Girardot shook his big, broad head, rolling the umbrella between his palms. "Besides, at the railroad crossing the gate is smashed. Who but an American would rush through a railroad gate when it is closed?"

Meigs laughed nervously. "They smash enough of them, heaven knows!" His fingers were perspiring as he pressed the button under the desk. Should he tell these Frenchmen now that he had been at the café less than fifteen minutes before the woman's death? Now, or later? A sleepy messenger opened the door. "Any operators about?" Meigs asked.

"Sergeant Seagraves, sir."

"Tell him to come with me. Send to Captain Finch's billet . . ."

"Captain's in Tours. Was called at nine o'clock on that sugar case."

"Damn the sugar! Well . . ." Meigs scowled. It was like the captain to be away on a sugar job . . . and this his first murder case. "Have a car sent around right away," he ordered. "A fresh driver and plenty of gas."

He turned down the lamp, drew an automatic pistol from the upper drawer of his desk, pushed out its magazine to make sure it was filled, stuffed a notebook and pencil into his trench coat pocket, and the pistol into a shoulder holster concealed in the lining of the coat.

"Might as well start now," he said.

He ran down the stair ahead of the two Frenchmen. At the broad table in the front office the desk sergeant sprawled lazily beside his telephone, the arrest sheet and operators' report blank thumb-tacked to the board in front of him, the wall above the desk tightly papered with "look-outs," orders, reports of crime, and identi-

fication photographs. He was smoking a pipe and looking bored.

"Have anyone who's picked up held till I get back," Meigs ordered. "Telephone the A.P.M. to hold anyone found loafing on the streets. If the captain or any other officer calls, tell 'em there's been a murder at the Café St. Hubert. I'm going there now."

Sergeant Seagraves, a tall, lean, sober faced soldier, was waiting at the gate. A car already poked its headlights from the driveway on the left of the headquarters building.

"Paris road," Meigs directed the driver.

He sat down uncomfortably in the back seat between the bulky Girardot and the small, nervous gendarme. Both those officials became uncommunicative as soon as the car started. Meigs, with his eyes on the back of Seagraves' head, thought confusedly of his visit to the Café St. Hubert. He had liked its proprietor. She was respectable; he didn't need this man Piquet to tell him that. And shrewd. Surprised at his official visit, nevertheless able to remain at ease. She had made no effort to keep him out of her own quarters. Only mentioned her daughter, who was abed. But someone else must have been in the house . . .

"Lunatic!" he exclaimed aloud.

"Eh?" Girardot asked.

"Nothing!" Meigs growled. He had remembered suddenly; remembered the sound he had heard while walking down the lane. A queer noise that he didn't stop to identify. If he had taken the trouble then . . . he clenched his hands . . . why, the woman might be living yet!

That must have been about five minutes past nine. He had been fifteen minutes in the café. Had someone been hiding in the grounds all the time? Someone with a loaded revolver, waiting for him to leave?

"Madame Beret was born hereabouts?" he demanded of the gendarme.

Piquet started. His hands, since his hat was on his head, picked nervously at the leather-covered buttons on his tunic.

"Right there in Le Loup," he answered. "Her father was the town notary. Her reputation? Ah, m'sieur, I tell you again she bent backward on the side of virtue! Her husband was from the Pyrenees, a Basque. He volunteered the first day of the war. The daughter is like him in looks. She was fifteen when he was killed."

"That makes her nineteen now?"

"Oui." Piquet added: "Nineteen last St. Martin's Day."

Meigs seemed to consider that thoughtfully. Nothing more was said until they approached the railroad crossing. He then bade the driver to stop. The beam of the headlights revealed the gateman, a short, old man, awkwardly trying to repair the smashed lattice barricade. A lantern stood on the ground.

"See the car that hit it?" Meigs asked. He pointed the beam of his pocket flash at the split timbers.

"See it? How could I help?"

growled the old man.

The lieutenant offered him a cigarette. The gateman refused glumly; then reconsidered, and touched his hand to his hat in a slovenly, half-military gesture. His temper cooled.

"I had just gone to my door after letting the camionette through. The girl spoke to me pleasantly."

"Girl?"

"The American girl in the camionette. It approached from the Paris direction and sounded its horn as a decent car should. I was awake, for the night express just had passed. It is due at nine thirty-two, and I looked at the clock to see if it was on time."

"It was?"

"Precisely . . . or two or three minutes fast or slow. My clock is not infallible."

"You let the camionette through, then what?"

"I bid them goodnight."

"Them? How many?"



Girardot, looking as wise as a cat, sat down comfortably by the stove



"Oh, m'sieur! You search here? And with my reputation? But come in!"

"An American officer and the girl."

"She was driving?"

"So I said once, m'sieur! We discussed the rain which had ceased only a few moments before. The camionette was heavily loaded. I said it must be difficult to drive such weight on so wet a night. I closed the gate, locked it securely according to the rule, and returned to my house. I heard the other car then, coming toward the city. The camionette could not have been half a kilo beyond."

"The other car was going toward Le Mans, too?"

"But certainly! I started down to open the gate. What use? That driver was coming fifty, eighty, a hundred kilos an hour. Zut! What a fool! How did he know the night express was already past? He struck the gate, so!" The old man pounded his knuckles together.

"Did he stop?" Meigs demanded.

"Non! Only slowed down. You could hear the glass breaking. The lights grew dimmer at once. Such fools!"

The gateman picked up his hammer and went on about his work. Seagraves, who had been prowling on the tracks, flashing his own pocket lamp, returned, carrying a small piece of glass.

"Smashed a headlight," he said.

Meigs pointed to the broken gate. Its white timbers were daubed with olive drab.

"American car all right. It'll be needing repairs. We'll have

to check garages and shops when we get back to town."

The lieutenant asked no further questions as the car sped on toward St. Hubert's café. He had plenty over which to reflect. The train had been on time . . . nine thirty-two . . . a few minutes one way or the other. Then the camionette passed, the small truck driven by an American girl. A welfare truck, probably, filled with infernal chocolate. There was nothing to connect her with the case. Except that she and the officer with her might give some idea of the other car. It must have passed them.

He himself had seen one glass-enclosed machine on the road, speeding eastward toward the café. That was at twenty minutes after nine. It could have turned into the St. Hubert gate at about twenty-five after, not later, at that speed. The shooting, according to the gendarme Piquet, took place at about nine thirty-five. Ten minutes.

Then had it started back toward town, it would have crossed the tracks at about nine thirty-eight.

That would fit exactly. The train went through at nine thirty-two. A few minutes later . . . say nine thirty-five . . . the gate tender had opened his gate for the small truck. He had locked it again, a matter of a minute, and reached his own door fifty paces away when the speeding car appeared.

"Here's St. Hubert's," Meigs called to the driver. "Pull off at the side of the road. Don't ruin any tracks in the lane."

"St. what?" demanded Sergeant Seagraves.

"St. Hubert's. A café. It's murder, Seagraves!"

The operator followed through the gate, then plucked the lieutenant gingerly on the arm. He spoke with the tone of a man who has made a mistake and has sense (Continued on page 66)

What is a Good

By Clarence

Illustrations by



You'd be insulted if your wealthy neighbor sent around \$20 worth of groceries

I BELIEVE that any citizen who puts loyalty to an organization ahead of loyalty to his country is a bad American.

I believe that farmers' associations are splendid—when they confine their attention to farming; that bankers' associations are excellent—when they confine their activities to the betterment of banking conditions. But that both are an unmitigated evil when they endeavor by mass tactics to forward their selfish political desires.

I believe there is too much so-called education, and that the epidemic of going to college which sweeps the country today is one of the most terrific wastes to time and money the world has ever seen. I believe any normally intelligent young man can derive more solid education from one year's selected reading on his back porch than he can from four years of such fodder as our bewildered colleges are pitchforking out of the dust-bin which they mistake for a hay-mow.

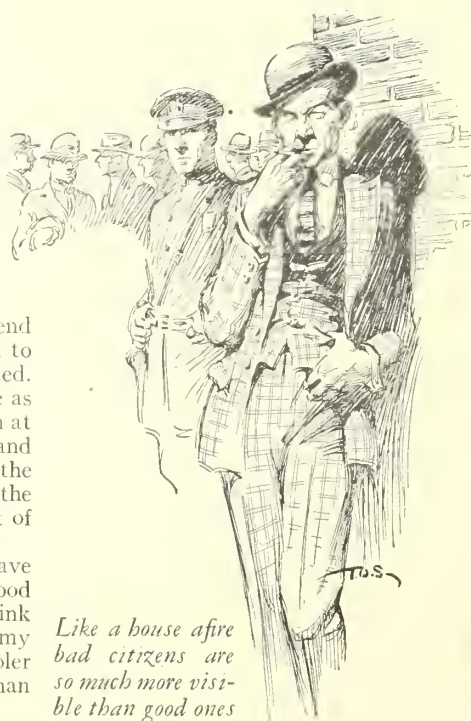
I believe the present system of Federal taxation is unfair, unscientific and dishonest. I believe it to be the result of political cowardice on the part of both the great parties who prefer the demagoguery of mulcting the well-to-do and the rich to the justice of equitably taxing every citizen who enjoys the benefits of our Government. It seems wrong to me that a possible majority should reap the advantages of membership in this nation without paying dues, or should be present in their seats on passes.

I do not believe a poor man is inherently more sacred than a rich one.

If your wealthy neighbor were to send twenty dollars' worth of groceries around to your house in a basket you would be insulted. Probably you would prove yourself to be as good a man as he by trying to thrash him at the next meeting. Yet you sit back and smirk and let him pay your just share of the taxes and never bat an eye. And use the money he saves for you to buy a basket of groceries.

I do not believe these beliefs which I have stated at length constitute me a good American; but I do believe, if you will think them over, you will get some dim idea of my notion of a bad American. It is much simpler to tell you what a good American is *not* than to tell you what he is.

Like a house afire bad citizens are so much more visible than good ones



In the first place nobody can be a good American by believing. You must believe and *act* on your belief. A good American is not negative, he does something about it. Of course one may start out with the old, old statement that the good citizen must vote. But voting doesn't make you a good American, not by several long parasangs. If it did a lot of very bad Americans would become good ones automatically. Strangely enough, you can always trust the *bad* vote to come out. You can bank on the bad vote, which is the controlled vote, the vote which belongs to some organization or boss. It *has* to come out. So voting alone won't make you a good American.

Almost anybody you ask will tell you that obedience to the laws of the land makes you a good American. Well, let us examine into that.

If everybody for the last ten thousand years had shown his good citizenship by scrupulous obedience to laws we would still be in the dark ages. It is by disobedience to laws that the world has advanced. It has been by the refusal of the people to obey unjust, unreasonable or tyrannical laws imposed upon them by their rulers that civilization has been able to reach its present absurd, rickety, illogical and unworkable condition. But nevertheless a condition some thousands of times better than obtained two hundred years ago.

In America, as in any other nation, the ultimate, the supreme power lies in the people. Tom, Dick and Harry, and Molly and Jane and Ethel, are a composite king. All authority derives from their will. This is the direct opposite of the ancient theory of the divine rights of royalty. It was by disobedience to law that the divine right theory was blasted to smithereens, and the real facts of the matter made apparent.

But when you have an aggregate of a hundred and ten millions of folks they can't very handily meet under a tent and express their will. So we invented that plausible but decrepit make-shift called representative government. Under this theory the ultimate authority was divided into groups, each of which put its heads together and selected some man to express their will in a thing called a legislature—the laughable idea being that each group would select a man able to speak for it, honest to speak for it honestly, and unselfish enough to work for the general welfare.

The will of the people, expressed through its representatives, is the law of the land. Which we must obey or be sent to the hoosegow as criminals.

But in the beginning we felt dimly that these representatives might not be one-hundred percent perfect, so we imposed upon them a second legislative body which should not represent the people directly, but should represent more or less the aristocracy who were believed to be much more intelligent and patriotic than the lowly mass of citizens below. This second body turned out to be the Senate, and it is all but impossible to say just whom the joke is on. These Senators, originally, were elected by the representatives in each State Legislature. But, in an upsurging of democracy, we overturned that law. It was a peaceful revolution. Now the Senators are elected by the people just as the representatives are—and it didn't seem to make much difference in general results.

So here we have a situation where a couple of assemblies who are in something like the ratio of one to two hundred thousand are making laws for the hundred million. And the hundred million is supposed to like it and to be getting what it wants, or at least what is good for it.

Of course we have some checks on these

AMERICAN?

Budington Kelland

T. D. Skidmore

lawmakers. A law is no good until the President signs it and puts it into execution. Then

the Supreme Court can step in and say the legislature had no right to make the law. This is lucky, because nobody can say what ridiculous thing would happen if it were not so.

Now then, must the good American obey these laws blindly and without protest?

Our opinion is that the man who does so is a very bad American indeed.

By this we do not counsel anarchy, nor actual disobedience to any law which the good judgment of a large number of citizens considers to be unwise or unjust. But we do counsel the use of the brain. In short, what we are getting at is that a good American is one who thinks, thinks for himself, and then has the courage to act upon his mature judgment.

Once a law is passed and upon the statute books it is a rule of conduct which we should obey. But it is our duty to work in season and out of season to secure repeal of bad laws.

A great many of these unwise, unjust or absurd laws become a part of the rules which govern us because certain special groups desire them for their own interests. We do not want a country which is governed by organizations. We do not want a legislature dominated by Ku Klux Klan, farmers' granges, Anti-Saloon Leagues, religious bodies, labor unions, employers' associations, or organizations of capital. Such an association is good so long as it confines itself to its own business. Granges are good so long as they stick to the improvement of farming and the marketing of farm products, labor unions are good so long as they keep out of politics, church organizations are excellent until they start maintaining lobbies in Washington. But the Good American wants none of them to run his country. What he wants is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

A Good American is not a laboring man who believes all rich men to be crooks and oppressors; a Good American is not one who, having wealth, believes all laboring men to be reds. Our idea is that a Good American is one who understands that all men, rich or poor, are very much alike inside, and that the probabilities are as great that a millionaire is a decent sort, who is trying to act and live as a reasonably fair man should do, as they are that a small store keeper or a stone mason is on the level.

Of course the phrase that all men are born free and equal is bunk—as most of us understand its meaning. We are born free in contemplation of the law. That is, we are not serfs or slaves, nor are we liable to such oppressions as obtained under autocratic governments where no man's life or property was his own. We are born equal—under the law—which means only that for legal purposes one citizen is as good as another. But as for actually being equal—such nonsense never can exist. Put five men in a room and in ten minutes four will be inferior to one of them. No two of them will be equal. We shouldn't expect to be, and it probably would make an awful mess if we were. One man has more intelligence than another, and is therefore superior; one man has the knack of making money and makes it, therefore he is superior in those things which money will buy. Human beings do not want equality. They want something to be above them—if for no other reason than to stir their ambition. It would be a sweet place for us to live if there were no height to which we might climb!

Every time a man better himself he better the whole country



A good home and good health contribute more than anything else to a man's enjoyment and usefulness

The Good American is not one who insists that all men shall be equal—without knowing what he is talking about. But he is the one who insists that all men, no matter what their wealth or poverty or brilliance or dumbness, shall have a square deal. He insists that an oil king shall have as fair a trial as a second-story worker. He insists that every man shall have a fair chance to earn a decent living, and that nobody shall have such special privileges as give him an unfair head start over another.

I have been doing a great deal of talking about what a Good American isn't. It is easier to define a Good American by telling what he is not than what he is. Bad Americanisms are so much more visible than good ones, just as a house on fire can be seen farther than one where domestic affairs are going on as usual in a fine and efficient way. But there are a few things which a Good American must do and think. And they are not so exciting, either. The qualities of good citizenship are not flamboyant; as a matter of fact they are pretty commonplace. But what is more commonplace than the birth rate—and the world cannot get along without it!

There used to be a saying that the happiest nation was that which has no history. You can come pretty close to paraphrasing that about a citizen—that the best citizen is the one you never hear of. Why? Because he is busy minding his own business. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men you hear of because they do

something they ought to go to jail for; half the other one percent go in for publicity tricks and blating off platforms; most of the rest are heard of because of some accident either of fortune or misfortune, and about one-one-hundredth of one percent get in the public eye because they have achieved something worthy of the nation's attention.

Therefore, let us take as a first requisite of good Americanism the quality of minding one's own business. And it embraces a lot. Minding one's own business includes so much that goes to make this country splendid and prosperous and respected. It includes work. It includes doing work and being interested in your work. Which sounds like inspirational bunk, but isn't. This country has gotten to be the richest and most prosperous in the world because its inhabitants can do the best work. All wealth is based upon two things, natural resources, like trees and coal and the fertility of the soil, and upon labor. We have as much natural wealth as any nation, but we have more natural ability in our

(Continued on page 64)



The 4th COMES

By Joseph

ON THE morning of June 27, 1876, the soldiers of the Seventh United States Infantry, arriving after a hurried forced march upon the edge of the battlefield of the Little Big Horn in Montana, stood transfixed with horror at the scene suddenly revealed to their eyes. Scattered over the hillsides lay the stark and mutilated bodies of more than two hundred officers and soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry who, two days before, under command of the gallant General George A. Custer, had been annihilated by an overwhelming army of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. The rage and the burning desire for revenge which took possession of those first witnesses of the field of slaughter transmitted itself to the people of the whole West—indeed, to those of the entire Union. When news of the disaster became known, the nation, as one man, came to the decision that this crowning tragedy of long generations of Indian warfare must be the last.

The battle of the Little Big Horn was probably the greatest victory ever won over the white men by the American Indians, but its consequence was their complete and permanent overthrow. Within a few years thereafter the United States Army had run down and defeated practically the last bands of hostiles, and the proud warriors of the plains found themselves confined within the boundaries of ever narrowing reservations whence there was no escape. No escape, that is, save by the way most abhorrent to those who had known the freedom of the nomad camp and the boundless prairies—adoption of the habits and the mode of life of their white conquerors.

To those at all familiar with the circumstances of the long struggle of the Indians against the encroaching whites and their existence since their subjugation it must be evident that they have accepted their fate with remarkable fortitude and made extraordinary progress in adapting themselves to ways of life and methods of thought entirely foreign to their instincts. This is true even though white people first brought into contact with them may regard the sort of civilization practiced by many Indians as very primitive. It is, judged by the highest standards of the white race. But it denotes a progress, in most cases, of less than fifty years from almost complete barbarism, and is good evidence that eventually the evolution will become complete.

How, for example, would his statement have been received had some man gifted with the power of prophecy stood up before the soldiers of the Seventh Infantry while they were looking upon the dead of Custer's command scattered over the hills by the Little Big Horn and told them that forty-two years later many sons of the very Indians who had slain these United States

Cavalrymen would be standing shoulder to shoulder with white soldiers of their own regiment, fighting and dying in a foreign land out of devoted loyalty to a flag and nation which the warriors of the Little Big Horn had hated as the embodiment of all tyranny and against which they had fought with every ounce of their strength and courage?

For the Indians in general and particularly for the Dakotas, or Sioux, of my native State of South Dakota I have much respect and admiration. I know that they have had and are having a great deal done for them by the Government and by private enterprise. But I also know what they have endured in the past of injustice and humiliation, of warfare and hardship and want. I am proud of the fact that my own father was one of the first white men to come and settle permanently in what had been their country; that he was one of the first Indian agents for the Dakota tribes along the Missouri River, having in his jurisdiction hundreds of the untamed savages who, years later, were in battle against Custer at the Little Big Horn and, above all, I am proud that, even today, the older Indians remember and speak of him as having been, in his dealings with them, one of the most conscientious and honest agents ever sent to them by the Great Father at Washington. So it was a pleasant task for me to search out a few of the facts concerning the Dakota Indians in the World War and to visit in their native haunts some of those who in more recent years have become active in The American Legion and in other enterprises and interests of a nature broadening to any citizen.

Nothing, it seems to me, could better illustrate the mental gulf separating Chief Crazy Horse, Gall, Sitting Bull, Crow King and their followers of the Little Big Horn campaign from their descendants of the World War period than the reply of a Dakota Indian soldier of 1918 to a white man who complimented him on the high record of loyalty made by the Indians during the war. "Why shouldn't we be loyal?" asked the young warrior, proudly. "This was our country before it was yours."

The First, Second, Third and 42d Divisions, which went early to France, had in their ranks particularly large numbers of Dakota Indians. So did the 34th, which upon its arrival overseas became a replacement division and furnished many Indians to other divisions engaged in active operations. One soldier, in this case from North Dakota, whose exploits have gained him considerable fame, is very appropriately named, in his native tongue,



to the ROSEBUD

Mills Hanson

English name of Tom Rogers. At present a mail carrier in Mandan, North Dakota, Charges Alone went to France in the 41st Division and was sent up as a replacement to the 18th Infantry, First Division, while the latter was learning the game in more or less stabilized sectors prior to its great battles. It is said that on ninety different nights Charges Alone went out by himself across No Man's Land and brought back information of the German organizations in the opposite trenches, either by returning with a live prisoner who could be questioned or else, as happened on thirty-three occasions, bringing in the coat of a German who had resisted and whom the Indian had either killed or knocked senseless. This is an amazing record, but other Indians on many occasions gave ample evidence of the almost uncanny skill in scouting for which their race has always been distinguished.

Statistics have not yet been compiled—at least I have been unable to come by any—establishing the exact numbers of Indians killed and wounded in France. As the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington has told me, it is difficult to secure accurate information because "Indians served with Caucasians and in numberless instances no record was made either on the enlistment or discharge papers of the race of the Indian soldier. Enlisting and serving in regiments with white men gave them the status of white." One estimate, probably far from complete, places the number of Indians killed in action at 133 and the number wounded at 87. Obviously if 133 were killed there must have been, by the usual proportion, a much greater number than 87 wounded, while to arrive at even an approximate

Charges Alone, though he also bears the

total of their war losses there should be added to the above at least the unknown number who died in service in the United States.

But, whatever the actual count of those who gave their lives, it is certain that no fallen soldiers of the World War have received from their people more deep and enduring veneration than those who were Dakotas. Mingled with the grief of their fellows

for the departed is a reverence of quite religious intensity, surviving in their hearts from the days when the warrior was the supreme ideal of the tribe. So when the bodies of those who died in service were returned to their next of kin by the Government, no honors were considered too great for bestowal upon them by comrades, relatives and fellow tribesmen.

At old Fort Thompson, on the Crow Creek Reservation, while attending some months ago an annual convocation of Episcopalian Indians at which were present more than two thousand members of the various tribes of the Dakotas, I first heard of a testimonial to this veneration of the red men for their soldier dead which exists at Wakpala in that northern portion of the State which was once a part of the Standing Rock Reservation. This testimonial is a granite monument, imposingly large for that newly developed region, erected by the Indians of the neighborhood over the graves of four of their number who died during or shortly after the war. Though certain of the Indians in Oklahoma have become wealthy owing to the possession of rich oil lands, most of the Dakotas, in common with the majority of their race, are poor, especially in the matter of actual cash. But those around Wakpala were determined that their soldiers should have a fitting memorial. So they set about it, and at the cost of long effort and much sacrifice finally achieved this monument, which stands in the little cemetery of St. Elizabeth's Mission, outside the lonely



This monument at Wakpala, South Dakota, honors on each face the memory of an Indian warrior who served beside his pale face brothers. The side here shown is dedicated to George Loves-the-War, who died while a private in the Signal Corps. Above, war dance of the Dakota Indians on the Rosebud Reservation



The home of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post of The American Legion in the Rosebud Agency. Other posts in the vicinity are named for Martin Yellow Fat and Barney Brought Plenty.

prairie village of Wakpala. Each of its four sides bears the name, the record and the picture of one of the dusky warriors in whose honor it was erected: Isaac Patnesi, 340th Machine Gun Battalion; George Loves-the-War, Signal Corps; Eugene Walking-shield, 355th Infantry, and Philip Iron Clad, 163d Depot Brigade. As if one monument were not enough, close to it in the Mission Cemetery stands another, more simple, which serves as a general memorial to the fallen; a large Niobrara Cross, the symbol of the more than eleven thousand Episcopalian Indians who dwell in the Missionary District of South Dakota.

The war veterans of the Dakotas—and be it understood in passing that this is their correct name, and not “Sioux,” the latter, meaning “enemy,” having been bestowed upon them in old times by their hereditary foes, the Chippeways—have shown since the close of the war as keen an interest in maintaining the associations of their days of training and battle as they did in rendering faithful service during the conflict. Out on the horizon-wide prairies of the old reservation country west of the Missouri, where a million or so years ago there rolled an ocean of whose primordial floor nothing now survives save here and there a knob or ridge of eroded buttes, there are several American Legion posts composed wholly or in greater part of Indians, while large numbers of others belong to other posts scattered all over South Dakota. With some of these veterans I visited and exchanged reminiscences of the A. E. F. in the shadows of their tents, wagons or flivvers while they were camped by tribes around Crow Creek Agency in the hot weather of last August. Others I have looked up since at their own homes in regions far removed from the agency last mentioned.

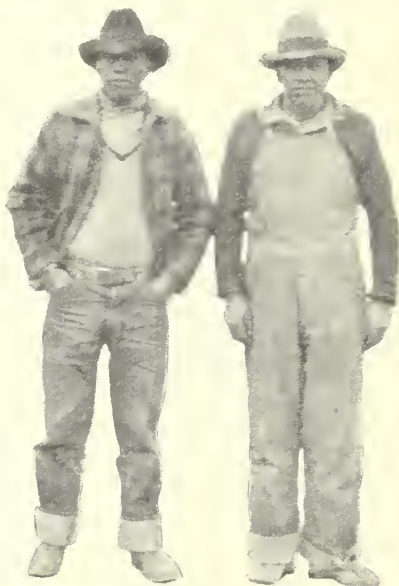
The names of some of the Indian posts and the rosters of the Legionnaires composing them throb like the beat of tomtoms from some old camp of buffalo-skin lodges back among the hills. There is Barney Brought Plenty Post, at Kenel, away up on the northern edge of the State, under the lee of the Missouri River bluffs, midway between Wakpala and Fort Yates, North Dakota, the old army post which in frontier days figured in many a stirring episode of Indian skirmish and foray. Barney Brought Plenty Post has among its officers Eugene Young Hawk, Commander; Samuel L. Brave Crow, Vice-Commander; Francis B. Bullhead, Adjutant, and Straight Pine, Finance Officer, while among the members are

counted, among others, Joseph J. Iron Thunder, Daniel Yellow Ear Ring, Stephen W. Brave Crow and James Shoe String.

It was Al Jones, Department Adjutant, wearer of the D. S. C. and dynamo of Legion enthusiasm, whose recent death by accident was a sad shock to every South Dakota Legionnaire, who made me acquainted with another interesting Indian Legion post, out on the plains of the old Standing Rock Reservation some thirty miles west by south of Kenel. Its headquarters are in the hamlet of Bullhead, which stands near the point where Stink Creek and White Shirt Creek empty into Grand River. Bullhead boasts few houses, but it prides itself upon its active and thriving Legion outfit, Martin Yellow Fat Post. This aggregation of upright and law-abiding ex-service men, practically all of them overseas veterans with many out of the First and Second Divisions, have, as their present Post Commander, Louis Thief, and as Post Adjutant, George Sleeps From Home, while Alphonso Thief functions in the benevolent role of Child Welfare Officer. It need

hardly be said that the nefarious and dissolute characteristics foreshadowed for these pilots of the post's destinies have not been borne out by their conduct in either war or peace. Joined with them in the bonds of comradeship in Martin Yellow Fat Post are such other survivors of the Big Parade as Louis Dog, Thomas Pheasant, Jake White Bull, who is Post Historian; and Louis Crow Skin, Finance Officer; James Eagle Horn, August Brought Plenty; James Yellow Fat, Americanization Officer; Charles Red Bear, Chaplain, and Benedict Defender, Sergeant-at-Arms. The single post officer bearing an Anglo-Saxon name is William Marshall, Vice-Commander.

Early one May, when the young grass was just beginning to carpet the vast hills of the “west river” country and in broad fields the wheat was peeping through the black loam, I went out into the old Rosebud Reservation to get a close-up on an Indian-Caucasian post there which had intrigued me for a long time. It is located at Rosebud Agency and its interest lies primarily in the fact that it is named in honor of the first American Indian killed in action in the World War—Chauncey Eagle Horn. This man was a shining example of the patriotic aborigine. He was older than the average World War soldier—forty-three—married and had served two or three hitches in the Regular Army when he enlisted for the duration in April, 1917.



Legionnaires Stephen Spotted Tail and Herbert Omaha Boy served with Chauncey Eagle Horn in the Rainbow Division

By the time he first saw a flare go up over the Western Front he was a member of Company M, 167th Infantry, 42d Division. With this Alabama regiment of the Rainbows on July 28, 1918, he went down those long slopes, naked as the prairie hills of his native Dakota and raked by the steel teeth of shells and machine-gun bullets, which led to the thicketed banks of the Ourcq. With his Southern comrades from Montgomery and Birmingham and the bayous along the Tombigbee, he struggled across the deep little stream and up the opposite slope toward the edge of the wheat-fields, venomous with hidden machine guns, which lay between shell-riddled Sergy and the smoking compound of Meurcy Farm.

I wonder of what Chauncey Eagle Horn was thinking as he moved back and forth with the waves of battle in that inferno of bright summer sunshine and night blackness along the Ourcq? Perhaps it was of his wife and baby girl in the little home at Okreek, today standing almost beneath the shadow of the monument erected in his memory. Or perhaps it was of the familiar Indian agency at Rosebud, just as I saw it later, its cluster of solid brick offices and residences and stables and warehouses nestling in a cup between the precipitous hills, like an army post of the old days of frontier warfare, with many Indians, once his neighbors and friends, standing and walking about. Whatever his thoughts, they were virtually his last ones, for presently, on the morning of the 29th, after his regiment had been thrust back out of Sergy, a big German shell burst beside him and a long splinter of it took off one of his legs as an axe might have done.

No first-aid station on that bloody slope!

If any of his comrades had left cover to carry him to one further back they would, at that moment, have been shot to pieces.

So Chauncey Eagle Horn lay on the ground and quietly bled to death.

Near him while he slowly expired was his lifelong friend of the Rosebud, a member of his own company, Herbert Omaha Boy. Herbert couldn't do much for Chauncey because he himself had already been wounded in five places by machine-gun bullets. Somewhat later that day, however, after his companion had become still and rigid, Omaha Boy, as he lay in his partly dug fox-hole, managed to muster energy enough to defend himself from a German sniper, who, he discovered, was shooting at him from a tree not very far away. The Dakota painfully rolled over on its left side and worked his pistol from its holster. Then he blazed away and had the satisfaction of seeing the sniper topple from the tree.

These things and others Herbert Omaha Boy, Legionnaire of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, told to me in short sentences, broken by intervals of silence, as we stood together in the doorway of the little garage and repair shop at Rosebud. I had seen Herbert before, many times. He was in one of the Black Hills companies of my regiment, the 4th South Dakota Infantry, on the Mexican border near Brownsville, Texas, in 1916-17. So we talked also about San Benito and Landrum's Ranch and the Ten-Day Maneuver while we stood there, abstractedly watching the evolutions of an Indian family coming up the road from St. Francis Mission in a rickety Ford. Near the top of the slope the car stalled for lack of gas, whereupon they pushed the vehicle around and ran it up backward in order to reach the garage. But beyond the Ford, in the afternoon shadows of the hills, we were seeing almost as plainly the mushrooming smoke from shell-bursts over Sergy and ripened wheat heads rippling above an under carpet of red poppies up the slope toward Nesles.

Close to Omaha Boy as we talked hovered a pal of his, even more reticent and with skin of a deeper bronze. Stephen Spotted Tail, he was. He, too, had served in Chauncey Eagle



Chauncey Eagle Horn, late Company M, 167th Infantry, the first American Indian killed in the World War, with his wife, from a photograph taken shortly before his departure for France. He was forty-three years old and had already served several hitches in the American Army at the outbreak of the war. In oval, Annie Eagle Horn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Eagle Horn. She was a baby at the time of her father's death on the hills above the Ourcq River

Horn's company in France and he is, moreover, a direct descendant of that superb old chief of the Dakotas, Spotted Tail, who was their wisest leader during the critical period of their history when they were being forced to abandon their old, free existence for life on the reservations. Young Stephen, also of the Rosebud post, did not talk much but he admitted the soft impeachment when his companion informed me that in France he had gone over the top six different times and never got a scratch and also that his favorite pastime when the Rainbows were in line was going on patrols and body-snatching expeditions to the German trenches.

Legionnaire Omaha Boy confessed that, for himself, he didn't care much for patrols. Only once did he go out on one and that was in Lorraine. He and his comrades had got well out into No Man's Land when they found themselves in close proximity to a German patrol of about five men, who were clipping wire. The Americans were outnumbered and lay low. In a moment they discovered that the Germans had with them a cat. Whenever they were ready to snip a wire one of their number pinched the cat's tail and the feline's ensuing yowl drowned the noise of the wire cutter. The wail of that cat, more than the wire snipping, evidently got on the nerves of Omaha Boy. Anyway, he never went on another patrol, perhaps because he disapproved of cruelty to dumb animals.

Other members of Chauncey Eagle Horn's company overseas who are now members of the post named (Continued on page 60)

BAND

By Thomas

Illustrations by



holder of that office a grim and sardonic gleam, as if taking a certain joy in stressing on her the duty of carrying out his dreadful charge. He was of the old school, an objector to women in public office and particularly to a woman as sheriff.

The prisoner took the sentence unblinkingly, but the sheriff of Yucca County collapsed in a faint. Though she had expected no other sentence, its actual pronouncement proved too much for her composure. It forced her to face with all the reluctance, all the shrinking and loathing in her being, a crisis new to women office holders. A woman governor can pardon; a woman sheriff must enforce.

She had considered somewhat her course under the sentence. The question it presented may not have been so momentous as she regarded it, may not have involved a decision of consequences to any one else; but to her it seemed important. She realized, of course, what maximum of participation was open to her. Her good sense indicated what any community would hold the limit befitting womanly conduct in that direction. But should she resign, or stay by her job?

If she stayed, should she delegate the whole business, wash her hands of it, have nothing to do with it? Or ought she to recognize and accept responsibility as the sheriff of Yucca County to the extent of being present and sharing in the distress of performing an abhorrent undertaking? How easy it would be to plead illness at the last minute as an excuse for non-appearance! But—a subterfuge, a trick!

"We never counted on anything like this in appointing Mrs. Bayne," explained Lon Hardtackle, the lanky chairman of the county board, half defensively, to a group lingering in the court room after adjournment. "Nor she, of course. Guess we all figured on getting by without anything big happening. We were lucky that way, you'll remember, with a deputy in charge of the office the year Ab was in France. This has been coming, plain as day, ever since Bear Paw was caught, but Mrs. Bayne's just kept quiet and done her own thinking; hasn't discussed it with any of us."

On Sheriff Abner Bayne's sudden passing out a few months before, the county board had promptly offered the vacated post to his widow. It knew who had been keeping the sheriff's papers so neatly and correctly since his marriage, and hoped for only routine developments in the remainder of his term. The board members liked Mrs. Bayne as a sensible and competent person. They wanted her to have the sheriff's salary for a while to help toward the necessary new adjustment of her life.

"Cyclone" Ab had never done a wiser thing in all his forty-odd years than to make that trip east the preceding summer and marry the object of his boyhood affection, then three years widowed. She had worked wonders with Ab and with the affairs of the office also; look at his general sprucing up in appearance and his unaccustomed attention to minor duties. Granted that Yucca County had never had a sheriff who was a greater terror to major offenders—a tireless, relentless tempest of a man in pursuit; still he had been a little lax in some ways, until Mrs. Ab came to Branding Iron.

Her appointment was popular, too. And then, with everything running smoothly for the new sheriff, a half-blood Zuni had to commit a double murder in Yucca County!

John Bear Paw was not a bad Indian, with a white man's education; not bad, that is, except when in one condition. That

IT WAS not yet noon, but how dim the court room was growing! How still it was! Sitting within a few feet of the judge, Mrs. Abner Bayne, the sheriff of Yucca County, saw him only vaguely, like something unreal, and his voice came as from a distance. He was speaking slowly, upright in his seat, droning words and sentences that might have been part of a ritual. The prisoner faced him stolidly.

Coming out of his apathy, the judge hunched head and shoulders over his desk, while his hard little eyes glittered as they turned from the figure at the bar to the drooped form of Sheriff Bayne. Hearing him but dully, she knew what was next—there could be no surprise in it—though the court room went dimmer still, the blood pounded in her temples and clenched nails dug into her palms.

"... It is ordered and adjudged by the court that you, John Bear Paw, be taken hence to and closely confined in the common jail of the county of Yucca, in the State of New Mexico, until the fifteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty —; that on said day, between sunrise and sunset, you be taken from said jail to the place of execution by the sheriff of said county, and then and there be by the said sheriff hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Each time he said the word sheriff the judge shot at the

STAND

J. Malone

W. Percy Couse

spring, caught late one night in a storm high up in the hills, he had knocked at a cabin occupied by two timber cruisers. They let him in, drenched and shivering, and gave him floor room for the night. When his hosts were asleep, John prowled around until he found a bottle of whiskey. Having drunk the whiskey, he killed the two as they lay, to make a search for more liquor. He lit out when the storm abated, and fled the county. Months later he was arrested at Dolores Crossing on the very day of his return. Police and town marshals had been on the watch for him, following disclosure that a gold tooth-filling imbedded in a cork found on the floor of the cabin had belonged to Bear Paw. A check-up of dentists in Yucca had led readily to identification.

The captured man, sober, made no defense, admitting everything and asking no clemency. He proved a model prisoner. No complaints, no requests, no annoyances. "Mum John," the jailer dubbed him. He ate, slept, kept his cell clean. In going to the white man's college, he had separated from his people. He was single; no relatives came to see him; he asked to see no one. No mail was sent him. He wrote no letters.

The sentence made a stir in Branding Iron, and beyond. Throughout Yucca and neighboring counties, out into the border States and farther, waxed and spread this singular topic for comment and conjecture. It engaged men in ranch, street and office; enlivened church socials and sewing circles. What would a woman sheriff do with a hanging on her hands? What was the sheriff of Yucca going to do in the circumstances?

To Mrs. Bayne, thinking it out, opinion and advice poured in from many sources. Women called singly, in pairs and in groups to offer sympathy and suggestion, nursing their curiosity. Telephone calls, letters from various parts of the county and from outside—some containing resolutions adopted by societies of one kind or another—the glances of acquaintances as she walked about the town, the turning of heads to gaze at her when she passed strangers, all spoke the state of the public mind.

A hanging was in itself nothing so very unusual in Branding Iron, Abner Bayne having personally conducted several in his long service as sheriff before his marriage; but the coming one was attended by rare accompaniments.

"We all just sympathize with you heaps," volunteered the young president of the town's Ruskin Club, which held Bret Harte too rough and "western." "There's no real reason why you should worry about this at all or look upon it as a duty in any way. You can resign and let them name a man who won't mind. Justice will be served, and all that."

Mrs. Bayne hadn't said anything about worrying or looking upon it as a duty. She had been keeping her own counsel. Yet, apparently, the question of "duty" was concerning the community.

"I've never faced a situation like this before, and I'm going to take as much time as is reasonable to think it over," Mrs. Bayne had replied, deftly intimating that no one else who had never faced such a situation could have very much to contribute.

In contrast, the Branding Iron unit of The American Legion Auxiliary, in which Mrs. Bayne was a leading worker, simply sat tight and minded its own business. This was comforting to Mrs. Bayne.

She had learned in a general way the scope of a sheriff's duties before accepting the position, but this most sinister one Abner had never talked of in her hearing. The jail had held only minor

Each time he said the word sheriff the judge shot at the woman who held that office a grim and sardonic grin. He was of the old school, an objector to women in public office

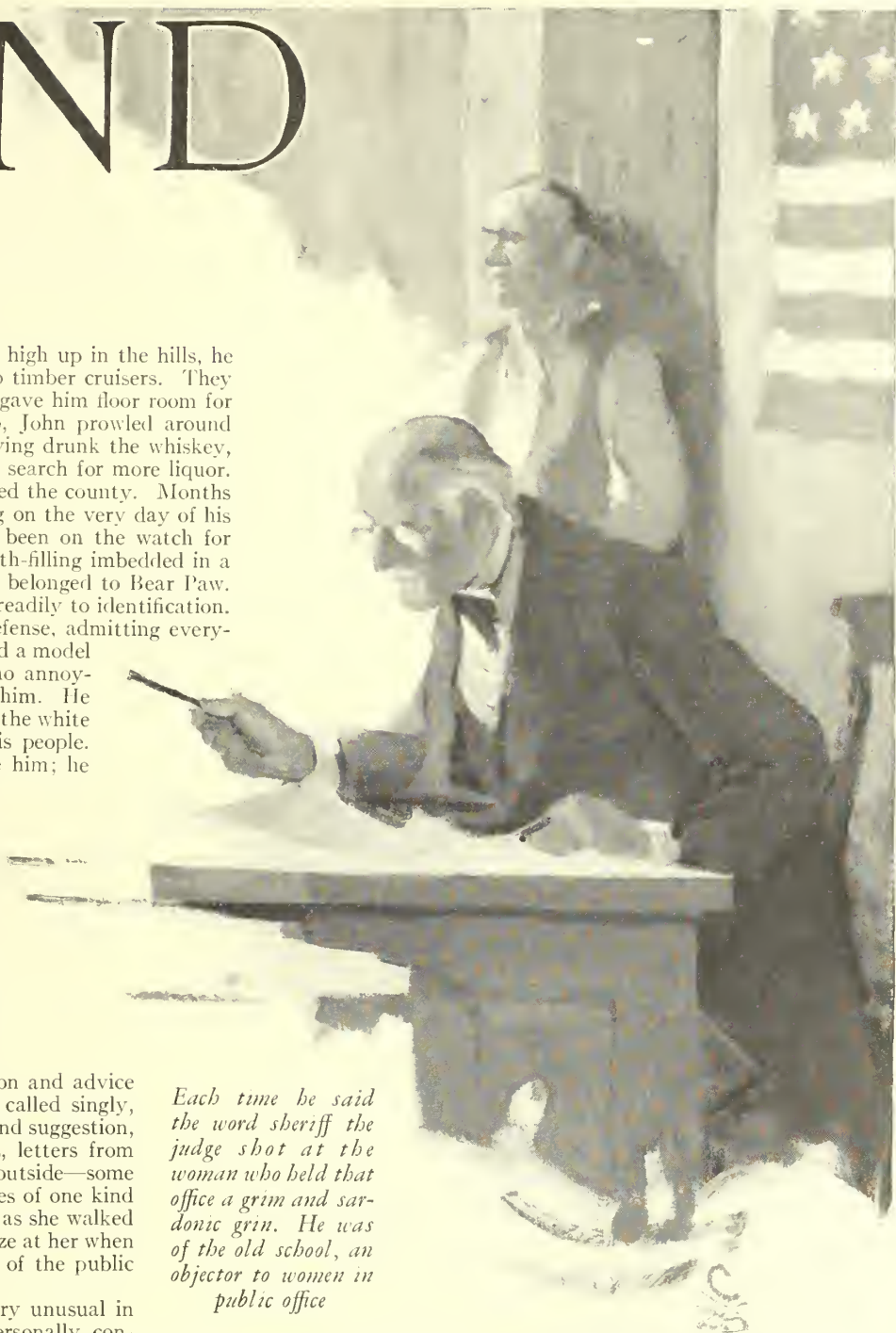
offenders when she took office. Not until after Bear Paw's crime had it come to her that New Mexico was among the States in which capital punishment is still left to sheriffs in their respective counties.

Not all the women of the State were of a mind. The organ of the Equal Rights Club, published in Santa Fe, said editorially:

"We realize that you are placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position, but do not weaken. It is a test and the eyes of the State, of all the States, are on you. No one of sense will expect you actually to adjust the rope yourself"—the editor was a spade-calling person—"but you must not shirk the responsibility placed on you by virtue of your office. You can avoid much of its unpleasantness, but do not resign. We advocates of the political equality of the sexes have fought too long and too well to admit now that there is any public office which can not be filled competently by a woman. Stay by your post, dear Sheriff Bayne, and have this execution performed under your direction and no other."

The weight of this adjuration was not lost on the sheriff, reviving, as it did, memories of the malice of the judge in passing sentence; but she had other and more potent reasons moving her.

She wondered whether the world was not outgrowing the cling-



ing-vine, hothouse conception of women. Was there after all, had there ever been, a dividing line between the sexes, setting off one as the sterner, the other as the softer-hearted? Down in their hearts, perhaps, men themselves quailed before such a task but, because of the custom of centuries, were inhibited from disclosing the fact if they could avoid it. Willy-nilly, women were now by the law of the land the political equals of men. Should they not share equally in the obligations and the griefs of government? Had a woman the right to plead "tender sensibilities" after accepting public office and swearing to enforce the law?

There was another phase, too. Her bringing up in Maine had been sheltered, conventional, orthodox. Years of school teaching had impressed on her the versatility, the myriad possibilities, in a human life; and she disbelieved deeply, conscientiously, religiously, in capital punishment. To her it was a barbarous resort—illogical, unjust, futile, brutalizing, inexpressibly wicked. But there was the law. Her New England conscience bowed before it. She had sworn to enforce the laws of her State. To evade that obligation by resigning before a repulsive duty struck her as cowardly. The law did not read that an execution should be performed by the sheriff "unless a woman"—in which case it was to be by, say, the register of deeds or the county treasurer. She smiled sourly at the thought of what the folks up Penobscot way would say.

While engaged with her problem, word came to her of how Mum John was viewing things. Six-year-old Bonita Sparrow, whose mother's boarding-house was hardly a block from the court house, brought light on this one afternoon when she hippety-bopped into the sheriff's office with the sudden question:

"Mrs. Bayne, what's 'eye for eye'?"

Bonita, youngest of seven, was the town tomboy, a strayer from home, an adventurer, a ubiquitous soul, a blithe intruder into all places whither her inquisitive little nose led her, a pest tolerated by grownups generally, for her mother's sake. In the easy-goingness of the small town, she enjoyed the run of the court house, including even the jail, which occupied a ground floor corner of the building, up to certain locked and barred doors which she could not pass. Her derelict father was seldom at home, and even when at home never contributed to the family support or uplift. Hence, Bonita was a favored child as deserving the commiseration of the community.

Mrs. Bayne, experienced in dealing with the young, had ceased

Bonita had early made the acquaintance of John Bear Paw. The prisoner beguiled the time by plaiting baskets for her



long before to be astonished at anything a child might ask.

"Just what do you mean, Bonita?"

"Mr. Mumjohn said it. The minister was with him, the one in the long coat."

Bonita had early made the acquaintance of John Bear Paw. A privileged person among grown folk, she had felt none of the hesitancy in approaching him that her elders so often feel in the presence of an imprisoned man. Against her frequent questions as to why he was kept in a cell, old and young seemed to have conspired. They answered merely that he had done something wrong. She could understand that; it knit her to him. She had done wrong things herself, for which her mother had tied her to a clothes post in the Sparrow back yard; and once she had been shut up in a locked closet. A fellow feeling drew her to Mum John.

She would learn in time of his crime and its punishment, but her innocence had been spared the revelation as yet. This from the jailer conveyed only a literal meaning to her: they were going to make a good Indian out of Mum John.

For his part, the prisoner, with no one else caring for him, took a liking to Bonita. Few men can be indifferent to a child's advances. She visited him daily. He beguiled the time that was so heavy by plaiting baskets for her, the sheriff furnishing the material in her knowledge of what something to do with his hands would mean to an idle and waiting man.

"The minister was leaving," Bonita explained. "He said he wished he could do something. And then Mr. Mumjohn laughed and said, 'It's coming to me—'eye for eye.'" But he didn't laugh funny. He said something about a tooth, too. What is 'eye for eye,' Mrs. Bayne?"

Mrs. Bayne sent her away unanswered. How dreadful that the child soon should see Mum John no more, should carry through life the horror of what she must learn! So the man knew his Bible? And she thought of him facing the inevitable, in his mind the terrible decree of the Mosaic law: "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." This man had taken two lives. Even the mandate from Sinai did not cover that.

Marvelous the courage of one who accepted the certainty of death, of violent and disgraceful death, with such equanimity, with such nonchalance. How many could do it, she wondered; have the iron souls so to await the recognized approach of the universal and unconquerable enemy? She had experienced various contacts with that enemy. Her father had passed away peacefully, as he slept, after no illness; just a running down of life's forces, the endless sleep of exhaustion. There was something beautiful in that. Her first husband had succumbed to a lingering disease which he had fought, none too valiantly, through years of alternate hope and despair—but there had been for him hope and a fighting chance. Their one child had gone in an epidemic, so quickly that she, the mother, could not grasp its full poignancy until afterward. Abner Bayne had met death when his horse slipped with him down a mountain gully, met it instantly; he could hardly have realized it was upon him. Big, vigorous, jovial, generous, loving Abner Bayne—struck down as if by lightning, without a chance to save himself; but regret and dread, revolt and bitterness, were spared him; almost could one imagine him as mounting a fresh horse on the other side, and riding on to new endeavor.

But Mum John? Hardly thirty, healthy, strong—far less than a man now, a mere being with expanding and contracting lungs and pumping heart, eating, sleeping, waiting, counting the days, the hours, the minutes, until a morning—a living dead man, to stand one moment tingling with energy, aware of what is going to take place without a chance to prevent it, giving a last look to the dear sky and the sun and the trees and the ground and the grim faces of men; in the next moment to meet eternity—

IT was the newest member of the county board that approached Hardtackle with the suggestion that the board devise a way to relieve the sheriff in her predicament. While Mrs. Bayne did not know of this overture specifically, she realized that Hardtackle was standing up for her before all doubters and counseling forbearance.

"Well, I'd go slow about that," Lon advised. "Mrs. Bayne knows we're her friends and will meet her half way, but let her think this out and take the first step. Of course, no one expects her to go the whole distance in this; but she's no quitter, unless I've sized her up wrong, and I figure she'll go as far as the proprieties warrant. Sure, it comes pretty hard on her—I've known men to cave in before such a job—but there are other things to be considered besides her personal feelings. If I know what those steady gray eyes of hers mean and that Yankee chin, she's doing



As they left the inclosure Bonita met them. "But where is the band?" she demanded

a heap of thinking these days and not all about herself either."

The other looked inquiringly.

"You know what some folks will say around here if she pulls out? They'll say a woman has no business holding a man's job anyhow, that she hasn't the sand for heavy work and that the county board ought to have had better sense than to appoint her to 'Cyclone' Ab's place, and so on. Always such looking for a chance to squawk. No, let Jennie alone until she calls for help. It isn't always the big, strapping women who do things; give me the little woman about as big as a minute who talks with her eyes and not her mouth.

"Pete"—his hand gripped his colleague's arm playfully—"you weren't here in the early days, but the little women then could use a rifle as well as a frying pan. I'm not saying what I expect the sheriff to do, but she'll do something'll be right with us all."

Having taken ten days after the passing of sentence to mool over it, Mrs. Bayne sought a talk with Hardtackle. It then lacked two weeks of the day of execution.

"Maybe it doesn't amount to anything," she admitted, "whether I get out entirely, as I'd like to do, or stay in—and what part I play if I do stay. I know the sentence will be carried out regardless of my course; that goes without saying. I realize that punishment must follow crime and that it must fit the crime. To me something is really at stake as regards my own conduct. I wasn't brought up to dodge unpleasant duties. I intend to stay. More than that, while I understand perfectly well that some man will act for me, I do not mean to pamper myself into letting others bear all the miserable burden. I shall be present, if my nerve holds out."

Hardtackle smiled, satisfied.

"I reckoned you'd work it out about that way."

Sheriff Bayne took a deep breath, as if glad to have that much over with.

"How about Putnam Barker? Is he equal to it?"

Chairman Lon reflected.

"Well, all in all, I should say he is— (Continued on page 52)

A QUARTER MILLION STRONG

By Walter Johnson

I AM appalled by the reflection of the changes in our everyday life which have taken place since I went forth from a little red schoolhouse among Kansas farmlands. In those days we liked to consider the virtues of life in the country, the glamorous ways of the barefooted boy. We thought he had many advantages over his cousins in town. He trudged miles to school (I went three miles through all kinds of weather myself), battling snowdrifts as a matter of course in winter, pounding a swift path over the dirt roads with his calloused soles when the weather wasn't too cold. He swam in the creek under the willow trees in summer and fished the year round in the same creek. He studied by oil lamp but went to bed early and got up early. Outside his school his was a life of isolation—trips to town didn't come often and there wasn't much to see or do in town when he did go. His sports were simple. He played a rough and ready form of baseball, he flew kites and he had other games which taught him the joy of competition and the benefits of co-operation.

I do not lament the changes, but I do wonder at them. Now there is no country. The boy growing up on a farm leads just about the same sort of life as his cousins in town. America is just one big town, from coast to coast. It's a surprising civilization we have built up within less than two generations. Hard roads have made every farmhouse a part of Main Street. Radio carries to every out of the way home the same delights it does to the city mansion. Electric lights, running water supply system, the automobile—all serve to make a boy's home the same the country over whether it be in the heart of a big city or on the wide plains or in the mountains. The old red school-house has practically gone—the centralized building is easily its superior, and each year an increasingly large percentage of boys from the country are being transported in automobiles to and from town schools.

Yet there are certain disadvantages of the new age. Life is getting soft and easy. It is as if every boy growing up today carried a magic wand—at least until he reaches the age of struggle for daily bread and the other harsh realities. Books, once obtainable only by hard personal effort, now call from myriads of library shelves. The tables of every farm home are covered with appealing newspapers and magazines. The motion picture theater beckons always. The automobile has contributed to the sophistication of the short-pants generation. Each year sophistication makes its conquests at an earlier age. The ten-year-old boy "knows more" today than the sixteen-year-old boys of a quarter of a century ago. I sometimes wonder whether we aren't overwhelming him with all our complex refinements and the luxuries which are now rated necessities. He'll be racing off to the golf course or a picture show today, when a generation ago he'd have been chopping wood because his father wanted to inculcate in him habits of industry.

The boy of today is fundamentally right. I don't think any earlier generation has produced better boys physically, mentally or morally. I say this despite the lamentations about sheiks and downy faced bandits. These irritating specimens are by-products of a system which is turning out mostly youths who deserve their heritage of the future. I am thrilled when I see Boy Scouts on parade or at work or play. I know that despite everybody's misgivings, I am looking upon boys who are sound through and through.

All right, so far, this system of ours. But are we doing what we can to keep it right? Once more, I say, I think we are in danger of losing something by neglecting those time-honored

character-forming attributes of earlier generations that made this country what it is today.

We must keep on producing well-rounded men. Something will be lost if we rely solely upon the gymnasium classes that are usually attached to schools to take care of the physical end of our children's development.

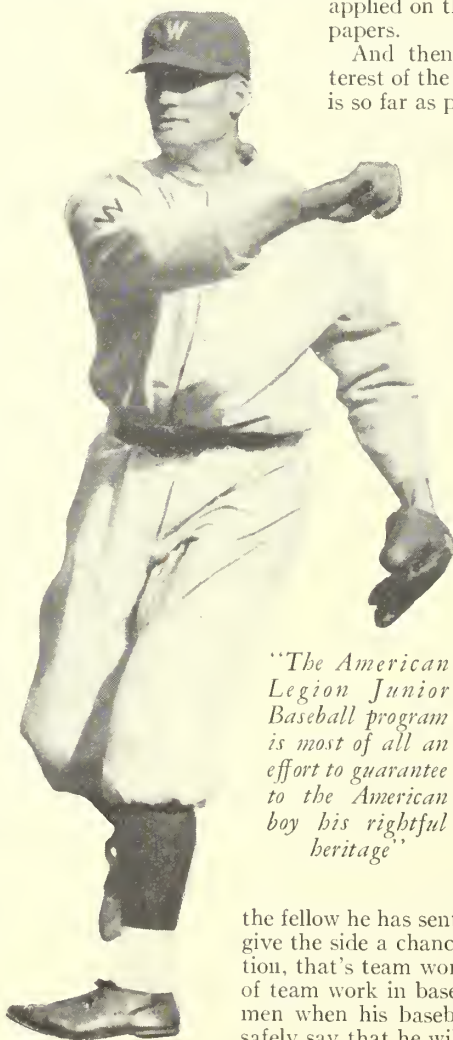
Boys enjoy games of all sorts, games that test out the ability of those taking part, games that call for courage as well as skill. Football, hockey, soccer, basketball—sports that call for team action, where the individual is never so important as the team of which he is a part—these are great testers not only of a boy's staying powers but of those mental qualities that mean success or failure in adult life. Something will be lost if we fail to provide these game tests for our boys, subjected more and more to the lure of easy living. They must develop skill of hand as well as skill of mind. In forming character the games that boys play have, it seems to me, as large a part as the lessons learned from books or lectures. And of all the games I've become acquainted with, baseball stands first as a developer.

WHEN I entered big league baseball twenty-one years ago it seemed as if every youngster in the country was following the league races—and playing baseball himself either in a serious endeavor to get into league baseball or as the normal way of giving his energies the outlet they needed. I am sure that I wasn't the exception when as a boy I followed the fortunes of the players and read of the exploits of Jim Delehanty, Willie Keeler, Jimmy Collins, Honus Wagner, Larry Lajoie and of course Christy Mathewson and Cy Young. How we followed the news of our favorites, learned the lingo of the baseball lot and applied on the lot what we had learned in the newspapers.

And then something happened to take the interest of the boys away from the national game, that is so far as playing it was concerned. It wasn't any one thing, I suppose, but a combination of them. Movies, radio, golf with its appeal to the boy to get out and around with the players as a caddy and pick up some money while learning how to swing the sticks himself, the automobile—they've all joined together to take the place of baseball as the big thrill of youth. I wouldn't for a minute think of condemning any of these things. They are great stuff, and baseball doesn't need to put on a long face and play the cry baby over them, because it has an appeal to youthful energy that can't be beat. That appeal is the spirit of co-operation between players that I spoke of a minute ago—what we call team work.

It's an old saying that no man lives to himself alone. We've got to work with our fellows all through our lives. The spirit of give and take that baseball drills into a boy stands by him in his after years. The man at bat is sure he can whale the ball out of the lot, but there's a man on base and the other side is one run ahead, and the manager has told him he must sacrifice. So he lays down the ball along the base line and gives up the chance to fatten his average. And the chances are

the fellow he has sent along to second or third will score and give the side a chance to go out and win. That's co-operation, that's team work. A man who has learned the lesson of team work in baseball is going to work better with other men when his baseball days are over, and I think I can safely say that he will be a useful citizen.



"The American Legion Junior Baseball program is most of all an effort to guarantee to the American boy his rightful heritage"



©Harris and Ewing

Walter Johnson and the Johnson infield: Walter, Jr., Eddie, Bobby and Caroline. Little Barbara Joan, utility player, is not present. This picture was made in the yard of the Johnson home in Washington shortly before the world's swiftest pitcher became manager of the Newark International League team

It's because I believe in baseball thoroughly that I noted with sadness a few years ago that the sandlots games were becoming fewer and fewer each year. Of course professional ball players are in uniform practically every clear day in the year from March through September, and you might think that they haven't the opportunity of seeing games between boys or even learning anything about boys' games. That is only partly true. Baseball players read all the sport news they can get. They want to follow the fortunes of their friends in the various leagues, and they look for outstanding performers in the kid games, for in a few years these fellows will be attracting attention of the big league scouts, and first thing you know will be on major league teams. I don't think anybody need apologize for baseball as a profession in these days. The qualities that are necessary to success in the game are the same as those in any business or profession. Given a fair amount of ability, the boy who practices faithfully and is always in condition, will get somewhere in baseball, and if he lands in the big leagues he'll stay there for a good many seasons.

So I was glad when I heard a few years ago of what The American Legion was doing for boy baseball teams. This season the Legion is going to do even more. The big league teams realize that from a purely selfish standpoint they ought to support this movement. And of course every professional baseball club in every part of the United States wants it to succeed. It will mean better material for professional ball teams, and even if only a very small percentage of the boys who take part in the games ever get into professional ball it will give everyone who has taken part in them a knowledge of how really thrilling baseball can be. The interest of the two big leagues in the movement was shown when they voted to give the Legion fifty thousand dollars to guarantee the playing of the Junior World Series for the national championship.

Baseball can and will hold its own with American boys unless we of the older generations consciously let it be high-pressured out of sight. Normal boys still want to play baseball as much as ever. They find themselves hampered, however, by lack of playing fields. We can take care of that and we should. More and more playgrounds and recreation fields are being laid out in the more populated sections of our cities and in the rapidly growing suburbs. I say—provide baseball fields and, despite all the rival attractions of today, you cannot keep the boys from play-

ing baseball. Watch them now, where no fields are available, trying pathetically to make the vacant lot suffice. Real estate gets more valuable, vacant lots fewer. We old timers must provide playing fields.

I believe there is a direct connection between crimes committed by boys and the lack of playground facilities. A youngster who is continually keeping an eye peeled for the policeman who can't let him play ball on the crowded city streets gets the idea after a while that there's no use in trying to have any fun with a crowd of other boys in team games—it simply can't be done. Then he has to find another outlet for his energies, and as there is nothing in his vicinity that gives him that opportunity in a legitimate way, he is tempted into doing things that would never have occurred to him if there had been some sort of playing field.

With our best efforts there should be no place in the whole United States, within a few years, in which a boy has to go without participation in games with other boys.

The American Legion Junior Baseball program is most of all an effort to guarantee to the American boy his rightful heritage, to keep him from losing what he might lose through our thoughtlessness and carelessness. The American Legion is providing the opportunity as well as the incentive for the boys to play baseball. Nothing more is needed. All over the country the boys' teams are being formed, Legion town leagues are taking form, season schedules arranged, tournaments planned for. What a wonderful thing for this whole summer! Two hundred and fifty thousand boys playing baseball, twenty thousand teams, maybe as many as twenty-five thousand teams, striving to win the games in their own towns which would carry them into the State tournament, the tournament to be played by the best teams of a group of States, the tournament to be played between the best teams in the west half of the country and the east half of the country and, finally, the Junior World Series for the national championship. The Legion's Junior Baseball program, with every Legion post backing at least one boys' team and most of the posts sponsoring leagues of four or more teams, calls to the imagination of the whole United States. I hope to see not only the whole American Legion standing on tip-toes as the season goes on, but also every town and city solidly massed into grandstand and bleachers, rooting for the boyish gladiators of the baseball diamond.

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Soissons

AS LATE as June, 1918, Ludendorff issued notice to his forces on the Western Front:

In order to hinder the formation of an American Army in France, it is necessary to strike the American troops now in line as soon as possible. These troops are intended to form the nuclei of new formations.

No German unit responded to this invitation to nip the A. E. F. in the bud; but for the moment there seemed no hurry. Ludendorff himself, without any immediate worry in his mind over the infant Americans, set to work to prepare the double-barreled "peace-offensive" which was to end the war in midsummer. Attacking from the Marne to Champagne, he would pin down the French to their home sector, while the knock-out was delivered in the north against the British. Even if a failure in other respects, the great Champagne-Marne attack of July 15th fulfilled that purpose; and on July 18th Ludendorff had gone up to the northern army group headquarters to set in motion the final blow against the British. It was in the midst of a staff conference that a wire came with news of what had happened that morning: without waiting to propagate new formations, certain of the immature American nuclei had sallied forth in the direction of Soissons. Ludendorff hurried back on his special train to headquarters; on the station platform Hindenburg stood waiting. One glance was enough for Ludendorff to know that he had come back to a funeral. "We immediately retired to the office. The position had become serious."

For Ludendorff the position seemed all the more serious in that he had fully expected an attack in front of Soissons—had reshuffled his forces so as to meet it, and stiffened his line there with reserve divisions. The surprise was not that the attack came but that it succeeded. The only explanation he could glean was even more alarming, for the staff officers he sent out to investigate reported: "The commanders and troops at Soissons were still under the impression of the fighting of July 18th." This vivid impression spread at once through the German line around the whole face of the salient. To bolster it up, reserve divisions were hurried down from Flanders; the offensive against the British had to be abandoned; and Ludendorff saw his whole plan for ending the war already thrown into the discard. "I had no idea," he records, "how, if at all, we should be able to recover the initiative."

This little glimpse behind the German lines recalls what July 18th did to the enemy. From the standpoint of the French Command, the post-war

details now available throw even more striking sidelights upon the battle.

For ten years we have read of July 18th as a perfectly worked-out piece of strategy—with all Foch's moves carefully timed and prepared, and his massed reserves skilfully hidden in the forest of Villers-Cotterets ready for the critical moment. The strategical conception in fact deserves all the praise lavished upon it, and for a full month before the battle Foch had had Mangin at work upon the plan of attack in the critical sector. But the gathering of reserves proved an altogether different story. When the time drew near, the divisions counted on for the assault were scattered far and wide over the area covering Paris, and before they had assembled the offensive of July 15th proceeded to mix up the situation. While Foch kept his eyes fixed on Soissons, the success of the Germans in crossing the Marne made Pétain turn in quite a different direction. There followed a criss-cross of changing plans and contradictory orders from Foch's and Pétain's headquarters; while one was spurring forward the concentration of Mangin's reserves, the other halted them in their tracks and ordered them to hurry into a counter-attack elsewhere. Order, counter-order, disorder reigned supreme for a brief period; and what should have been the "staff arrangements" for this most critical of troop movements proved a model of how not to do it. Degoutte and Mangin (who were not to blame) could only wait and hope that the tangle made by the higher commands would straighten itself out before H-hour. Toward the last the thing became a wild scramble; all pretense of concealment had to be thrown to the winds; on the day before the battle the roads over the rear areas were for miles on end a solid mass of men and trains elbowing their way forward in broad daylight. No one who went through it has ever forgotten the march through the Forest that night—and no one else ought to attempt to describe it. Among the eye-witnesses of the scene was Pétain's liaison officer at Mangin's headquarters. He records that two hours before the assault General Mangin set out in his car to his forward command post; the car got a mile or so along the road only to find a vast mass of road-block locked solid in the dripping darkness. "C'est l'embouteillage complet, absolu, irrémédiable!" The general abandoned his car and stumbled on afoot through the Forest. Beside him, some thirty thousand troops milled their way forward—had they been experienced French infantry there would have been no attack that morning at H-hour.

Such was the introduction of our two divisions to their first grand-style offensive; and on the basis of this beginning it was to be their part to decide the fortune of the battle. Foch had planned and or-



SINCE 1776—A NON-STOP FLIGHT

dered July 18th not as a spear-thrust of one chosen corps against a single critical sector, but as a general offensive all along two sides of the salient, to be delivered by three whole armies. Mangin and Degoutte were to break in the western flank, while south of the Marne de Mitry was to drive back against the river the German divisions that had forced their way over. When the time came, de Mitry did not budge; not till July 20th did he set his line in motion; the business-like Germans had recrossed the river undisturbed, and de Mitry lost his job a few days later. Out of the seven corps along the western flank, six attacked on July 18th without producing any radical change in the enemy situation. The seventh went through—and out of this corps four-fifths of the infantry were dought-

boys. It was the XXth Army Corps—in other words, the First and Second Divisions, U. S. A., with the Moroccans arm-in-arm between them, that hurried off the telegram to Ludendorff that morning, and then, even after the German reserves were thrown in, shoved the line steadily eastward. Foch's strategy was quite as advertised; but out of his fifty-mile front of attack the success came on their small sector. It was the fight they made, the fifteen thousand casualties they left on the plateau in front of Soissons, that turned the scale between victory and a strategical fizzle.

Not a few achievements in the war have grown far beyond life-size in the telling. Today, ten years after the deed, we have not even begun to write the story of Soissons.

The St. Albans (Vermont) High School football team of 1916 had eight stars in its service flag. Eight players in the picture here shown and twelve of their school-mates, ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen, left their lessons to join the Army in 1917. They went through the war in Company D, 103d Machine Gun Battalion, Twenty-Sixth Division. The football-machine gunners are: Top row, second from left, Elmer Brackett; third from left, Cecil Neiberg; fifth from left, Robert Corrigan; second row, John Busbey, Eugene Finn, Eugene Laurier, Harry Walsh, Simon Godfrey. Coach Harry B. Dickinson is upper right



CAPTAIN EDWARD F. SMITH sat in his well-upholstered office reading a typewritten sheet marked "SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL" at the top. Captain Smith was the assistant to the president of the Central Vermont Railway. His father was the president. He put down the paper and reached for the telephone on the desk.

"Harry? . . . Want to see you right after closing time . . . Important . . . Can't breathe a word now."

At five o'clock the two met on the steps of the old-fashioned brick building that houses the general offices of the Central Vermont. It is down by the depot and is the biggest man-made object in St. Albans. Harry—Harry Webber—was the assistant chief clerk of the line.

"Harry, I have news," the captain said. "We're called out tomorrow. Here are the orders from Montpelier."

Mr. Webber does not recall what he said in reply, if he said anything.

The two strolled up the hill to what Captain Smith, when he wrote to the Adjutant General, was accustomed to refer as "Headquarters, Machine Gun Company, First Infantry, Vermont National Guard." These headquarters were on Main Street over Cloverdale's store. The room was twelve by twelve. It contained a Benet-Mercier machine gun, the box the gun had come in, two chairs, and another box as yet unopened. This box was supposed to contain o.d. overcoats and, as a matter of fact, it did.

Smith and Webber sat down on the chairs and discussed the next move. St. Albans had devised a signal to be given by the fire whistle that was known as the "military call." It was 6-6-6—six short blasts, an interval, six more blasts and then six more. Its origin was in the sporadic wave of local and often singular "preparedness" measures that swept the country, dating from the summer or fall of 1916. This call had been used once already, and only three weeks before, to summon Company B of the First Vermont, which, following the interruption of diplomatic relations with Germany, was the first National Guard unit in the United States to be called into Federal service. Company B had an armory on the other side of the Park, a public square shaded by tall elms, which some New England towns would call the Common. Company B was guarding the Remington plant at Swanton, which was making ammunition for the Allies. Company B had responded to the military call, and if Company B could do that the Machine

MEN *in*

By Marquis

Gun Company could. True, Company B was an outfit of campaign-hardened veterans, having been to the Mexican border, but the Machine Gun Company would have to learn its soldiering sooner or later. Smith and Webber arranged matters with Fred Guerin, the chief of police, and swore him to secrecy. The whistle, it was arranged, would blow at nine in the morning.

After supper Smith and Webber were back at headquarters. Jack Wood and Walter Tenney also showed up. Wood was private secretary to Smith's father. Tenney was a salesman for the St. Albans Grain Company. The Machine Gun Company had been going for less than three months and Captain Smith was the only officer it had. There were no non-commissioned officers, either, but Wood, Tenney, Webber and Joseph A. Evarts had acted with Smith as a sort of steering committee.

Captain Smith and Mr. Evarts were the fathers of the company. The Smith family was and is the most conspicuous of the region. In addition to being president of the Central Vermont the captain's father was a former governor of the State, and his grandfather was the Civil War governor of Vermont. When Smith III came home from Yale to take an interest in public affairs he was merely carrying on a Smith tradition. Evarts was a young civil engineer and a graduate of Norwich University, which has one of the famous cadet corps of the country. Evarts was a military bug. He had been in the Vermont Guard and had served on the border. He read military books all the time. He knew ballistics and had



School days, 1916 style. The students are Eugene Finn, Leon Gennette and Walter Finn. Walter Finn was killed in action and Leon Gennette seriously wounded



Eleven years after. Nearly all the survivors of the twenty school boys who went from their classes to battle are back in St. Albans. The group here shown, gathered up on short notice, are: Top row, John Bushey, Charles E. Shannon, Robert Corrigan, Dewey Daniels, Leon Gennette; bottom row, Clair Regan, Harry Walsh, Harry Webber (the outfit's top kick and recruiting officer) Simon Godfrey, Eugene Finn. Five of these men—Bushey, Corrigan, Walsh, Godfrey and Finn—are in the football picture. Gennette and Eugene Finn are in the small picture on the other page. Below, the historic old academy building at St. Albans from which the school-boys marched to war

a DAY

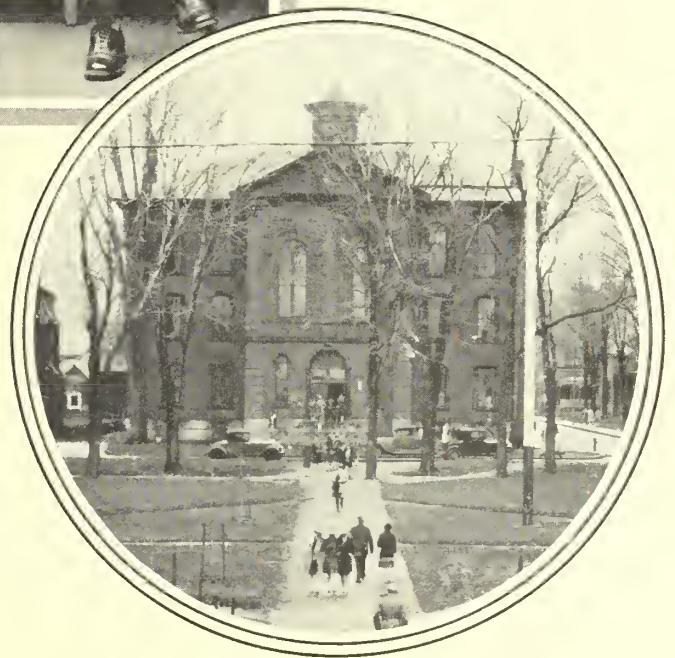
James

made himself a rifle range back of his house on Johnnycake Hill.

Harry Webber, who was a good mixer and had gone to a military school in England, was the unofficial recruiting officer. Webber is an Englishman born, but he came to Vermont to visit an aunt in 1910, got a job with the C. V. and stayed. Webber's quest for recruits was embarrassed by the fact that Company B was the old established firm in the military line in St. Albans. Its traditions ran back to before the Civil War and its morning report, now being made up daily in Swanton, contained what at first glance seemed to be the bulk of the raw material available for the profession of arms in a village of six thousand inhabitants.

But Mr. Webber proved to be a man of imagination. He had seen the St. Albans High School football team in operation against Burlington and had seen it clean Burlington up, which, I am informed, is another St. Albans tradition. Webber reflected that there were some likely looking lads in football suits for St. Albans High, and now that the season was over they might be in a humor for a little sport and excitement. He mentioned the matter obliquely to Dingbat Corrigan, the demon half-back who made the eighty-five yard run that had started Burlington on the downward path. Dingbat Corrigan had red hair and an outlook on life that transcended the mellow walls of the old "academy" building that sheltered St. Albans High. He was a volunteer fireman and could be counted on to toss aside his Virgil and vault through a class-room window the instant the fire whistle blew. Dingbat was interested, and so were Babe Shannon and Si Godfrey. Si Godfrey was the manager of the football team and general live wire and factotum of undergraduate activities.

The word got around in the campus set that this new machine-gun idea might not be devoid of possibilities. An hour's drill one night a week at a dollar a throw, shooting a machine gun on the range, and a summer encampment on army rations and pay. Not so bad. Besides, in January of 1917 the military was the fashion. Of course, if we *should* get in the war the Machine Gun Company would be sitting pretty. It would not go to France. That would be too much to expect, but it would be mounted on motorcycles and sent to relieve Regulars on the Mexican border. Every boy



with a new motorcycle and the whole Mexican border to ride it on. That was the ticket. And if those Mexicans should get fresh . . . Eighteen students of St. Albans High gravely assured Captain Smith that they were eighteen years of age, or older, held up their right hands and took the oath "to uphold and defend." As a matter of fact some of them were eighteen years of age, and two were nineteen.

In addition to the eighteen high school boys Webber and his associates lined up sufficient others to make forty-five, counting the five organizers. They were all young fellows with jobs about town, boys you might say, as the average age of the company, exclusive of school kids, was not more than twenty-two. They met one night a week for "drill," which was a simple ceremony, as there was nothing to drill with except the lone Benet-Mercier and no place to drill except a room twelve feet square, for the town was snowed up—another St. Albans tradition, annually renewed. The recruits took turns forming circles about the machine gun while Mr. Evarts stripped and assembled it and explained the function of each integral part.

Nearly every man became sufficiently proficient to take the gun down and put it together again blindfolded. In March the snow cleared off for a spell and the company might have gone out and shot their gun on Mr. Evarts's range except that Montpelier had not sent any ammunition. Had the ammunition arrived the machine gunners would have learned that it was easier to shoot a Benet-Mercier in theory than in fact. The gunner lay on his belly and fired from the shoulder, (Continued on page 76)

"CAMERA!"

It Took Two Kinds of Pictures to Show a War
By Wallgren



Most of our war-period photos were consciously posed, in our very best uniforms, for the admiration and envy of friends, relatives, and posterity. But aren't they rather misleading? Did we always present that heroic appearance in reality? Above, fair counterfeits. East and south, as you were



There were some uniforms we never cared to be photographed in, particularly one—the official K. P. uniform, blue denims, worn by greaseballs, and S. O. L.'s



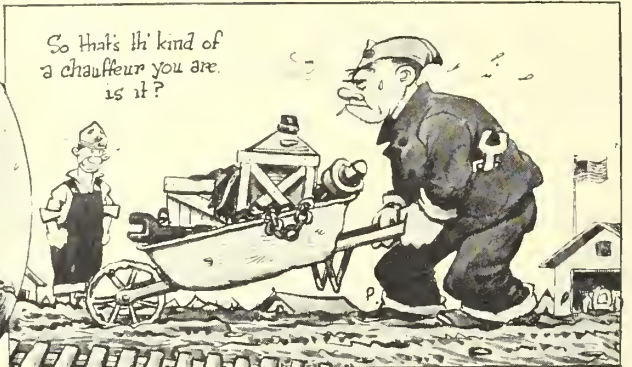
What mule-skinner or horse marine was ever anxious to send home a picture of himself in dungarees?



The gob, as seen ashore, was usually a natty looking individual—but not always so on shipboard. Hey, mates?



Movie heroes look heroic on the front, but here's another version



Imagine any motor-mechanic being fond of showing pictures like this! Nothing to write home about, you'll admit, and hardly any did. Taken from life, more's the pity



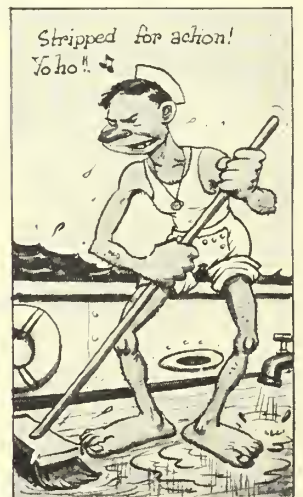
Looking heroic was almost as impossible as feeling heroic in an over-stuffed uniform bolstered with Red Cross knits



Company clerks and Q. M. cutermasters weren't always the snappiest dressers



An unblemished exterior, one would naturally suppose, followed a thorough delousing, but 'twas not always so



Navy flatfoots usually wore what is known as undress uniform when swabbing decks

❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

JULY 4TH, 1776-1928. A little group of bold spirits signed the Declaration while ragged armies fought to give their words effect. Courage the forefathers had, the courage to stake all for something that is not bought or sold, when failure meant proscription and maybe hanging as rebels. When a people lose courage in big or little things fatty degeneration sets in.

Courage We Celebrate

AFTER THE RAGGED ARMIES had made the Declaration more than a piece of paper and started the age of democracy came the Constitution. That was before Napoleon overran Europe. Since then empires have risen and been broken, all governments the world over have changed, but the Constitution has endured. The point to have in mind on July 4th is that it shall continue to endure.

Made to Wear Well

THE MEN BETWEEN whom the nation must choose are chosen. The issues will develop as the campaign intensifies. Judgment is in relation of the men to the issues; how fit either candidate is for the day's work through the four years in the biggest job in the world. Not just in the size of the majority the winner receives will be the strength of his mandate, but also in the total of the votes cast. We are all supposed to vote. To get out the vote is the Legion's part in the campaign.

Men and Issues

A CORNER BLOCK in Wall Street has been sold for \$7,000,000. This is the place where they have the money to pay the fabulous price in the greatest bull market in history. There is apparently no end of money for speculation; no end of prosperity for brokers who take their toll on all transactions in the great lure. Buy and see the stock go up. Profits come easy. They also go easy when stocks drop. Money won without toil, when lost, often carries with it nest eggs won by toil.

Much Easy Money

TY COBB AND Tris Speaker, now on the same major league team, are not quite as quick as of yore. Ty cannot venture so many steals. Neither can run quite so fast for a fly, but it is his when his hands are on it. To old timers, when Tris, who follows Ty in the batting order, brings Ty in with a double the thrill is not beaten by a Ruth home run.

Ty and Tris To the Bat

THE ANSWER to my inquiry as to the Legion editor who has been longest in service is that the honor is to Frank Miles of the Iowa *Legionaire* who began in August, '20. E. J. Tippet, Jr., of the Ohio *Councillor* began April 6, '21 and David G. Jones of the Detroit *Legionnaire*, April 14, '21. Jones is sure his paper is the oldest post, county or department paper published continuously since November 1, '19. Editors are supposed to get no glory; they sing the glory and mischances of others. But when you are looking back of the front offices into the works to see who keeps the machine running remember it is only editorial modesty which prevents the justifiable response of "Here!"

It Is to Frank Miles

ONE WAR FIGURE has grown greater since the war. The Premier does the work in France. The President is a figurehead, as Poincaré was during the war. As Premier, now, having age's wisdom and youthful vigor at seventy, with the French people behind him, true in their character and thrift to his sturdy leadership, he has brought France out of her troubles. She prospers; the franc will soon be stabilized. It is a great thing for France and the world.

A Great Frenchman

WHAT WOULD THE man they honored say to that speech? I think that he would have resented as much as I do the remark of Commander Mabie of the Sons of Union Veterans on the occasion of the 106th anniversary of General Grant's birth. Mabie spoke of Robert E. Lee as an arch traitor, and said in behalf of the North, "We are trying to forget the Civil War, but they still remember it in the South."

Lee as a Traitor

Lee an arch traitor! Lee who drew his sword in sorrow when he went out of the Union with his State!

The expression of such a view to-day makes it in order for the younger generation to get the Civil War right. Not scattered States but a geographical section of the States seceded, and they thought that, under the Constitution, they had a legal right to go, as many lawyers still think. They went out in dignity and in unity to form their new nation in faith in their legal right to withdraw from partnership.

The North, and my people were of the North, said that they must be kept in by force; and by the strength of superior numbers, resources and equal courage the North won. That settled the legal doubt, as so many legal doubts have been settled, by war. Thereafter no State had a legal right to secede.

Grant showed no bitterness when he met Lee at Appomattox to arrange terms. (Continued on page 64)

HERE'S LUCK!

By *HUGH
WILEY*

Eighth Episode. AS YOU WUZ !

THE Quartermaster smiled a smirk, "We won the War, you won the Work,"—and thus sang a shivering sergeant, prowling after coal in the swamps near Bordeaux while they dealt him out of a couple of poker hands in the non-coms' private palace.

Detected in the theft,—“There will be—no more coal—issued tonight,” the sergeant learned from the deliberate lips of the vigilant guardian of the entire A. E. F. “That’s the way he acted, ennyhow,” the culprit explained to his fellows. “Like the King of the world. Caught me with the goods and he like to scalp me. Told me to see my sooperior ossifer and get a proper requisition tomorrow after the banks open and everything. Me and him and the coal pile standing there in the rain, and that’s the end of *that* little drammer of a hero’s life.”

“Damn’ if it is.” A heavy loser realized that the game stopped when the fire went out. “See if the light’s still burnin’ in the Loot’s shack?”

It was. Presently through the drizzling rain the harsh quartermaster was lured away from his quarters. The Loot needed help from a talented brother officer with a terribly involved bit of bookkeeping involving commutation of quarters for a horse. “Suppose you charge room and bath on your pay voucher for the horse and the horse don’t take a bath—then the guv’mnt sends you to Leavenworth for ten years. That’s probably how the Loot kep’ him figgerin’ so long. How much coal you birds salvage?”

“Plenty to last this hut till payday. Then by the holy old goldfish I’m goin’ to Bordeaux and drink me bokoo warming floods until spring gits here.”

“Don’t talk that way. Say something cheerful about goin’ home. We got here first,—you’d think they’d turn us loose sometime!”

“Lissen—we got three stripes now and the way it looks we’re going to git three more before they blow the ree-call for this Gang. Only way you can get an honorable discharge is out of the barrel of some sentry’s gun. Jimmy the Ink says there’s a new order out for tomorrow where a lot of us hired help build a new flock of barracks for the police force in Bordeaux. Lot of new M. P. guys comin’ in to help the shock troops on the coonyak beat.”

“Hell again! Right when we got ’em all tame they switch the cut.”

“Cheer up, you shroud—if we ketch that barracks job them new M. P. bulls’ll be fraternal enough to use ’em bokoo pleasant when we need ’em. Looks pritty from where I sit. Rather build barracks in town than freeze to death in this swamp. Wonder how come that all the brains in the army always pick the soggy spots of sunny France for us swamp angels to roost in? Why can’t they stick a camp up on a hill once in a while?”

“Deal me four cards—mostly aces. Them healthy camps is reserved f’r prisoners de guerre.”

“Prisoners de garbage. Kin you beat pair queens?”

“Nuk. Not with Johns. Stoke that stove—place is getting cold.”



While the place got cold, and after the non-coms' game had broken up, a light still burned in the Loot's quarters. The Loot was planning a few moves calculated to keep home happy in the face of a spreading realization that the Gang was not scheduled for a return to the United States until a lot more weeks had turned into months. The Armistice. A rotten winter. An epidemic of imported uplifters. Step by step the Loot reviewed his mental progress chart of the Gang's morale. A bad winter bringing shriveled dispositions and a soggy outlook garnished with vinegar. The artificially promoted campaign of stepping out and into the mirth and laughter of Life in a Great City. Phony, and followed by the cold gray dawn. “A bad bet,” the Loot reflected. “Missed my guess on that one.” Then there had followed a period of mixed emotions in the Gang's collective mind out of which had evolved a terribly acute desire to get Home. Back home. That was all. The gray cold days, the miserable nights, were endured, were fought and won under the inspiration of the thoughts of what Home had come to mean. The Gang was tired.

“Stay within hailing distance,” the Loot admonished the forty-man detail that left on the following day to begin work on the new police barracks in Bordeaux. “No globe trotting. We might make the riffle on the Old Home bet and if any good luck breaks we don’t want the game gummed up by any A.W.O.L. stuff. Nothing lost, strayed or stolen when the ship sails—or it’s a cinch it won’t sail.”

Privately and confidentially one of the old-timers in charge of the new detail questioned the Loot. “You think there’s a chance of us getting out of France soon?”

“Blackie—not a chance.” The Loot was honest with the inside crew. “Not a chance—but don’t act that way. Sort of up to us to set the pace. All of your outfit think the way you think. Well—think cheerful. You got to smile for the next three

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

The life of the poker game would be saved if the sergeant could get coal for the fast-dying fire



months no matter if it breaks a jaw. You can bet your case clacker I'll be Johnny-at-the-rathole around the Embarkation Office and I'll overlook no bets. In the meantime, keep smiling if it kills you. If you don't the Gang is sure to hatch a mess of wandering boys and if that happens, when the time comes to leave—we don't leave! And that brings up the Badger question. Jimmy has still got the A. W. O. Louise Cawpril Badger on the rolls. Do everything you can to round him up."

"When was the last word of him, Loot?"

"Three months ago. Marseilles. Chances are that rambling weeper will be homesick for the Gang by this time. Maybe find him in the Bordeaux Underground. Look out for him and bring him in if you find him."

At noon when Blackie and the construction detail had left for the new barracks job, "Forty men gone," the Loot reflected. "Fat chance I have to hold the Gang together."

The noon mail brought another element of disintegration. It was an order affording ambitious tourists a hand-painted excuse for straying so far from the fold that the next war would still find them lost. A pass craver got the good news from Jimmy the Ink late that night. The Loot had read the order, and after grunting his disgust he had departed hurriedly for Bordeaux. Now, armed with the document and lacking negative instructions, the company clerk, striving to please, was enabled to shower down some blessings on a disgruntled boon-craver who fairly demanded a two-day pass for Bordeaux.

"Lissen. What's the big idea of the pass to Bordeaux for two days?" Jimmy demanded. "You just got back yesterday."

"No big idea except I'm fed up on this swamp and my blankets are mouldy and I crave another touch of city life before I begin talkin' back to myself."

"How'd you like a couple of months in merry old England, or trailin' around here and there over France viewing the points

of general interest?"

"Yeah—an' while you're dreamin', mark the ticket New York, San Francisco and two or three good way stations!"

"I ain't dreamin'. There's an order come in sayin' that if anybody has a real thirst for culture he can get it. The Government has gone crazy and your Uncle Sam will stake you to a trip here and there on the strength of your neglected educa-

tion. Read that order. It just got here."

The grouch plowed his way through the document and a smile bloomed on his dirty face. "Great! Fix me up fer a course of oil-painted art someplace in England—can you do that?"

"Me and the Loot can do anything as long as the ink holds out. I'll sign you up for England, but keep it under your hat for another day. The Loot don't crave no mad rush right at this moment. It isn't

due to break until tomorrow."

On the following day when the news of the opportunity to travel and see the world was published, a general stampede resulted.

"Looks like something over two hundred percent of the outfit crave to spread their wings," Spike Randall complained to the Loot. "There's ninety ignorant men waitin' to sign on for the cruise toward the higher learning. You got to put a crimp in it somewhere."

"Nix on the crimp." After some quiet reflection, the Loot had changed his opinion of the school order. "Anything that breaks now to take their mind off their troubles is worth the price. If a natural-born K. P. feels that he needs a shot of art, let him go to it is my motto. The Gang is wearing three stripes now, and they're fed up on the prospect of a couple more. That order is a life saver. The colonel says there isn't a chance of us going home for another six months, and you know as well as I do that six months more of this would turn the old Rabble into a high-grade cleaned up as far as the big job goes, and it's a case of go home or go crazy, and you can bet your tin hat that G. H. Q. knew it when they wrote that order. Nix on the objections, Spike—circulate around and boost this bet. I'm strong for it, and anybody that craves art can have my endorsement on his application and a few francs to get out of town on if he needs 'em."

"I guess I'm with you, Loot, but it still looks phony to have six hoggers, a couple of plumbers and half a dozen of the best steam shovel men in the world, along with seven or eight more squads of railroaders, leap into biology and the dead languages. Well, there's one thing sure—when that outfit goes, our effective strength will be cut to something between a natural and box-cars. I doubt if there'll be a dozen men left in the outfit here in camp."

"What of it? Suppose they all go; so much the better until the time comes to rally round and catch a boat home. You seem to have lots of grief on your mind, but if it'll cheer you up any I'll tell you that we've got not a thing to worry about at the present moment except the damned, perpetual, continued, and

chronic absence of one downtrod corporal by the name of Badger. Badger gets my goat. I've lived through everything else in this mad round of pleasure, but if I get hit sudden and die of some unknown mental washout, you can tell the padre and the surgeons that the victim made an antemortem diagnosis of his case and called it acute Badgeritis. Jimmy the Ink has forged a ghost brand on that damned bird for six months now, until the theme of life's old sweet song is nothing but Badger, Badger, Badger. If you ever lay eyes on him again, rivet the leg-irons—and by the way, when this stampede of art students starts out, tell 'em that the first principle of art is to locate Corporal Badger and bring him back here. The A. E. F. is all cluttered up with systematic D. C. I. stuff, and you've got to have a lily-white record before you can get on the boat. We'd feel damn' funny climbin' the gangplank and gittin' throwed off just before the boat sailed because we were shy one louse Badger. Round him up if you can, and when you find him turn him over to me."

"When I find him I'm goin' to chain him to my left hind leg. He's had his run. Loot, there's one more thing—how you bettin' on the game Saturday?"

"That's a fool question—I'm bettin' on Mike, of course. There's nobody in the Navy half as good. Who'd you think I was bettin' on?"

"I'm not thinkin', only you better hang fire until the game begins. The old Mike has been mighty homesick lately. You know there's about forty of the old timers that have been workin' in this war harder than anybody ever worked before. Mike was doin' about six men's work for a year and a half, and now that everything is slacked up and he has a chance to think it over, I'm afraid he might bust loose and play a heavyweight date with the Old Demon Rum. If I know anything, he's due to pop any minute. That's why I'm telling you to make no bets on Saturday's game till you look it over after the first inning."

Late that night, before he fell asleep, the Loot devoted another tense hour to a summary of the general status of the Gang. The results of his analysis brought the realization that the one-time compact organization was busted wide open. "All shot to hell, high, wide and handsome—and this school mess adds the last final tourist touch."

The Loot saw quite clearly at that hour the misfortunes which might attend the disintegration of his outfit. He realized that no matter how good a scrap a man might put up single-handed, the residue of the A. E. F. would finally beat him. "We landed in a bunch and we stuck together. It was us against the world and we managed to win, but now—stand by for a few daily dishes of grief. I've got to turn a big trick and then pull off a snappy roundup or we're finished. The way this game lays right now, anybody can go to hell in a handbasket in fifteen minutes. If I'm not damned careful, when we sail for home half of the old Rabble will be left in France and the other half of us'll be in the brig wearing leg-irons . . . well, it looks like I've got one more job ahead of me, one more big river to cross."

ON Saturday Mike the Marvel staggered into the pitcher's box. The Gang lost its shirt and the Loot lost hope.

As a matter of history let it be recorded that the last fact was fairly well covered up by the owner and proprietor thereof. No outward evidence afforded innocent bystanders any suggestion of the inner wreckage of what had been Hope Springing Eternal in the Loot's chest. Realizing his mood, the Loot was quick to begin a deliberate combat against it. "What I need," he reflected, "is a hell of a hearty laugh, for due cause and with just and sufficient reasons as its inspiration."

At the Loot's quarters a courier was waiting, with Lady Luck beside him, and the waiting pair, encountering the Loot in the Valley of Despair, presented him with the much-craved hearty laugh disguised as a Formal Order relative to the Hero Question. From the Order the Loot learned that two heroes, and only two, were to be designated for a ceremony, with trimmings, which would leave the pair festooned with evidence of their Country's recognition of their spectacular heroism. The Loot summoned Jimmy the Ink. "Post this on the board," he directed. "It's an order for two of the Gang to get elected. D. S. M. for the two best men,—whoever they are. Competition is open to the enlisted personnel only. You guys better organize a camp meeting and elect your two heroes. I'll recommend whoever the Gang nominates. The medals are coming in the next mail. Don't lose 'em."

Poetic outbursts were the first result of the publication of the order. Reading the Literature on the bulletin board, one of the Gang's poets began an impromptu offering a moment after he had digested the Medal Order:



"Lissen, sister," said Spike as he held the culprit's arms, "frizzle out them whiskers, kinda. La même chose like they was when I reaped 'em off of this louse"

A Gen-e-ral in riding pants
Rode in a lim-o-zeen
Through all of Sunny Drizzling France
Consuming gas-o-leen.
And in addition to his pants
He wore out bokoo ad-ju-tants
Who carried medals mil-i-taire
To pin on heroes everywhere.

"Rally round, youse guys! Lissen to this poet! He's hittin' on all six. Who did Gin-e-ral give the first medal to? Lissen, you birds!"

Answering the demand the poet continued his song:

Gen-e-ral hollered for Company Bee
Of the Shoveliers in old Bordeaux.
"Festoon the Gang in their Olive Dee
And sober 'em up as a favor to me;
Parade that Rabble in a row,
Then git in the clear and watch us go!"

"O-ten-shun, Rabble!" The master of ceremonies cut in to afford the minstrel a chance to get his breath. "Who got th' first medal? G'wan wid that pome!"

"Private Mudd!" the General called,
"Front and center, Private Mudd."
Out stepped a hero bent and bald;
"You answered when your country called—
Now in the name of a wart on France,
In the name of the Home Guard Over There,
Hero! The Medal Mil-i-taire!"

"Hooray! Speech! What did ol' Private Mudd tell ol' Gen-e-ral? What did he do when he got that there medal? G'wan wid that pome."



Private Mudd he shook his head
And to the Gen-e-ral he said: Ko-russ!
"Take back your medal,
Take back your craw-de-guerre;
It wasn't no Greed for Glory
That drove me Over There.
I had a job on the railroad—
Had to work four hours a day;
I was so lazy the work drove me crazy
In spite of my overtime pay.
So I headed for France when I got the chance
Along with the Rabble Gang;
So don't try to peddle me no hero medal,
O-ooo, Take Back Your Craw De Guerre!"

"Hot dam! Lissen to ol' Jack Burroughs ramble. What did th' ol' general do to the ol' Mudd when he flang back that medal? G'wan wid that pome!"

The General turned red, white and blue
An' blew in a cloud of dust,
A-looking for a he-ro
With an overhanging bust.
He bellered out a loud command,
He yelled it fit to beat the band:
"Show me the man that won the War!"
So they showed him a Wildcat Stevedore.
"Private Black!" the Gen-e-ral called,
"Front and center, Private Black!
Attention, soldier! As you were!
Receive this Medal Mil-i-taire!"

"What ol' stevedore boy say? Keep 'er goin'!"

"Nix. Can that stuff! Here's the Loot!"

"G'wan wid that pome. Loot likes it better'n you do."

The Sweet Singer of Soggy France smiled confidentially at the Loot and continued the recital of the Big Festooning:

Stevedore Black, he shook his head
And to the Gen-e-ral he said:

Ko-russ!
"Take back yo' medal,
Take back yo' Mil-i-taire.
Wuzn't no greed fo' glory
Whut driv me 'Oveh Dere'—
Wuz jus' one wile, wile woman
Dat settled on my trail,
Jus' one wile, wile woman,
Whut almos' skinned me pale;
Us took one backward look at
Liz,
Den sez us, 'Laff'yette, heah us is!
Right now as a Hero I'se way
below zero,
O-ooo, Take Back Yo' Craw De
Guerre!"

"Couldn't sell 'at stevedore boy nuthin',—what ol' general do when he got left in the rain with that medal? G'wan wid that pome. Loot says orate louder so he can hear better. Highball, soldier! What the general do?"

The General turned a sickly green
And dove into his lim-o-zeen.
He pinned six medals on his pants,
And give the rest to his ad-ju-tants.

"Let's go!" sez he. "This War is Hell!
If you're lookin' f'r heroes you're S.O.L.!"

"Lissen—they ain't no more pome!" the poet announced. "That's as far as I'm going. There's only two medals in this event in the first place and we've issued both of 'em."

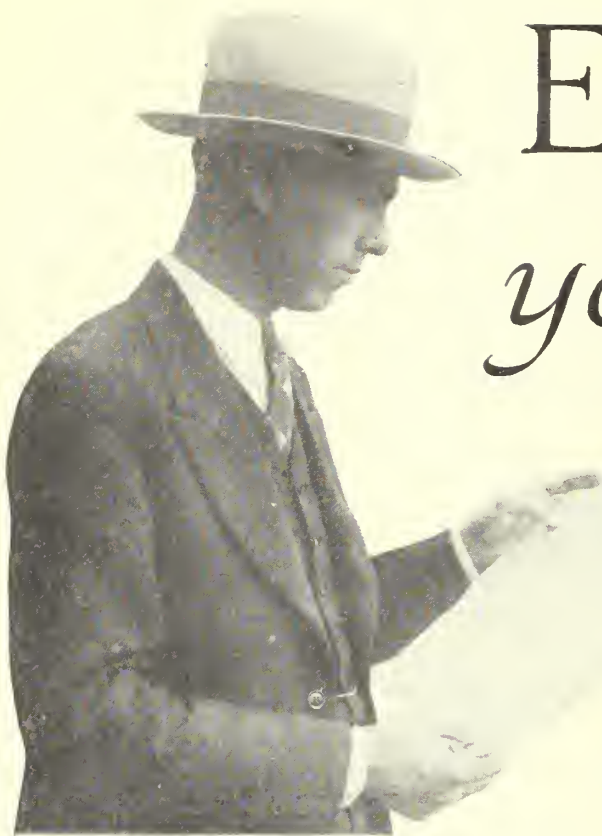
"'Ray f'r th' pote! 'Ray f'r ol' Jack Burroughs!"

"Say it with coon-yak!" With this parting suggestion the orator dived into his accustomed obscurity—leaving the Loot to struggle as best he could in a futile effort at obtaining the first chapters of the Big Medal Pome. When the garbled versions had been straightened out, "Well, even if you can't remember all the bright gems of literature, there's one thing, Gang, that I want you to sure remember, day and night. Get Corporal Badger! That's all. Pass the word,—bring in that lost lamb. I need him!"

Spike Randall, sensing some matter of first importance in the Loot's words, engineered a confidential session with the Loot. "What's the burning words on the Badger question? You aim to play a cuff ace or something?"

The Loot looked steadily at Spike Randall for a long ten seconds, and then with the faint suggestion of a smile about the corners of his mouth, "Old Timer," he said, "I've leaned heavy on you in the pinches. Heavier than a ton of coal. We'll go down town for dinner. I've got a big play framed up and the first three cards have dropped and I've lost each bet. Tell you all about it at dinner where we can be quiet. Maybe you can spot the joker. I'm damned if I can."

In a private room at the Chapeau Rouge, when their dinner had given place to coffee worthy of the liqueur that accompanied it, the Loot spoke his piece to Spike Randall. "You swung on at the start of this game," he said, "and you've seen every move. You know the Gang better than I do, and you think just as much of 'em. You know as well as I do that the big play is to get 'em home before they start slipping,—now that the shooting is over. Well—the colonel and the topside crew have been working night and day to get the Regiment on the sailing list and they've had zero luck. I horned in at headquarters (Continued on page 72)



Legionnaire L. J. Montegut, superintendent of schools in St. Martin Parish, studies a weight chart giving the data on some of the children in the flood-swept districts of Louisiana who lunch on the Legion and the Auxiliary

EAT *while* *you* LEARN

By

Philip Von Blon

little old red schoolhouse that was the mainstay of earlier generations. Parked outside were the school busses that made the new school building possible, the busses which I was later to see carrying school children homeward over Louisiana gravel roads that were as good as unpaved roads anywhere.

And this, I reflected, in the heart of the old French section of Louisiana, the Evangeline country, peopled largely by the descendants of the exiles from Acadia, the several times great-grandchildren of the Bretons, the Basques, the Normans and the pioneers from the other provinces of France who found a refuge here in Louisiana after they had been driven from their homes in Nova Scotia a century and three quarters ago.

PARISH Superintendent of Schools L. J. Montegut walked into a quiet schoolroom at St. Martinville where forty little boys and girls sat at their desks looking at the chalked arithmetic problems on the blackboards. Forty pairs of eyes turned toward the doorway. Forty treble voices chorused: "Good morning, Mr. Montegut."

"Good morning, children," replied the superintendent. "I see you have been busy this morning. You'll all be hungry when it is time for lunch."

Forty faces smiled an obvious answer.

"And how many of you will eat lunch this noon in the school kitchen?" asked Mr. Montegut.

More than thirty hands went up.

"How many of you like beans better than meat stew?"

Half as many hands went up again, while here and there partly raised hands seemed to register neutrality or indecision.

"And how many of you like chocolate?"

Unanimous, this time.

"And how about macaroni?"

Popular, but some dissenters.

Mr. Montegut turned to Miss Goldie Fournet, the teacher.

"Most of the children in your room come long distances to school, don't they?" he asked. "Very few go home to lunch?"

"Yes," answered Miss Fournet. "The busses bring them from all directions and some of them live seven or eight miles from the schoolhouse."

"You see," said Mr. Montegut, "the hot lunch we are serving in the school kitchen each noon is a wonderful thing for all these boys and girls. You'll understand why when you go along with me and see many other school buildings and many other classes in this parish. You'll know just how much it has meant to them all—the work the American Legion posts of this section of Louisiana started when the schools opened last autumn after the homes of most of these boys and girls had been under the flood waters of the Mississippi."

As I talked with Mr. Montegut, we stood in one of those modern centralized school buildings of brick and stone, three stories high and surrounded with broad, shrubby-ornamented lawns—just such a building as one may find in almost any country district in any State today, a building that symbolizes educational progress in the United States, having relegated to history the

One hundred and sixty-three years have passed since the exiles from Nova Scotia arrived on the Acadian Coast of Louisiana, a section lying west of the Mississippi several score miles above New Orleans, and began founding the settlements beyond the bayous. But today the school children of St. Martinville and of the other towns round about St. Martinville preserve unchanged the physical characteristics of their ancestors. Seeing them in a schoolroom, you feel that they might be little boys and girls of Rouen or Dijon or St. Malo. Stocky, broad-shouldered garçons with stiff black hair and big dark eyes. Petite mesdemoiselles, with finely molded arms and legs, delicate features and the long black hair of France. Other types, too—the types that are duplicated wherever one goes in those regions of France whence came the ancestors of these boys and girls.

Superintendent Montegut, himself, his name proclaiming his own descent, is unmistakably of the blood of the pioneers. Tall and powerfully-built, his eyes, his chin, his brow and cheek bones express the force and determination of his forebears. And Miss Fournet, the teacher, slender and petite, might well be the heroine of one of those latter-day motion picture romances of America in France during the World War.

I reflected that this old French country, broad land of bayous and forests and fields, was under water less than a year ago while the whole United States watched the Mississippi, broken through its barriers, terrorizing the people of the Louisiana lowlands as they fled for the safety and shelter of higher ground. I found it hard to realize that water had covered all this region so recently. It was startling to see the watermarks everywhere on fences, on trees and buildings. Wherever I went in that whole region, except where slopes led out of the water's reach, I saw that same sharply-defined borderline, below which was the permanent stain left by muddy waters. And I knew that where the water had been it could come again. I tried to learn what it must mean to live within the reach of the river's waters. I sensed much of the tragedy of last year.

Nobody, simply reading the newspapers and studying the shaded maps in them, can understand what last year's flood meant to the school children of St. Martin Parish and the other parishes lying west of the Mississippi, what it meant to their fathers and mothers as well. But the map conveys a hint of the general tragedy of flood-swept homes, of swift flights by families that had refused to believe the waters could reach them until the flood was lapping the roads, of vanished crops and drowned



Little descendants of the exiled Acadians, exiled afresh a few months ago when the father of waters and his sons went on a rampage, absorb the big meal of the day between classes at St. Cecelia. The food comes from a Legion kitchen. Legionnaire C. J. Dugas is principal of the school

stock, of a whole year's labor rendered hopeless. The map indicates the vulnerability of this region.

Southeastward the Mississippi coils its way through the heart of Louisiana. East of the river, bluffs lie beyond the levees. West of the river, however, the levees hold the flood waters back from a vast lowland. Far westward this lowland runs, without towns, without roads, a drear region of bayous and swamps, until it merges with the fertile and picturesque, town-dotted region of farms above and below St. Martinville. Toward the western limits of the lowlands two rivers roughly parallel the Mississippi—the Opelousas, which changes its name and becomes the Atchafalaya in its lower course, and, farther west, the Teche, which passes through St. Martinville. The Teche and the Atchafalaya join where their waters enter Atchafalaya Bay on the gulf. The rivers lend their names to the sections through which they flow. One speaks of the Teche Country and the Atchafalaya Country. And this whole region became overnight familiar to the rest of the country while last year's flood waters were seeking shortcuts to the gulf after levees along the upper Louisiana reaches of the river had given way.

I had known something of the soup kitchens which The American Legion had established in the Teche and the Atchafalaya before I arrived in St. Martinville. I had heard from Charles E. McKenzie of Monroe, Commander of the Louisiana Department of The American Legion, and Clarence Bourg of New Orleans, Department Adjutant, how the Legion posts of Louisiana had one and all joined together to meet the most pressing after-the-flood need after they had spent weeks and months in rescue and relief work while the flood lasted. I heard the details of the work of getting the soup kitchens started from Legionnaire Linden Dalferes, first Chairman of the Louisiana Department's Flood Relief Committee, now State Service Commissioner of Louisiana. I had obtained other facts from Mrs. L. F. Hadden of New Orleans, chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee of the Louisiana Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, who had personally supervised the work of getting the kitchens in operation.

I knew that the national organization of the Legion and the Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight had all contributed funds to keep the kitchens going. There had been a contribution of \$2,500 from the National Child Welfare Committee of the Legion, an equal contribution from the Forty and Eight, many contributions of an even larger total from The American Legion

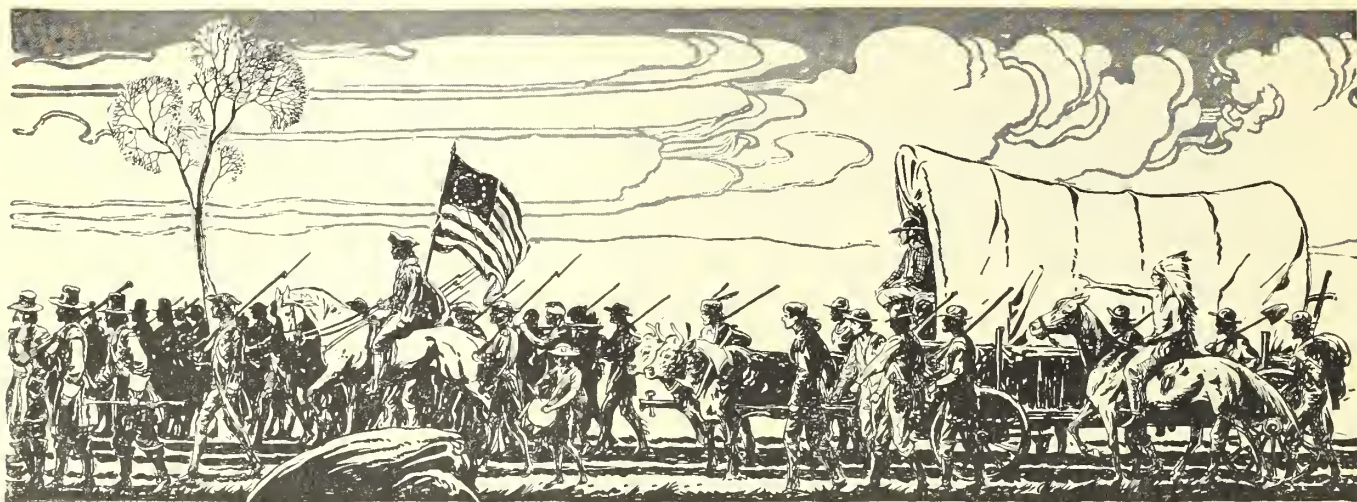
Auxiliary. But the main support of the kitchens had come from the funds which the Louisiana posts themselves had given at the time of the flood and later. The American Red Cross had taken an equal part with the Legion in establishing and maintaining many of the kitchens, and other organizations, such as the Elks, also had helped.

Mrs. Hadden had told me that the first soup kitchen had been started at Port Barre by the Auxiliary Unit of New Orleans Post 114, on November seventh. This kitchen in St. Landry Parish had been followed by others at Palmetto, Pecaniere, Leonville, Melville, Morrow and Bayou Current, in the same parish, all maintained jointly by the Legion and the Red Cross. In Concordia Parish, kitchens at Ferriday and Monterey and in Catahoula Parish at Jonesville were maintained by the Legion unaided, and in St. Martinville, St. Cecelia, Arnaudville, Breaux Bridge and Parks, in St. Martin Parish, not only the Red Cross but other organizations were working with the Legion.

I had been somewhat sceptical when Mrs. Hadden and the present chairman of the Department Flood Relief Committee, Philo Coco of Marksville, Louisiana, had told me just how far they had been able to stretch the meagre funds made available for the work of feeding the school children of the flood district. A nickel a day per child, Mrs. Hadden had said, was the top allowance in most of the kitchens, and many were operating on an allowance of as little as three and one-half cents a child.

Mothers in any other part of the United States, skilled market-ers and expert dietitians, may wonder at these figures as I wondered at them. But there is a difference between buying canned corn and beans for two children and buying them for 1,500 or 2,500. And there is another difference. Wholesale sellers of foodstuffs are likely to make unprecedented discounts on foods intended for hungry children, to be cooked and served mostly by volunteers of The American Legion Auxiliary and older girls of school classes in household economics. And it helps also when Legion details stand ready at any time to haul boxes and crates loaded with things to eat from railroad stations and town markets to schoolhouses located in isolated towns. Even a presumably soulless railroad may be counted upon to make concessions for hungry children.

On the way to St. Martinville I talked with Legionnaire C. Arthur Provost, a lawyer in New Iberia. He told me how vast had been the problem, not only of proper food for school children but of general relief for the children (Continued on page 56)



KEEPING

Night Work

MOSHANNON CREEK is wide and swift as it flows between the towns of Philipsburg and Chester Hill in the Allegheny Mountains of central Pennsylvania. The boundary line between the two towns and a county boundary as well, the creek is crossed by three bridges. One of the bridges, a most important one, a concrete span of fifty feet, still has the signs of newness. It bears a bronze tablet inscribed:

BUILT BY JOHN ASHLEY DENNIS, JR., POST
THE AMERICAN LEGION

A thick slab of concrete reaching from one shore to the other, surmounted by iron pipe railings running from end to end at each side, the bridge probably would not win a prize for its design, but in its solidity above the torrent-like creek it is impressive. And there is a story of how it was built, in the hurry-up fashion of Army engineers in battle, by men who had fought in the World War. Post Commander Arthur H. Hagyard is the story teller.

"When a wooden bridge collapsed, a town predicament presented itself," writes Mr. Hagyard. "There were two other bridges but the one that fell was a part of an important transportation artery connecting Philipsburg and factories on the other shore, in Chester Hill. One big factory was ready to move unless the bridge was replaced immediately. Agitation for a new bridge began, but the financial problem seemed insurmountable. Engineers estimated a new bridge would cost \$4,000. The two towns and the county were able to appropriate at the time only \$1,250, barely enough to cover costs of material. Where to get the \$2,750 for labor costs was a question. Everything came to a standstill.

"Then something unthought of by the people of Philipsburg happened. John Ashley Dennis, Jr., Post of The American Legion not only offered to design the bridge but also to build it for no labor costs. The offer was immediately accepted.

Post Commander Walter N. Todd called for Legion volunteers. He got them—engineers, draftsmen, contractors, carpenters, plumbers, clerks, truck drivers, bankers, men from all vocations.

"The bridge was designed to be of concrete, eighteen feet wide, fifty feet long, with concrete piers, one on each side of

the creek. Four I-beams, twenty-four inches high and weighing eighty pounds to the foot were to support the floor.

"It was decided to do the job in the evenings between 5:30 and 10 o'clock, or later if necessary. Electric lights were placed. Work began. The old bridge wreckage was removed. Four railroad cars of stone and one car of sand were unloaded by hand. The *Philipsburg Ledger* said:

"These chaps, who many a time dug themselves in on the hillsides of France and Belgium, are men for the most part unaccustomed to the use of a pick or a shovel, as they are, with few exceptions, men who earn their way in the world as brainworkers, but they have gone into the proposition of providing the labor necessary to restore the bridge with the same

degree of determination which they displayed in 1917 and 1918. Men who never used a tool heavier than a pen or pencil can be found in the mire and ooze along the bed of the creek, swinging a twelve-pound pick, or scooping the heavy clay with a long shovel."

"An average of ten men worked each night excepting when it rained too hard. The first pier was poured and everything was going fine. Then the second was poured, but it had set only about an hour when the forms broke and the cement ran into the creek. A critic remarked: 'Well, that finishes them.' But this critic didn't know his concrete. The gang worked the whole night through, and at eight o'clock the next morning the forms had been rebuilt, ready for another pouring. Then the men who had worked all night went home, had a short breakfast and went to their regular employments.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad helped swing the I-beams into place. Its tracks parallel the creek. J. K. Johnston, Superintendent of the Tyrone Division, sent a work train with a long-armed derrick. Forms for the floor were then built and the final pouring was made,

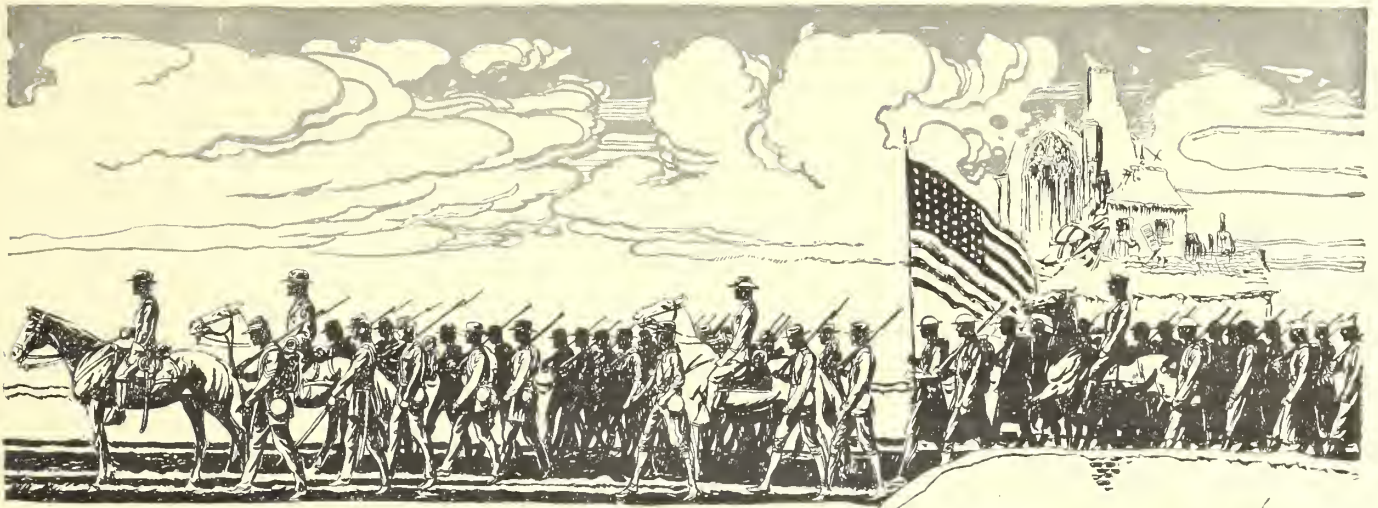
three months after work began. Over three hundred tons of stone, sand, cement, steel and other materials went into the bridge."



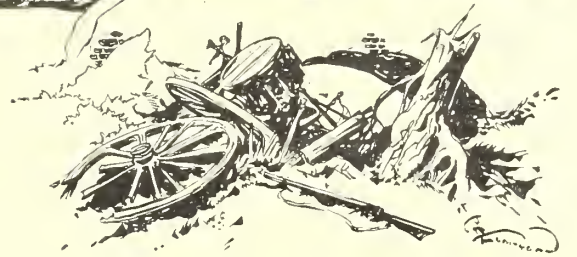
Legionnaire Ben Eielson and the Legion flag he carried on his 2,200-mile trans-polar airplane flight. He promised Baker Post of Fairbanks, Alaska, to deliver it to Paris Post

On the World's Roof

A NORTH DAKOTA Legionnaire joined the ranks of America's airmen immortals in April when a monoplane spanned in a single flight the 2,200 miles of polar bleakness between Point Barrow, Alaska, and the Spitzbergen group of



STEP



islands. The Legionnaire who made history by piloting the plane of the Australian explorer, Captain George H. Wilkins, in this first trans-polar flight, was Carl B. Eielson of Hatton, North Dakota.

Mr. Eielson carried with him across the polar regions an American Legion talisman, a miniature Legion flag that had been presented to him by the members of Dorman H. Baker Post of Fairbanks, Alaska, when he was on his way to his hopping-off point. Mr. Eielson promised to deliver the Fairbanks post flag to Paris Post when he reached Europe.

The flag-presentation celebration, that may have been held in Paris by the time this is read, could not be as enthusiastic as the celebration that will be held in Mr. Eielson's town in North Dakota when the polar flier gets back home. Carrol O. Flesche Post of Hatton is getting ready for his return, writes Post Commander Albert T. Gilbertson.

"Ben Eielson was one of the organizers of our post," says Commander Gilbertson. "He was Post Commander before he left Hatton. We, here, know him as the finest type of Legionnaire and citizen and we think he is the best pilot in the country. The people of Hatton are looking forward to the huge home-coming celebration. That celebration will be the biggest thing of its kind our State has ever known."

A Shot in Time

IF it isn't whooping cough, it may be scarlet fever—measles or mumps or diphtheria. Every time baby gets a cold he throws the household into apprehension. Father and mother take another look at the book of symptoms and get ready to call the doctor. Sometimes uncertainty becomes a gamble, with a life at stake. If the doctor isn't called early enough a fever may have gained too much headway, or a membrane may have invaded a throat, foreshadowing death. In diphtheria, for example, the earlier the physician administers antitoxin, the better the chance for recovery, and many little lives are lost because the disease raged too long unchecked.

Fortunately medical science has found a way to combat diphtheria before it has had a chance to select its victims. By administering toxin-antitoxin to children found susceptible to the disease on test, the physician may make them immune to

the disease. This is the fact that led Cumming (Iowa) Post to render a notable service to the children of its community, a service that won for the post gratitude of all fathers and mothers.

The post in Cumming carried out a campaign in which it gave immunity against diphtheria to 285 children. The plan it originated has been followed by many other Iowa posts, according to W. Earl Hall of Mason City, Iowa, Director of Community Service of the Iowa Department.

Post Commander Roy Chambers of Cumming tells how the campaign was conducted. He writes:

"A post committee learned that the State would supply free one hundred complete toxin-antitoxin treatments to confer immunity against diphtheria. Our local doctor agreed to give the treatments for twenty-five cents a child. Many parents were sceptical. We invited them to a special post meeting at which the idea was explained. We followed this up with a community mass meeting at which a lecturer of the State Board of Health spoke. Then we sent diphtheria protection request blanks to every parent, requesting that they be signed and returned to the post. Next we set the dates for the first of the three treatments needed for every child, employed a nurse to assist the doctor, and rented a vacant store building.

"Including the cost of the serum we purchased to supplement that supplied free by the State, the total expense of our whole effort was less than \$150."

Foresight Plus Energy

THANKS to Commander Carl A. Thomson of Hutchinson Post of The American Legion, Hutchinson, Min-

nesota, now has a priceless record of the services of its sons in the World War, a record that will be looked upon as proudly by the community one hundred years from now as it is today. Post Commander Thomson by his own efforts collected 393 photographs of the men of his town who served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps during the World War. Then he arranged the photographs, for permanent preservation, in two groups. Seventeen cabinet photographs of men who gave their lives in the war or died since the war constitute one



Drum Major Harry Vogt of Erie County Drum Corps (Buffalo, New York), 6 feet, 4 1-2 inches in his boot-proofs, and Frank Mezen, five-foot fifer. Background: Second A. E. F.

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exhibit. The remaining 376 photographs of living ex-service men in their wartime uniforms are mounted in a frame, five by eight feet, behind plate glass.

When Commander Thomson completed his work, the two collections were displayed in a show window for several weeks before being placed in the post's clubrooms where they will be preserved permanently.

Commander Thomson recommends his plan to any post which has one or more members willing to do a lot of hard work for a month or two. Naturally many of the photographs were hard to obtain at this time, ten years after the war. Many of the pictures used, including those of the deceased men, are enlargements of war-time pictures.

Trimming the photographs for mounting, getting the frames made and the plate glass cut all required a lot of time and patience.

Forty Bachelors

ALL old A. E. F.-ers remember St. Catherine's Day in France, that national holiday on which the marriageable but forlorn maidens of town and country decked themselves in finery and displayed their charms in the hope that they might be stricken by matrimonial lightning. Well, there isn't any St. Catherine's Day in Pella, Iowa, judging from a letter in the *Iowa Legionnaire*. According to Legionnaire Bert Holsz, there are too many bachelors in Pella Post No. 89 and something ought to be done about it. And Mr. Holsz

proposed to do that something in a direct and straightforward way. He wrote:

"Our post with a quota of 155 has forty bachelors. These range in age from 29 to 55; in height from five feet to six feet, and weigh up to 300 pounds. We have bachelors with curly hair, blondes, brunettes, red-heads, some with not much hair, others who are getting gray around the temples.

"Among these forty delayed blessings we have professional men, business men, bankers and mechanics in all lines of trades. And, girls, every one of these forty is prosperous and could and would take care of the right girl. The post will vouch for every one of them—willing boys, but bashful; so, girls, if you think you would like to live in the best and cleanest little city in Iowa, just pick your type, color of hair, size and occupation you prefer. The field is unlimited. Address your letters to Bert Holsz, custodian, care American Legion building, Pella, Iowa.

"Your letters will be kept confidential and will be given to the man who nearest fits your choice. Iowa girls are preferred, but at a special meeting

of these forty bachelors it was decided to consider any girls from anywhere if they could qualify. Better hurry, girls; forty bachelors won't last long. Our slogan for 1928 is, 'No Bachelor in Post 89 by 1929'."

Rival Iowa towns may have suspected that Mr. Holsz was the secret agent of Pella's Chamber of Commerce in an ingenious



One good reason why the Kansas Department is returning to Pittsburg, Kansas, to hold its 1928 convention. It remembers this 1921 convention scene—the Auxiliary in Pittsburg serving five hundred pies



Plenty of help when Leon Robart Post turned out in Mountain View, California, to stencil the names of streets on the curbstones at corners; a bit of work that was mightily appreciated by the motorists. Later the post erected metal street signs also on all corners. The city council gave the post a vote of thanks

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campaign to boost Pella's population by at least forty, because other posts began defensive campaigns designed to keep the girls at home and get the local bachelors busy.

The Flag of Victor Guillet

VICTOR GUILLET is at the College of Saint Malo, Ille-et-Vilaine, France, a garcon, an employe of the college. When all Paris was welcoming Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Victor Guillet felt real sorrow because he could not go to the capital to shout "Vive Lindbergh" with the celebrating crowds. Victor Guillet felt new regret when he could not join in the welcoming of Commander Byrd. Paris is far from Saint Malo and a garcon has a pretty hard time of it trying to stretch the francs to cover food and clothing in these after-the-war days. But the emotions in Victor Guillet's heart were not to be denied. To testify to his deep regard for the trans-Atlantic fliers and all America, he began making a flag, a souvenir commemorating the feats of Lindbergh and Byrd. He put into it finest silk, embroidered in many colors, bearing crossed flags and the names of his heroes and an appropriate sentiment. It was costly. Into it went much of his savings.

Long the garcon of Saint Malo worked at his task. He had hoped to finish it in time to present it to the American Government at the time of the Legion's national convention in Paris, so that it might be placed in a museum in Washington. But he did not finish it in time.

Finally the flag was finished. Guillet wrapped it tenderly and addressed it to the American Embassy in Paris. Great was the disappointment of Victor Guillet when the Embassy returned it, regretfully explaining that by American law the Embassy cannot accept gifts from any foreign Government or foreign citizens. Perhaps Monsieur Guillet would like to present it to The American Legion, the Embassy suggested. With joy Victor Guillet sent the flag to Paris Post, requesting that it be sent to National Headquarters of The American Legion.

The flag was carried to Indianapolis by E. W. Thorn, Paris representative of the France Convention Committee. National Adjutant James F. Barton admired it and sent Victor Guillet a letter full of appreciation. Framed, the flag hangs in an honor place upon a wall at National Headquarters, beautiful in itself but even richer as a symbol of its giver's spirit than it is as a flag of gold and silk.

A Mural in a Mansion

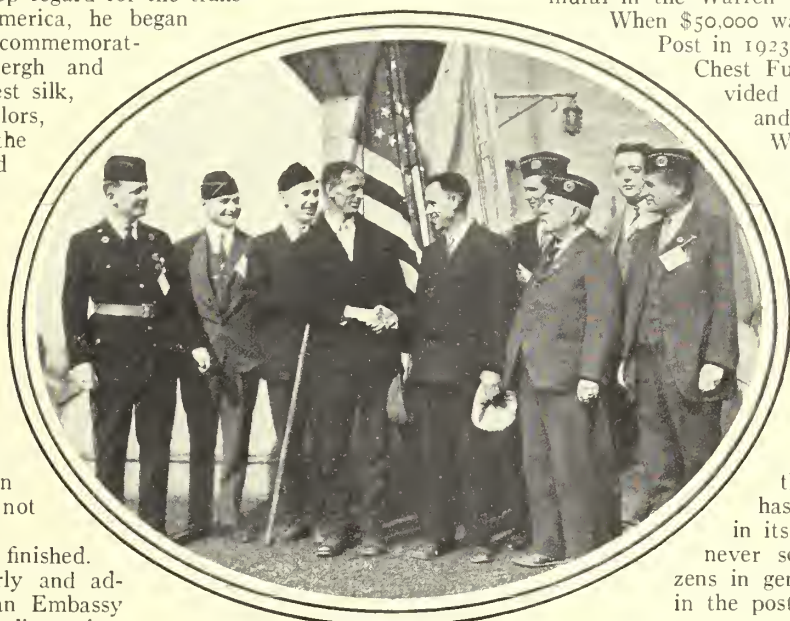
AFTER the Civil War a distinctive architecture for homes was developed throughout the United States. Everywhere builders put up staunch brick houses with broad foundations, thick walls, shuttered windows, high-ceilinged rooms with Colonial fireplaces, big halls, wide-projecting eaves. These homes had dignity and beauty—they were family mansions. Many of these fine old homes are still standing on the broad streets of Middle West cities which are shaded by huge maples and elms. Many of them are present-day homes of posts of The American Legion.

When Clarence Hyde Post of Warren, Ohio, sought a home for itself with \$50,000 it had obtained from a War Chest Fund raised in 1917 and 1918, it acquired one of the best of

the old family homes of Warren. It remodeled this house and added to it a hall sixty feet square with a stage and dance floor. When the post held its housewarming last year it displayed to the citizens of Warren one of the best-arranged clubhouses of The American Legion.

Visitors to the clubhouse in Warren see a huge draped painting over a fireplace, its theme suggestive of the poem "In Flanders Fields." They learn it was presented to the post by Legionnaire Robert E. McClure, an artist who began his war service with the 324th Field Artillery and found time in France after the Armistice to develop his artistic ability by studying in the A. E. F. art school at Belle Vue under such instructors as Solon Borglum, the late Lloyd Warren, Ernest Peixotto and Robert Fulton Logan. Mr. McClure painted portraits of many leaders of the A. E. F. at G. H. Q. in Chaumont. In his spare time he worked for a year on the mural in the Warren clubhouse.

When \$50,000 was given to Clarence Hyde Post in 1923 in the division of the War Chest Fund, an equal sum was divided among other organizations and institutions, including the Warren City Hospital, the Boy Scouts and the Community Fund. When The American Legion Endowment Fund was being raised, members of Clarence Hyde Post and of other posts in Trumbull County, filled a quota of \$7,500 without asking for contributions from citizens, according to Legionnaire W. J. Savage, who adds that Clarence Hyde Post has an exceptional reputation in its community because it has never solicited merchants or citizens in general for the funds needed in the post's many activities.



Once more Legionnaire Clarence DeMar (left) wins the Boston Athletic Association Marathon and receives the congratulations of his outfit, Melrose Post. DeMar is forty and this year's victory is his sixth

Seeing the Country

THE World War was fought by young men who never rode a high-wheeled bicycle. Perhaps some of them had never seen a high-wheeled bicycle—that exaggerated velocipede

composed of one enormous front wheel and a small rear one, with huge handlebars and huge saddle high aloft. Anyone had to be an acrobat and contortionist to ride one of them. But it was to the early Nineties all that a tulip-colored, eight-cylinder sport roadster is to youth of today, and many a man who is now in his latter golf age can recall how he used to whiz along the pike in Grover Cleveland's reign, nonchalantly or a bit uppity. Back in the bloomer period, bicycle tours were great sporting and social events in American communities.

Whether merely for sightseeing or with a picnic as a reward at the end of the journey, the bicycle tour deserved its popularity. It was the spirit of cyclists that made the sport what it was. And it is that same spirit which has made the work of the Automobile Club of Frankford (Pennsylvania) Post one of the most appealing activities which any Legion post has yet devised. For Frankford Post's Automobile Club is giving a series of motor tours which emphasize just how far the world has progressed since 1893. Hundred-mile trips by caravans of Frankford Post automobiles have carried the post and its Auxiliary unit to many of the picturesque and historic localities in its own beautiful section of Pennsylvania. Just as an example of the sort of trips the club has taken, there was the hundred-mile journey from Frankford to the department convention held at York last summer. Seventy automobiles made the trip. Frankford Post captured at York, for the fourth year in succession, the championship in the

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contest of Pennsylvania bugle and drum corps. At York also the post entered its own thirty-eight piece band, organized only six months before.

Another unusual community activity, which almost any outfit might copy from Frankford Post, was the Community Picnic it gave last summer, attended by 2,500 persons.

Still Waters

THIRTY-FIVE boys and girls from the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans' Home at Xenia, Ohio, were very much surprised to find the Atlantic Ocean right in the center of the State in which they had been born.

There it lay, waves shimmering in the Ohio sunlight as far as they could see, and they had come to it after only a few hours' automobile ride from the home at Xenia.

That was the beginning of the week's outing which the children of the home enjoyed on Grand Reservoir in Mercer County, Ohio, as guests of Celina Post and Mercer County Voiture of the Forty and Eight. Later they found out that one could travel across the reservoir by motor boat, but the glamor of that first impression lasted nevertheless. And later also they discovered that they could bathe on the shallow beaches of the reservoir and catch blue gills and other fish all day long, taking time out only long enough to eat the lunches and dinners served by the Auxiliary members of Celina Post.

From the time they reached the Legion camp until they left, the boys and girls found their open air life enchanting. There was the first supper, for example. Hamburger sandwiches, fried potatoes, ice cream, cake and milk. And that Sunday dinner the next day, chicken and noodles, fixed as only the Auxiliaries of Celina could fix them. And the pies—almost every family in Celina sent a pie to keep the camp happy.



Happy moments for the boys of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans' Home during the outing given them by Celina (Ohio) Post and Mercer County Forty and Eight

That first night, the Twenty-third Psalm was recited with new understanding. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The pastures were green; and the waters were still.

Back at home after the outing, memories of the camp lasted. Several days after the return, two boys were missing. At first it was thought they might have returned to the reservoir. They were found, however, at a swimming hole in a creek a few miles from the home.

Shower baths were not as good as a swimming pool, they explained.

"Our post feels that it got as much pleasure out of the camp as the boys and girls did," reports Legionnaire Paul Beiersdorfer of Celina. "We hope other posts in Ohio will give the children outings also."

Imaginary Line

POST Commander Leonard W. Anstett of Albert J. Hamilton Post of Bellingham, Washington, told members of the

New Westminster (British Columbia) Post of the Canadian Legion that the border between Canada and the United States is simply an imaginary line and the spirit of the veterans on either side of it is identical. The occasion was a joint meeting of the two posts held in the Canadian city on the anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge. At the ceremony the delegation of American service men presented an American flag to the Canadian post and received in return a Canadian flag from the men who had fought at Vimy Ridge. Preceding the flag presentation ceremony, with its many speeches, was a parade in which five hundred Bellingham Legionnaires and nine hundred Canadian veterans marched behind four bands to the Westminster cenotaph. In the name of The American Legion post, Commander Anstett deposited on the cenotaph

a wreath in honor of the 250 New Westminster dead whose names the monument bears. Everybody attended a smoker which followed the evening flag-presentation ceremony.

Peace and Policemen

HUNDREDS of notable men and women from all parts of the United States, intent on finding a formula by which the world might advance to permanent peace, sat in an auditorium at Cleveland, Ohio, listening to Paul Milyukof, who was minister of foreign affairs under the first Russian revolution. Former United States Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio was presiding as chairman. From the moment Dr. Milyukof began his speech, it was evident that certain hearers were determined, in spite of a platoon or two of police scattered through the auditorium, to have a verbal fight with the former Russian statesman who was denouncing Bolshevism. Cleveland communists had come to the meeting to challenge Dr. Milyukof's words. They popped up to shout interruptions from the gallery and hurled taunts from their chairs, while Chairman Burton angrily called for order. In the confusion, thirteen men and six women were hustled out of the hall by the policemen—a patrol automobile had to make two trips to haul them to a police station.

The speaker who followed Dr. Milyukof was the Reverend Gill Robb Wilson of Trenton, New Jersey, National Chaplain of The American Legion.

"Very unfortunately," said Chaplain Wilson, "we live in a heckled world. Otherwise, we would need none to stand here to keep the order of the day."

The Legion's National Chaplain then cited the happenings in the hall as an object lesson for those extreme pacifists who are advocating immediate abolition of all armies and navies, the national forces of law and order. He declared a nation still needs a police force, an adequate army, as much as a city needs a police department.

This happened in May at the World Conference on International Justice, held under the auspices of the American Peace Society, a conference in which the Cuyahoga County Council of The American Legion and many individual Legionnaires had a prominent part. Attended by notable statesmen of almost every nation as well as the representatives of the American society, the conference drew up many statements of principles and adopted many resolutions. Practically all its actions were in harmony with the hope that had influenced the National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its January meeting to extend to the peace society a resolution expressing the Legion's helpful encouragement, a resolution that Ohio Legionnaires carried out fully.

The Legion Is Heard

THE Legionnaires most active in the Cleveland conference were Past National Commander John R. McQuigg of Cleveland, National Chaplain Wilson, Harold H. Burton, former chairman of the Cuyahoga County Council; Milo J. Warner, National Executive Committee member from Ohio, and C. C. Bultman, chairman of the Cuyahoga County Council. Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, Past National President of The Ameri-

can Legion Auxiliary, represented the Auxiliary. Many other Legionnaires participated in the conference as members of the peace society. Legion representatives took part in the meetings of many of the committees which framed the resolutions adopted by the conference, and they spoke in debates on the floor at many sessions. The Legion and Fidac presented their peace programs before the peace society's standing committee on the co-ordination of efforts for peace. National Chaplain Wilson, Past National Commander McQuigg and Harold H. Burton were the Legion's spokesmen. Nicola Sansanelli of Italy, President of Fidac, in the United States for a tour under the auspices of The American Legion, delivered one of the notable addresses of the conference at the final session.

The conference expressed its accord with the Legion's views when it adopted a resolution recognizing the right of national defense as a qualification of its statement in favor of the renunciation of war. The resolution was:

"While recognizing the inherent right of nations to arm adequately for self defense, war should be renounced as an instrument of national policy and the settlement of international disputes should be sought by pacific means."

New Pacifism

ON the evening of the final day of the Cleveland conference, the Cuyahoga County Council tendered an official banquet to President Sansanelli of Fidac and President Theodore E. Burton of The American Peace Society and distinguished guests of the society. The conference brought together most notable groups of world figures, including Sir Esme Howard, Great Britain's Ambassador to the United States; Paul Claudel, French Ambassador; Friedrich Wilhelm von Prittwitz und Graffon, German Am-

bassador; Tsuneo Matsudaira, Japanese Ambassador; Nobile Giacomo de Martino, Italian Ambassador; and diplomatic representatives of Cuba, Poland, Lithuania, Hungary, Nicaragua, Ireland and Czecho-Slovakia.

The conference was significant of a changing attitude in the United States toward the peace movement. It was marked by the absence of extremists and ultra pacifists and by the presence of a large number of leaders of public thought known for forward-looking conservatism. The actions taken did not express, with the exception of a dubious resolution on military training in schools, those attitudes which have inclined The American Legion against other peace societies in recent years.

Who'll Say Twelve?

CANDIDATES for office in the Bartlesville (Oklahoma) unit of the Auxiliary may be pardoned for being a bit nicer than usual to William King of James H. Teel Post. King's mother and ten sisters are members of the Auxiliary unit. His post nominates King against the world for the title of being the Legionnaire having most members of his family in the Auxiliary.

Charleroi, Pennsylvania, has a runner-up in the contest. When Thomas Prescott joined Charleroi Post the Legion gained one member but the Auxiliary gained ten members, Prescott's mother, wife, daughter and seven sisters. And Portsmouth, Virginia, has a contender. Binford A. Johnston of Portsmouth Post has his wife, two daughters and five sisters in the post's



Ernest Stricker returned to France to die among his comrades who are buried in Belleau Cemetery. Paris Post provided a military funeral and French citizens of towns near the cemetery attended it

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Auxiliary unit. Now, what Auxiliary unit believes it has on its rolls the largest number of members of one name? The same question goes also for Legion posts.

"Set 'em Up!"

THIRTY-FIVE buglers in uniform blared down Broad Street in Philadelphia under the street lamps. The bugle corps of Howard C. McCall Post was leading the march to the bowling alleys where the annual tournament of The American Legion Bowling League of Philadelphia was being held. The best bowlers of sixteen Philadelphia posts were on their way to the same place. So were Department Commander Edwin E. Hollenback and the Commanders of most of the posts in Philadelphia and nearby cities. The Legion bowling league had designated its tournament as Commanders' Night. It had set out to prove that bowling is a mighty good sport for any Legion post.

Those on the benches during Commanders' Night saw Jimmy Dalton of McCall Post roll 622 in three games—during 81 games of the Legion season this year he averaged 191.

Commanders' Night marked the ending of the Philadelphia League's sixth season. At a banquet, held later, eighteen cups were given to posts and individual prizes totaling \$480 were distributed.

"Legionnaires are getting past the baseball and football age," comments Legionnaire M. E. McMahon, Secretary of the league. "Bowling can be played by young and old. It develops good fellowship and sportsmanship. You seldom see a crab on a bowling alley. Besides, our league is a wonderful means of bringing men of all posts together regularly. Next year we expect to have in Philadelphia many more than the twenty-four Legion teams which bowled this season."

Wild and Woolly

SAN ANTONIO will be a roaring camp from October 8th to 12th. Legionnaires by tens of thousands from every section of the United States will be mingling with Texas' hosts bent on making the Legion's national convention the greatest festival Texas has ever known. Glamor and romance call from every line of the Legion's program. Texas is getting ready to put on a show which will surprise and startle its most staid comrades from Oregon and Washington, Maine and Massachusetts, Iowa and Ohio. It is compounding a celebration out of the wildness and woolliness of the Old West, the exotic charm of Old Mexico and the attractions of a strictly modern American metropolis.

Of course, a Legion convention is really its own show. There is enthusiasm enough generated in vast Legion convention crowds, there is enough color and life, to make simply the getting together worth while. But San Antonio is going to add its own stuff.

First of all, there will be the greatest rodeo to be held in the United States this year, an event with \$25,000 worth of prizes which will draw the nation's best cowhands and trick performers. Mable Strickland, champion woman steer roper and tier, will be there. So will Fox Hastings. The whole West knows them. No need to say more. There will be two hundred other cowboys and cowgirls.

Then there will be a prize fight—not a pink tea affair, but a battle to a decision, Texas promises. Leading contenders for the world's welterweight title will be behind the ropes.

There will be a spectacular battle review staged by the famous old Second Division, including many veterans of Chateau-Thierry. This will be seen at Fort Sam Houston, the country's largest military camp. There will be an air circus, the most elaborate carnival ever staged in the clouds. The country's principal flying leaders will take part. The American Legion National Convention Bureau, San Antonio, Texas, will send on request a big booklet describing all the events.

Senoritas and Senors

SAN ANTONIO isn't overlooking anything in convention entertainment. There will be also a musical show, direct from Broadway, the best hit of the season that the Legion can transport from New York to San Antonio for the week. And another show, featuring the best singers and dancers from Mexico City—senoritas with castanets, senors with guitars. One of the very best features of the whole convention will be the frequent appearance of the famous Mexico City Police Band, with its many scores of players, all brilliantly uniformed.

That's not all. All Mexico lies in San Antonio's front yard. There will be all sorts of trips to the border cities and excursions into Mexico itself. There will be real bullfights across the Rio Grande—and Mexican fiestas. Those who have ever seen life in Mexico City want to see it again, so trips will be provided. Among them will be the National Commander's Tour. Four representatives from each State will have places in this pilgrimage.

San Antonio is counting upon an American Legion national convention parade that will

rank with the parades of Paris and Philadelphia. The entire second day of the convention, Tuesday, October 9th, will be given to it. More than one hundred Legion bands and drum corps will march. Past San Antonio's historic sites the brilliant procession will wind for hours, with massed flags, with the music of bands and drum corps intermingling, a parade that will deserve the title of America's greatest national pageant.

Pilgrims Again

PENNSYLVANIA, one of the many departments arranging San Antonio national convention tours, has made plans almost as elaborate as those carried out last year for the national convention in Paris. It announces in an eight-page leaflet tours of ten and fourteen days, including stops and sightseeing tours at many cities going to and returning from San Antonio. Rates for the round-trip are as low as \$90.80 for those starting from Pittsburgh, and \$100.25 for those boarding the special trains at Philadelphia. The Pennsylvanians may sleep in the Pullman cars at San Antonio without extra charge if they wish. Department Adjutant James J. Deighan is receiving registrations. He expects 1,500 to make the tours.

Salem Comes Up

SALEM, Oregon, is eighteen hundred miles from San Antonio as Lindbergh would fly and a lot farther as trains go, but Capitol Post of Salem will have its thirty-nine buglers and drummers and color bearers in the parade that will pass the Alamo. Commander H. G. Maison of Capitol Post reports there will be surprise in Salem if the post's drum and bugle corps doesn't bring back championship honors from the Legion's



Nineteen sets of trick whiskers of the early Horatio Alger period transformed Legionnaires of River Falls, Wisconsin, into plausible hard and soft boiled Forty-niners for the post's annual show

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national drum and bugle corps competition. For Capitol Post has been saving up a musical wallop for this year's national convention. It has never sent its drum corps to a national convention, and now it is sure the time has come to send it out to snatch victory from the Iowa and Wisconsin and Florida outfits which have been winning the prizes. The Salem drum corps has been the champion drum corps of its department for two years.

Commander Maison believes no other drum corps will travel as far as his own post's, going to and returning from San Antonio. Incidentally, he challenges the rest of the Legion to show a better membership record. His post has 1,091 members in a city of 25,000. This reminds the Step Keeper that Louisville, Kentucky, and Omaha, Nebraska, are fighting it out for the record of having the world's largest Legion post. Weekly communiques from both cities indicate they have been neck and neck through the month of May, each with approximately 2,500 members.

Seeds

IN the unending competition for public popularity between rival flowerers, it looks as if the Balloon Flowered Zinnia would record a triumph in 1928. In the Keeping Step sector for March, Pasadena (California) Post passed along the information that it would send a bargain packet of Balloon Flowered Zinnia seed from the famous Legion-operated Busch Gardens in Pasadena to any Legionnaire who forwarded a dollar. Legionnaire D. J. O'Leary, one of the trustees of the Busch Gardens Veterans Relief Fund, reports that within a few weeks after the offer was published, 742 Legionnaires had ordered the seeds. Most of the orders came from east of the Mississippi River, Mr. O'Leary said, and a surprisingly large number were from lawyers and doctors who are amateur gardeners.

Auxiliary Gains

THE American Legion Auxiliary entered May of 1928 with 41,623 more members than it had at the corresponding time in 1927. Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge, National President, informed the Legion's National Executive Committee at its May meeting.

The Auxiliary's work for the disabled and the welfare of children contributed outstanding impressions to Mrs. Walbridge during a trip through many Southwest and Pacific Coast States and a visit with the Auxiliary units of Hawaii. Mrs. Walbridge was accompanied on her tour by Mrs. Edna M. Davol, Chapeau National of the Eight and Forty. In addition to her long service with the Rhode Island Department of The American Legion Auxiliary and the Eight and Forty, Mrs. Davol has been chairman of child welfare of the Rhode Island Council of Women for three years. She is also a member of the Recreation and School Grounds Committee of Providence,

Rhode Island, which has begun a \$50,000 playground project.

While serving as Vice President of the Department of Rhode Island Mrs. Davol made a special study of occupational therapy among men in hospitals. When Mrs. Davol was President of the Rhode Island Department, units of her State raised a citizens' fund to provide instruction for aliens in their own homes.

Tyson-Fitzgerald Bill a Law

MEETING in Indianapolis in May when the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill for the retirement of disabled emergency officers was before President Coolidge, the National Executive Com-

mittee adopted a resolution requesting the President to sign the measure which had been overwhelmingly approved by both branches of Congress. A week later, President Coolidge vetoed the measure, but the Senate re-passed it over the veto by a vote of 66 to 14 and the House passed it again by a vote of 245 to 101. The measure thus be-



The openest part of the great open spaces! Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge, National President of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Edna M. Davol, Chapeau National of the Eight and Forty, with Arizona Auxiliaries on a pinnacle at the very edge of the mile-deep Grand Canyon. Below, Mrs. Davol with the wreaths of welcome presented to her in Honolulu at the beginning of a visit to Legion posts and Auxiliary units in Hawaii



came a law, after it had been advocated by the Legion for nine years.

The law provides retirement pay of 75 percent of pay at time of discharge from active service to emergency Army officers having a war-incurred disability of 30 percent. It is expected to benefit more than 3,200 former officers. Payments will date from the day application is received by the Veterans Bureau. John Thomas Taylor, Vice Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, advised all officers affected by the bill to apply immediately because of this provision of the law.

More Beds

THE National Executive Committee telegraphed to Washington a resolution asking the Senate to give immediate consideration to the hospital construction bill which would add four thousand additional beds to Government hospitals for disabled service men. The Senate passed the bill several days later and it became a law when (Continued on page 75)

FIDAC'S PATH *to* PEACE

By Fred Condict

NICOLA SANSANELLI'S tent was on fire, and Nicola Sansanelli was in it. The flames

had swept the canvas from stakes to peak before the men of Nicola Sansanelli's company of Bersagliers, pouring from their own tents, reached the burning tent. They saw only smoking and smouldering debris. Sadly they set to work to remove the body of their captain. They pulled aside the charred tentpoles. They discovered the remnants of the captain's camp stool and his desk. They uncovered at last the captain's bed sack, smouldering upon the blistering-hot iron bed frame. The men paused sorrowfully. And then Nicola Sansanelli sat up. He had slept through the fire and had escaped without a burn.

That was more than ten years ago, somewhere back of Italy's battlelines on the Austrian front. To the soldiers of Sansanelli's company, it confirmed a theory that had earlier taken form—their leader was proof against harm. Bullets had already failed to do to him what they did to other men—six times had he been wounded and he was still carrying on. And now even fire couldn't stop him. The less imaginative soldati only marveled that the captain was such a sound sleeper.

But when General Nicola Sansanelli arrived at Indianapolis, Indiana, early in the morning of May 10th, he asked only to be permitted to go to bed for a few hours. The great American Pullman berth, in two strenuous weeks, had won a victory over the sound-sleeping warrior. The overnight ride from Chicago to Indianapolis had been for General Sansanelli just another little adventure with insomnia, as had been his many other train journeys by night since his arrival at New York on May 4th.

But a hardy campaigner doesn't need much sleep. It was only a few hours later that General Sansanelli was contentedly shaving and humming an accompaniment to his portable phonograph's rendition of *Pagliacci*. And a few hours after that Nicola Sansanelli, President of Fidac, the Inter-Allied Veterans Society, was receiving a warm greeting from the National Executive Committee of The American Legion, assembled at National Headquarters. For the meeting of the committee and a tour of American cities as guest of The American Legion, Signor Sansanelli, as head of Fidac, had come almost five thousand miles. Sailing from Naples he had been given a tremendous farewell in which a whole city took part.

The National Executive Committee members saw in Sansanelli a citizen-soldier and kindred spirit, and they heard him deliver in a series of addresses sentiments which emphasized that the men of all lands who fought in the World War are today thinking the same thoughts and sharing the same aspirations.

In profile he reminded them of the dark marble busts of the old Romans seen in museums—and he reminded them also of Mussolini. Face to face he was clearly identified as the Italian counterpart of America's own men of action and one understood



Nicola Sansanelli of Italy, President of Fidac. His after-the-war career parallels Mussolini's. This photograph was made the day he landed in New York for a tour of American cities under Legion auspices

why he is regarded as one of Italy's most notable figures. He could not speak in English, but his hearers admired the beauty of his native tongue, and his words were translated for them by Dr. Enrico Sartorio, a professor of the University of Rome who had been a liaison representative with the American forces in Italy during the war. The sentiments were appealing, as this:

"The veterans of the Great War do not believe in a peace built upon theories which tend to undermine the characters of citizens, to destroy the love of one's country, to consider weakness and cowardice as virtues. No! They stand for the building up of manly, virile, heroic virtues in the youth of each nation as the best safeguard for peace." And this:

"It is by instilling in the mind of the average man a strong determination to have peace that the Governments of all countries will find the necessary support on the part of the people, to solve amicably the differences that might spring up in the future—differences which in the past were settled by war, but which, with the creation of a new international mind, will be settled peacefully."

Signor Sansanelli spoke to the National Executive Committee in the assembly hall at National Headquarters. He spoke also at a dinner given in his honor by National Commander Edward E. Spafford, at which the entire committee

was present. An added international flavor was given to this event by the unexpected appearance of Captain Koehl, Baron von Huenefeld and Major Fitzmaurice, the flyers of the German plane in the first east-to-west trans-Atlantic flight.

Before his arrival at National Headquarters, Signor Sansanelli had been honored by Legion posts and Legionnaires in a half-dozen cities. He was accompanied on his tour by L. R. Gignilliat of Indiana, American Vice President of Fidac; Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley, chairman of the Legion's Committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations, and E. L. White, Adjutant of the Department of Connecticut, who acted as personal aide. New York posts carried out a lengthy program of entertainment on the day Signor Sansanelli landed. Later there were visits to Yale University and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. President Coolidge received Signor Sansanelli at the White House and the President of Fidac placed a wreath upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery and visited Mount Vernon. Signor Sansanelli made a notable address at the World Conference on International Justice, held at Cleveland under the auspices of the American Peace Society. He was the guest of Culver Military Academy at Culver, Indiana, for three days while the annual conference of the Indiana Department was being held at the academy, of which Past Department Commander Gignilliat is superintendent. Before proceeding to Indianapolis he visited Detroit and was the luncheon guest in Chicago of Advertising Men's Post.

Signor Sansanelli's election as President of Fidac at the London congress of the federation (*Continued on page 76*)

THEN AND NOW

An English Ally Joins Up—We Learn a Little of Pershing's Past—Gobs in the Pre-Then Days—Rickenbacker Leads the Goose-Step Squad—What of the Old Camps?—Outfit Notices

AMONG the non-Legionnaire members of the Then and Now Gang, several of whom have been introduced in these columns, we can now include the first non-Legionnaire who served during the World War with the forces of one of our Allies. We must correct ourselves on the non-Legionnaire statement; what we mean is non-American Legionnaire, as this latest member, P. B. Garrett, Captain, R. N., of "Glen Isla," Oatlands Park, Weybridge, Surrey, England, is a Legionnaire of the British Legion.

We're glad particularly that the captain is a Navy man, as there have been certain complaints from the gobs that they haven't been receiving due recognition in this department. The captain's contribution explodes an old theory that our British friends lack the pep and push of which we Americans like to boast. But read what Captain Garrett has to say:

"As Naval Transport Officer at Portsmouth, England, during the latter part of the Great War, I was one day visited by a colonel in charge of a hospital which was being started at that place for the sick and wounded of the United States Army.

"He informed me that he had 150 tons of medical stores somewhere in France and that he wanted them for use at Portsmouth.

"I told him to get those stores to Le Havre, then I would get them over to England for him but that I could not spend my time looking around France for them. When he had gone, I told my secretary to write the N. T. O., Havre, telling him about these stores, and that when we sent him word I wanted those stores sent over without any loss of time at all.

"About ten days later the colonel again called to inform me that the stores were in Havre, giving me the address. My secretary, without me telling him anything—I had instructed him beforehand what to do—at once sent a telegram to Havre telling the N. T. O. where to find the stores and to send them over by a returning ship that afternoon.

"When I saw my secretary had gone out to do this, I turned to the colonel and asked him if he had: first, sufficient lorries to remove the stores, and, second, any place in which to store them upon arrival. His answer to both questions was in the negative.

"I told him that I would that afternoon find both for him, as the stores would be off-loaded the following morning, and we found both that afternoon. But the colonel would not believe that there was any necessity for such speed as he did not think that any Britisher could hustle like that; he thought that he could wait a few days before he saw those stores.

"The next morning the transport arrived with the 150 tons of stores on board and that afternoon they were all under cover in the storeroom that we had found the previous afternoon.

"And when this was all done, the colonel said, 'After this experience, I shall never again be able to say that a Britisher cannot hustle!'

"I think I should state here that the colonel's first visit gave me the opportunity of knowing what to do. I had at once made all the necessary arrangements with the N. T. O., Havre, and also found the lorries and the storehouse, telling them that I should start a hustle at any time once I got the news that the stores were in Havre. This may interest some of those Americans who were stationed at Portsmouth."

OLDHAM PAISLEY, Past Commander of Williamson Post of Marion, Illinois, is one of the newest members of the Then and Now Gang. His eligibility for active membership is based on his contribution of the snapshot reproduced here. If we're not mistaken, Paisley is the first representative of the 86th (Blackhawk) Division to join up. He served with Headquarters, 172d Infantry Brigade. His letter reports:

"I am enclosing a snapshot of the 'village newspaper' taken somewhere in France. We were moving south to Bordeaux at the time I snapped the picture, when our French train stopped for one of the various unknown reasons for which the French trains stopped.

"During this layover, I walked up into the little village and discovered this town crier at work. Not understanding French, I have no idea what his message was, but the 'village newspaper' made a good picture—wooden shoes, drum and all."



Oldham Paisley of Marion, Illinois, makes it possible for us to re-meet an old friend—the perambulating town crier of some village in France—through the above snapshot

THE roster of our exclusive organization will soon have at least one representative of every branch of the American forces that served in the war. One by one they're lining up: infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, leathernecks, gobs, men who served in North Russia and in Siberia, troopers of the Occupation Army. Now we have another of the outlying groups to introduce, the American fighters who saw action with the Italian Army in Italy.

Legionnaire Herman F. Krueger of Garland, Wyoming, who served as a cadet with a group of the Aviation Section of the U. S. Signal Corps, is the man. His letter confirms our oft-repeated statement

that historical errors cannot survive in this magazine. Here is what he has to say to the Company Clerk and to the Gang:

"I wish to call your attention to an error made, not in your section, in the January issue of the Monthly. It appears in the article 'An Embassy of Good Will,' which described the tour of various European countries made by a group of Legionnaires following the national convention in Paris last fall.

"I refer to the statement, in that part of the article describing the visit to Italy, that Lieutenant William Cheney was the first American airman to be killed in Italy. Lieutenant Cheney, Cadet George A. Beach and Cadet Oliver B. Sherwood died simultaneously in a head-on collision in a fog over the aviation training field at Foggia, Italy, on January 20, 1918.

"Having been a cadet in this same group and having been

detailed at the time to photograph the markers which the Italians placed for these three men, I am well acquainted with the details.

"It is my belief that these men were the first Americans to make the supreme sacrifice on Italian soil during the late war, and I am positive that they were the first from the Army Air Force or, as it was then called, the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps.

"These men sailed from New York on August 13, 1917, attached to the First Aerial Squadron, and together with 44 other cadets went to England, then to France, and were in Italy early in September, 1917. I believe this to have been the first American unit of any kind of fighting forces to arrive in Italy. If not, I'd like to know who got there first."

WHEN John J. Pershing, Major General, Cavalry, was selected to be chief in command of the American Expeditionary Forces on May 26, 1917, and advanced to the rank of General, there were some who wondered just who he was, to receive such honor. It was known, of course, that he had led the punitive expedition into Mexico against Villa in 1916 and that he had won his spurs in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. A little research would have disclosed the fact that the General had been graduated from West Point in 1886.

The interlude between 1886 and 1900 is not, however, so generally known. Now a new active member of the Then and Now Gang, C. V. Nusz of Harding-Olk-Craidge Post of Bay City, Michigan, ex-Lieutenant, Company K, 338th Infantry, 86th Division, has produced an historic souvenir which gives us an insight into one phase of the earlier career of the General. It is an illustrated booklet entitled "Historical Sketch and Columbian Souvenir, Cadet Battalion, University of Nebraska, 1893." We wish space would permit the reproduction of more of the interesting illustrations than just the picture of First Lieutenant J. J. Pershing, which appears on this page. Incidentally, it might be stated that during his service at the University of Nebraska, Lieutenant Pershing spent his spare time in getting his degree of Bachelor of Laws. Legionnaire Nusz also attended Nebraska University at a later date, where he obtained the booklet from a fraternity brother, whose name he failed to give.

And now for the historical account:

"There is on exhibition in the office of the University Registrar a massive silver cup. It occupies a post of honor. It was presented by the citizens of Omaha, Nebraska, to the University Cadet Battalion at its military tournament of 1892. It was through the carrying off of this cup, together with the Maiden prize of \$1,500, that the Cadet Battalion first became known in the west at large."

The historian, H. C. Peterson, Captain, Company D, 1889-90, then sketches briefly the law of July 2, 1862, which provided endowments for land grant colleges; how the university was established and how, in 1876, the military detail which resulted in the organization of the cadet battalion was obtained. He continues: "It was not until the fall of 1876, however . . . that Lieutenant Dudley set about organizing the military department. . . . Uniforms were not required; and the array of sack-coats, cutaway coats, soft hats, caps, stiff hats, made a spectacle indeed."

In 1888, Lieutenant Griffith took command and we read: "Lieutenant Griffith supplied the element of strictness that Lieutenant Dudley lacked, and the habit which had lingered with some of appearing at drill occasionally in a stiff hat was finally broken up. The battalion continued to grow and war-

ranted the formation of a fourth company. . . . The companies were not of the same size nor efficiency. But the time had come for placing them more immediately under the control of the commandant, and the change was made.

"The successor to Lieutenant Griffith was Second Lieutenant (now, however, First Lieutenant) J. J. Pershing of the 10th Cavalry. Lieutenant Pershing is the strictest of disciplinarians. A signal illustration of this is the final subjection of the band to discipline. In their capacity as a band the members have always been enthusiastic and efficient. But as a military band they have hitherto lacked much. They seem to have baffled the efforts of all previous commandants. The members have been notorious for the remarkable qualities of their walk. As far as I have been able to learn by extensive research, no two have ever been seen by any human being to keep step. The drum-major always conformed his movements to the band. The time in which they played their marches at reviews or parades was suitable equally to Tom Thumb and

Chang. All this has been changed. They conform their movements to the drum-major now, and are as accurate in the performance of their duties as may be desired. The bracing effects of such strictness of discipline have been felt in the companies also. . . . More attention than ever before has been given to squad drill and setting-up. The officers are allowed less freedom than before. Moreover Lieutenant Pershing gives great attention to details. The boot-blackening establishment in the gun-room is not the least important result of this. When half a dozen cadets shall have abandoned a habit they have of occasionally wiping their brows on dress-parade or at reviews the appearance of the battalion will be perfect."

CONTINUING his account, historian Peterson states:

"It is to these elements of strictness and attention to detail on the part of the commandant that the success of the cadets in the Omaha competitive drills of 1892 was due. This has certainly been the most noteworthy event of Lieutenant Pershing's administration, and indeed of the entire history of the battalion. . . . Company A, reinforced by a number from the other companies, was selected to represent the battalion. Accompanied by the commandant and

commanded by Captain George Sheldon, they were in camp from June 13 to July 1, 1892.

"Two classes of drills had been established by the management—the Grand National and the Maiden. Company A entered both. In the former they unfortunately drew first place in the order of drills. . . . had it not been for this misfortune, they would have won even here. In the Maiden drill they were more fortunate. . . . The time allotted to the execution of the prescribed maneuvers was forty-five minutes, but so rapid and exact were their movements that they marched off with twenty-two minutes to their credit. Few doubted the result of the Maiden drill, and the prize of \$1,500—this is to say as much of it as could be collected—was awarded Company A to the satisfaction of all. . . .

"But the most pleasant event connected with this visit to Omaha did not occur in Omaha. It was the presentation of Company A to Lieutenant Pershing of a gold-mounted sabre, valued at \$150, and occurred in our own Grant Hall. It was a surprise to the lieutenant, being managed by Chancellor Canfield's finesse. It was accompanied by appropriate speeches, of course, and was followed—also of course—by two or three things to eat.

"The changes in the Military Department during Lieutenant Pershing's administration have been not a few. Simultani-



Here we have one of those I-knew-him-when pictures and we'll give three guesses as to who the lieutenant is. Those failing to qualify will find the answer on this page

ously with him came the new drill regulations. Two more cannons have been obtained, making a battery of four pieces. The number of rifles has been increased to 190, by the acquisition of sixty-five new stand. The new arm of the service has seen its inception in the arrival of fifty cavalry sabres, and drills have been held regularly. . . . The uniform . . . dispenses with gilt buttons, white chevrons, turn-down coat collar and coat-pockets, and is pleasing in its effect of neatness. In fact, through Lieutenant Pershing's executive ability, the battalion has surpassed in point of efficiency the expectations of even the most sanguine five years ago."

WHILE the "then" in Then and Now refers specifically to the service days of the late war, occasionally we get a report of an interesting incident prior to that period, which warrants broadcasting. As an example, Legionnaire B. S. Davenport of Rural Route No. 3, Delanson, New York, wartime member of the 58th Artillery, C. A. C., takes us back to the pre-grape juice days of the United States Navy. Pull up your chairs, men, and listen in on this tale of Davenport's:

"Reading in December Then and Now of a scarcity of gob yarns and also about the use of ships' searchlights to illuminate the colors, recalled incidents which occurred somewhat earlier than 'Then' but might be of interest as concerning our late enemies, and possibly some members of the Gang may have been present.

"From June 23 to 30, 1903, the U. S. flagship *Kearsarge*, cruisers *Chicago* and *San Francisco* and gunboat *Machias*, were anchored in the harbor of Kiel, Germany. There were also about thirty German warships in the harbor and navy yard. It was the occasion of the Kiel yacht races of that year.

"Soon after our arrival in port, the gentleman who is now called Mr. William Hohenzollern came in on his yacht. As he drew a 33-gun salute and all ships fired, there was considerable noise—also manning of the rails. This was kept up quite frequently throughout the week.

"William was twice on board the *Kearsarge*. On the first occasion he inspected the ship with crew at quarters, for about an hour, stopping now and then to talk to one of the crew. Consequently every one had a good view of majesty. On at least one of his visits, the Imperial Standard was flown at the main.

"On the evening of June 29th, an entertainment to the crews of the German fleet was given by the American fleet, on the flagship. A stage had been rigged across the forecastle. There

were boxing matches, vaudeville, band music and cigars. Men came from the German fleet and the other American ships. The *Kearsarge* was full dressed, with strings of signal flags from jack staff to stern, over the topmasts, searchlights playing on them, and strings of electric lights outlining hull, cranes and masts.

"After the boxing and vaudeville there were, as I recall now, sixty-four half-barrels of German beer. It's quite a long time ago and I may be a little off on the count. Anyway, there was plenty of beer. Bars had been set up, one on the superstructure aft and one on the forecastle in the angle between the superstructure and turret. I was at that time a first-class apprentice, detailed as ship's signal boy on the forward bridge. The flagship had two sets of signalmen, the staff men being on the after bridge. Some of our boys had been buying gayly decorated German steins for souvenirs and as the forward bridge was directly over the forecastle bar, it was a very easy matter to bend signal halyards on these steins and lower them, where they were filled without delay.

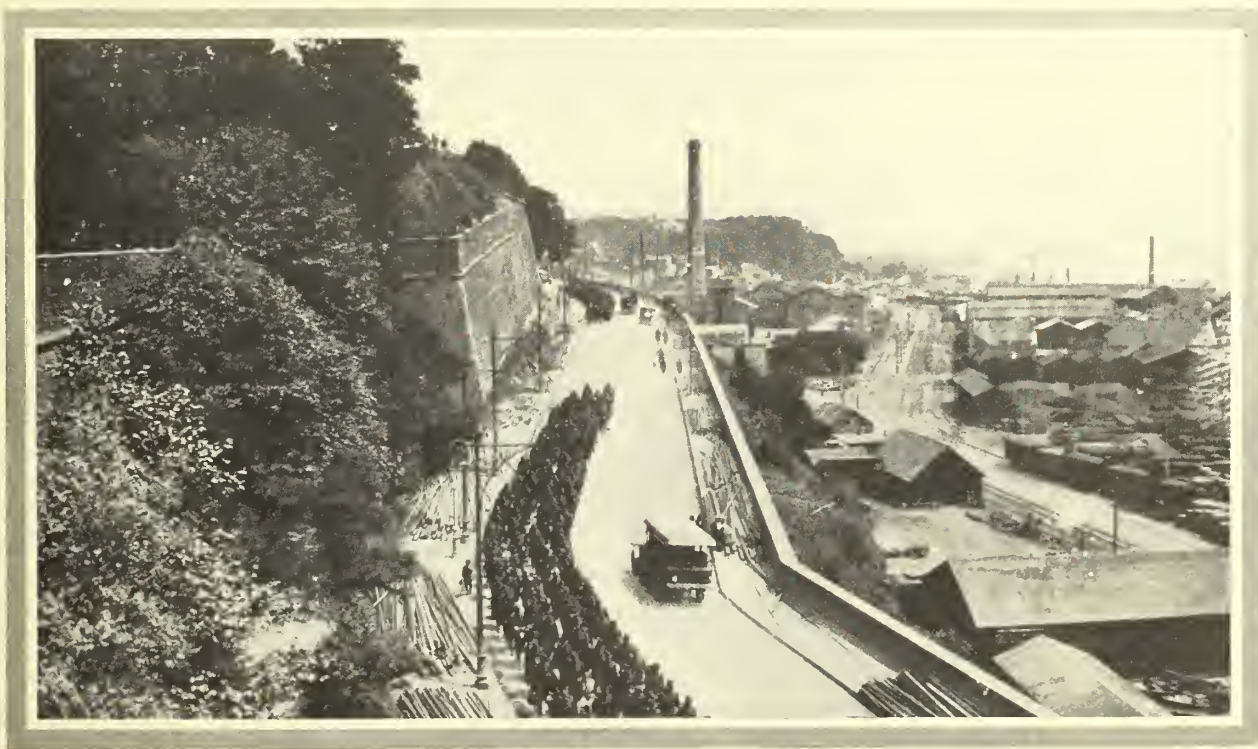
"The party broke up about midnight. I had the mid-watch and will never forget the strange sight that was disclosed with the coming of daybreak. The dressing lines had been let down after our guests' departure and the upper deck was dotted with weary men wrapped in signal flags. Here and there were German caps and neckerchiefs, and a shore boat lay abandoned at our port boom.

"I think a number of the barrels were returned unopened."

THE account of the M. T. C. minstrels at Colombey-les-Belles, which appeared in Then and Now last September, inspired John A. Peifer of New York City, member of Queens Post of the Legion, to add his bit to the gradually increasing record of service shows. He writes:

"Our company, the Third Company, Third Regiment, Air Service Mechanics, was also stationed for about twelve months at Colombey-les-Belles, where the First Air Depot was located, although the Adjutant General of the Army once wrote me that we were at Romorantin, France. But as he was not with the company and I was, I certainly know where I hung my hat.

"The Third Company also staged a party and show at Christmas time in our mess hall. We had scenery by Sergeant Walker who I believe hailed from Philadelphia, borrowed some clothes from the Y. M. C. A. girls, and also used cork from cognac bottles for any blacking needed.



Almost the end of the "last, long mile." Remember how the packs seemed to lighten, the sun wasn't quite so hot or the rain so wet when the outfits which embarked from Brest started out from Camp Pontanexen for the piers, for the transports and for home? Here we have a picture of one of the endless columns beaded for home. This splendid view is the work of G. E. Hill, ex-signalman, 413th Battalion, and now of Poughkeepsie, New York

"The play was built around the experiences of one of our loeys who was seen parading around one of the watering places with several more service stripes than he was entitled to and also wearing some insignia that were also not his. He was invited to attend the show, but somehow or other got wind of what was going on and failed to show up.

"Our show, however, was attended by a great many of the officers of the field, including Colonel Jones, our commanding officer, and a good time was had by all. Plenty of liquid refreshments, etc., etc. We seem to have used the same piano about which the M. T. C. artists complained, but we put on some rubber bands taken from a plane, to make the action of the piano act, and had some fair music from it—when the banjo didn't drown it out.

"Sorry I could not get over with the Second A. E. F. to look over some of the familiar places, but hope for better luck next time. I would like to know what has happened to the old depot and will watch *Then and Now* for some news."

THE little picture which beautifies this page is a contribution from James O. Lewis of Leon, Iowa, a lieutenant in the Air Service during the war. Lewis' accompanying report follows:

"I am sending you a snapshot of a pretty Red Crosser who was one of a group that met a train of flying men at the station at Columbus, Georgia, in the early spring of 1918. Some thirty officers and about a hundred cadets were on the train en route from Park Field, Memphis, to Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida.

"This girl won a lot of hearts and could have collected a hatful of wings in the thirty minutes we were there, but she was too modest to give her name. She was one of those bright spots of the war that deserve a place in the *Then and Now* columns.

"The shadow of a second lieutenant's left ear shows against her skirt. My ear."

PARAPHRASING the time-worn introduction used by speakers at banquets and public meetings, the Company Clerk might say: Unaccustomed as we are to . . . pats on the back, with all due modesty we broadcast a letter from Adjutant E. Mark O'Neil of Arthur H. Cunningham Post of Hornell, New York. Coincidence, of course, plays a major role in connection with this bouquet handed to us:

"We would like to know if the Company Clerk is a clairvoyant, a mental-telepathist, a mind-reader or the answer to a maiden's prayer? But first we have an unusual story to tell:

"In the latter part of last October, Cunningham Post decided to put on its annual show during the first week of December. After due discussion as to what, when, where and how, the matter was put into the hands of Mr. Arden E. Page, a theatrically inclined member of our post and chairman of our entertainment committee. He and his committee decided to produce *George M. Cohan's* old-timer, 'Seven Keys to Baldpate,' which was based on Earl Derr Bigger's tale of the same name.

"The cast was selected, rapidly rounded

into shape and the tickets were distributed. However, no one seemed to enthuse very much about it until along came the December issue of *The American Legion Monthly* with almost a page story in 'Then and Now' about none other than our own play and not only that but a write-up about the cast that played in this same show in the A. E. F. Included in the cast was the name of Arden E. Page, who was now producing the same show for our post, eight years later, and who took one of the parts in the original cast which entertained the A. E. F. in Germany and France.

"Needless to say your story was a great boost for our show as we reprinted the article from 'Then and Now' for advertising, had record crowds every one of the three nights and stuck another thousand shekles worth of bonds in our jeans for our new post home. It was certainly some coincidence.

"Hence our opening question, and as the Company Clerk must answer to one of the titles suggested, we wish to thank him most heartily for his free advertising."

WE introduce another non-Legionnaire member of the *Then and Now* Gang: Mrs. C. W. Hiatt of Odell, Nebraska. Her admittance to membership is based on the interesting service snapshot which is shown on this page. As Mr. Hiatt is a Legionnaire, we assume naturally that Mrs. Hiatt is an Auxiliare. Here is her message:

"Having been in canteen service overseas in 1917-1918, at one time presiding over the enlisted men's canteen in the Casino at Nice, I am especially interested in *Then and Now*.

"Perhaps the enclosed prints which were made from negatives found in a former German dugout and given to me by some First Division men will be of

interest to the readers of the *Monthly*.

"Unfortunately I cannot even remember the soldier who gave me the pictures. Anyone who was in the A. E. F. will readily understand why a canteen girl could not remember every soldier who presented her with a souvenir de la guerre, n'est pas?"

We chose from the pictures sent by Mrs. Hiatt the one reproduced and we wonder if the doughboy who presented it to her or, possibly, even Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace of aces with twenty-six enemy planes to his credit, might not tell us the where, when and how of it?

GRADUALLY the men and women who now reside in the vicinity of the old training camps and cantonments are responding to the requests which we have published for information regarding the present condition of those places which we called home during 1917, 1918 and 1919.

Several months ago we were able to broadcast a report of Camp Upton as it now appears. Legionnaire Harry C. Blomberg of Ogden, Kansas, now furnishes us with an account which will be of particular interest to men who trained with the 80th and 10th Divisions in the vast cantonment near Fort Riley on the road between Manhattan and Junction City, Kansas.

"I saw the requests in *Then and Now*," he wrote, "for information relative to the



One of the reasons why the boys in 1917-18 were glad that troop trains made stops at Columbus, Georgia



Eddie brings home the bacon! Goose-stepping with a line of German prisoners is Edward V. Rickenbacker, ex-captain, Air Service, America's foremost ace. Can anyone advise where, when and how he made his capture?

present conditions of the old camps where so many boys trained in '17 and '18 and I am therefore enclosing a clipping which I cut out of a local paper which gives a mighty good description of Camp Funston. I happen to be the one who purchased the last of the buildings of the old cantonment. During the war I served with Company M, 30th Infantry."

The newspaper account, titled "Camp Funston A Memory," follows:

"All that is left of Camp Funston now resembles a burial ground. If you walk up the side of the hill where the hearthstone and chimney of the late General Leonard Wood's war quarters still stand and look down and across the road you see thousands of gray headstones. More accurately, you see thousands of things that appear to be gray headstones. They surround a cenotaph—the monument built in memory of the soldiers who trained at Funston by the soldiers who trained at Funston, out of native Kansas stone.

"You reflect. Where the weeds will soon be growing toward the Kansas sky and concealing the concrete supports of the former buildings of the nearby army cantonment, all that is left of it, there was once a city of thousands of men. Trains used to stop there to disgorge hundreds of rookies. Last spring, the Union Pacific Railroad sold the temporary wooden buildings that were its stations.

"You wander down the still discernible streets of the camp. In the grass at one fast-fading intersection you pick up a couple of steel street signs. Well, it'll soon be summer now and the weeds and sunflowers of Kansas will obliterate all but a few signs of the graveyard appearance of the former camp.

"Then back up the old drive to General Wood's old hearth you go—the drive which during the war was beset by many an official beflagged and olive drab motor car. You lean on the stone mantel; you tread on the general's curtains, which lie rotting in the dust.

"Camp Funston is little more than a ghost."

NOW enters a former member of the gas-bag contingent, Burdette De Witte of Highmore, South Dakota, as one of the newer recruits to the Then and Nowers. De Witte sent us the dugout interior, reproduced here, which he states was taken by using star shell powder in place of flashlight powder. To add to the warlike nature of this photographic endeavor, black powder was used to ignite the pseudo flashlight powder. He has this to say of his outfit's war work:

"During the war I served with the 16th Balloon Company—with the section called the 'riggers' whose duty it was to keep the observation balloons in repair. Our company's activities were confined to the area around Limey and Mamey. We observed mostly on the enemy movements in the vicinity of Metz—the company men being entitled to a battle clasp for the St. Mihiel Offensive and also a Defensive Sector clasp.

"We were on the job from September 20, 1918, till the close of the war. One of our balloons was punctured by shell fire while it was bedded down, until it had to be withdrawn from use. Observation officers were forced to jump once when attacked by enemy planes.

"On November 10th we experienced our most thrilling moments. Through some error, we were advanced within two kilometers of the enemy and let up the balloon. This called upon us a rain of anti-aircraft fire from the enemy. They shot shrapnel at the balloon and high explosives landed all around the winch and trucks and it seems almost miraculous that not a man was wounded."

And now that the gas-baggers have made their bow, we checked over our active list and find a few outfits still to be heard from. How about some of the Chemical Warfare men

or gobs who served on submarines coming across? Without question, they have interesting stories to tell. Let us hear from some of these more modest outfits.

CONSIDERING discussions on the subject which appeared in the old Weekly and in other service publications, we are not going to let ourselves open for another of those non-solvable arguments by introducing any new member of the Gang as the *youngest* man in the Army or in the Navy during the war. We can, however, state that we have a letter from *one* of the youngest men who shipped during the late war—H. W. Kittle of Keith Ross Post, Aurora, Indiana—and according to his account, which we'll let you read, Kittle had a most varied career while wearing the blue. He says:

"Here is another barrage from the Navy, after reading with interest George E. Sprague's contribution to Then and Now in the February Monthly. Sure the gob did more than to wear nice clean uniforms, look happy and keep his hair combed, during the great conflict of '17 and '18. Of course, almost all

of us ex-gobs are contented to sit back and let the Army take all of the credit; in fact, I hardly think some of the doughboys were aware of the fact that the Navy was in the war. So let me enlighten some of those fellows:

"Statistics compiled by the War Department show that forty percent of the entire Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Marines were regular Navy men taken off of the battleships and transferred to the Marine Corps. Each and every stretcher bearer and doctor with those outfits was also a regular Navy man. So much for that, which shows that we had men in the front line trenches.

"Just how many aviation stations the Navy operated in France and England I can't say, but there must have been close to twenty, and as Mr. Sprague reported, these boys saw plenty of active service.

"Another item: During the latter part of 1918 the famous Naval Railway Battery under command of Rear Admiral Plunkett landed at St. Nazaire and assembled the largest guns used in the war by the United States. The gun crews were composed of forty picked men selected from our battleships, because they were expert gunners and fully competent to make the world safe for democracy by way of a fourteen-inch gun (no, they were not sixteen-inch caliber). This outfit went into action on the Marne.

"Then consider this: The Navy maintained her own ambulance corps in France, had her own dispatch service (motorcycle corps), had plenty of men in the front lines and more of them ready to go in when Germany waved the white flag. She took the Army over, fed the doughboys while they were there, helped them to fight and then brought them back home. She kept the German fleet bottled up and put a damper on the activities of the German sub.

"There's no use talking—the Navy was every place during that argument: in the air, on the land, on the water and under the water. Let's hear from some more of the fellows who wore the blues."

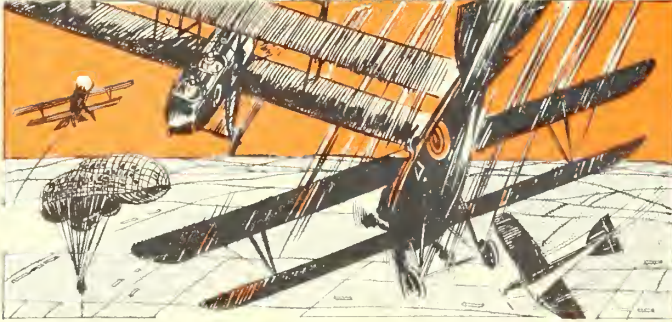
When we wrote and asked Kittle to tell us a little about his personal service, he finally came across with some interesting dope and here it is:

"At the outbreak of the war, I served on the only sailing vessel then in active service with our Navy, the U. S. S. *Annapolis*, a three-masted rigged ship of the gunboat type. Next on the U. S. S. *Santa Rosalia*, an old-time merchant marine cargo ship, taken over by the Navy and manned by Navy men. She transported cargo of all descriptions to France. No guns, no protection of any kind from the menacing subs—just load her up and hit the ball. Next on another ship of this same type, the U. S. S. *Kerowlee*. so (Continued on page 63)



With not quite the comforts of the Waldorf-Astoria, this dugout near Limey, France, was home to members of the 16th Balloon Company, of which Burdette De Witte, the snapshotter, now of Highmore, South Dakota, was a member

EVERY MOMENT CRAMMED WITH AN ADDED THRILL!



Greatest Air Circus Ever

AMERICA'S aces of the air, the most dazzling array of the most daring fliers assembled since the World war, will compete at San Antonio during the American Legion National Convention October 8 to 12. Action galore and thrills a-plenty will make this the greatest air circus ever staged.

"Buckinest" Rodeo of 1928

TOUGEST horses from the outlaw herds of the Southwest, wildest cattle, leading cowboys, expert cowgirls, champion ropers and tiers, broncho busters, steer riders, bulldoggers, clowns and all the rest, with the biggest prize money, hiked to \$25,000, make the Legion Convention Rodeo the year's leader in this sport.



Spectacular Battle Exercises

THE Famous Old Second Division, with all the latest implements of war, will stage the most spectacular and thrilling battle maneuvers since the close of the Great conflict. Other convention attractions include: Prize Fight; Broadway Show; Mexican Revue; City of Mexico Police Band; Etc., Etc., Etc.

Bull Fights and Fiestas

BULL fights and Mexican fiestas, color and romance make the side trips to the Mexican Border a feature extraordinary of the convention. Gala programs will be staged at Brownsville, Eagle Pass and Laredo. The enchanting City of Mexico itself will be visited on a commander's tour.



BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET... Free
American Legion National Convention Bureau
San Antonio, Texas

Send me—without charge—your beautifully illustrated booklet in color on San Antonio's Wonderland and the great Legion Convention to be held there in October.

Name _____

**TENTH NATIONAL
AMERICAN LEGION
CONVENTION
SAN ANTONIO, OCT. 8-12**

Bursts and Duds

TWISTED

A city visitor from one of the wind-swept States gazed intently at the spiral fire escape that wound its way down the rear of a thirty-story building.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That must have been a dangled long ladder before the cyclone hit it!"

IN TRAINING

It seems there were a couple of sweet, guileless young things chatting with each other.



"What are you doing with that big roll of bills so early in the morning?" asked one.

"Oh," said the second, who wouldn't take a nickel from a man if there was a chance of getting a quarter, "I'm practising my reducing exercises."

WHAT'S THE SENSE?

Him: "Funny thing about the Declaration of Independence."

The Female: "What's that?"

It and Nothing More: "Most of the men who signed it were married."

GANGWAY!

St. Peter scanned the tally that had been kept on the latest applicant.

"I can hardly let you into heaven on this record," he said. "Just what was your occupation on earth?"

"I was a truck driver," returned the disembodied soul.

"Open the gates, boys! He must have the right of way."

DANGER AHEAD

The crap game was over, and Caesar, the heavy loser, sadly pocketed the small amount of loose change he had remaining.

"Boy," Napoleon, the winner, asked, "yo' ain't much good at seben come eleben, is yo'?"

"Nope," answered Caesar. "Ah's always afraid it's gwine come out seben come Lebenworth."

IMPERATIVE

"The officer swears that you were doing fifty miles an hour," the judge said. "Have you any excuse for making such speed?"

"Yes, Your Honor," the prisoner replied. "I'm a bootlegger, and your wife telephoned that she had to have a case of Scotch right away because company had dropped in unexpectedly."

CRIBBING

"What ya doing, big boy?" a college student inquired.

"I'm writing home to mother," his roommate replied.

"Well, when you get through copying those verses from 'Indian Love Lyrics' let me have the book. I'm going to write home to my mother, too."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"I heard the most perfectly darling radio program last night," Miss Sparker gushed.

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful?" agreed her very dearest girl friend. "I didn't have a date either."

SAFETY UEBER ALLES

"Well," the judge said, "since you have no counsel, I shall have to assign you a lawyer to defend you."

"If you don't mind, Your Honor," the meek prisoner who had been accused of bigamy replied, "I'd rather have a couple of husky policemen."

WHY POETS DIE YOUNG

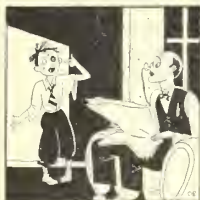
For weeks Alfred Tennyson Byron, Jr., had been practising his speech of proposal. At last he figured he had worked out a good one. There was a full moon and all that sort of thing.

"I am mad about you," he breathed, "and in my breast burns the immortal flame of an undying love. I worship you with a tremendous, overpowering, all-encompassing adoration."

"Oh, goody!" said the girl.

ERROR IN JUDGMENT

"You must remember," said Mr. Smith to Willie, his ten-year-old son, "that your thoughts have much to do with what you are to become. Never forget that 'as a man thinketh, so is he.'"



Well satisfied with this bit of philosophy, he dismissed the boy and turned to his paper. Somewhat later Willie again confronted his father.

"That bird who said, 'As a man thinketh, so is he,' was all wet," he complained bitterly. "Look at the black eye I got for thinkin' I was better than Butch Brown!"

THERE'S NO TELLING

"Say, this orchestra sure has a big bass drum, hasn't it?"

"That's no bass drum. That's Paul Whiteman."

CLEVER GIRL

"So your wife throws dishes at you?" asked the lawyer.

"Not exactly that," replied Mr. Meeks. "She always throws them at the place she thinks I'm going to dodge to."

'TAINT POSSIBLE

"The man I marry must be a gentleman and a scholar," Enid proclaimed.

"My dear," objected June, "that's asking too much of any college man."

THE SOLE EXCEPTION

In something of a hurry a suburbanite dashed into an apothecary shop.

"Give me a lawn mower, please," he demanded.

"Why, we don't handle lawn mowers," the clerk said. "This is a drug store."

"Oh, is that so? Well, all I've got to say is, this is a hell of a drug store!"

THE WAVE OF REFORM

"Beginning tomorrow morning," the chief of police declared, "this department declares war on speeders."



"But, Chief," remonstrated the desk sergeant, "all the city fathers and a lot of the judges of our local courts own cars."

"True—I hadn't thought of that. I have one myself. We'll declare war on the jaywalkers instead, then."

LUCKY STIFF!

A young doctor was worried. Young doctors always are.

"I haven't had a patient in a month," he said gloomily.

"He's to be congratulated," dryly responded an unfeeling friend.

MAKING IT UNANIMOUS

"Wow! Mussolini sure has things completely under his control!"

"Just how?"

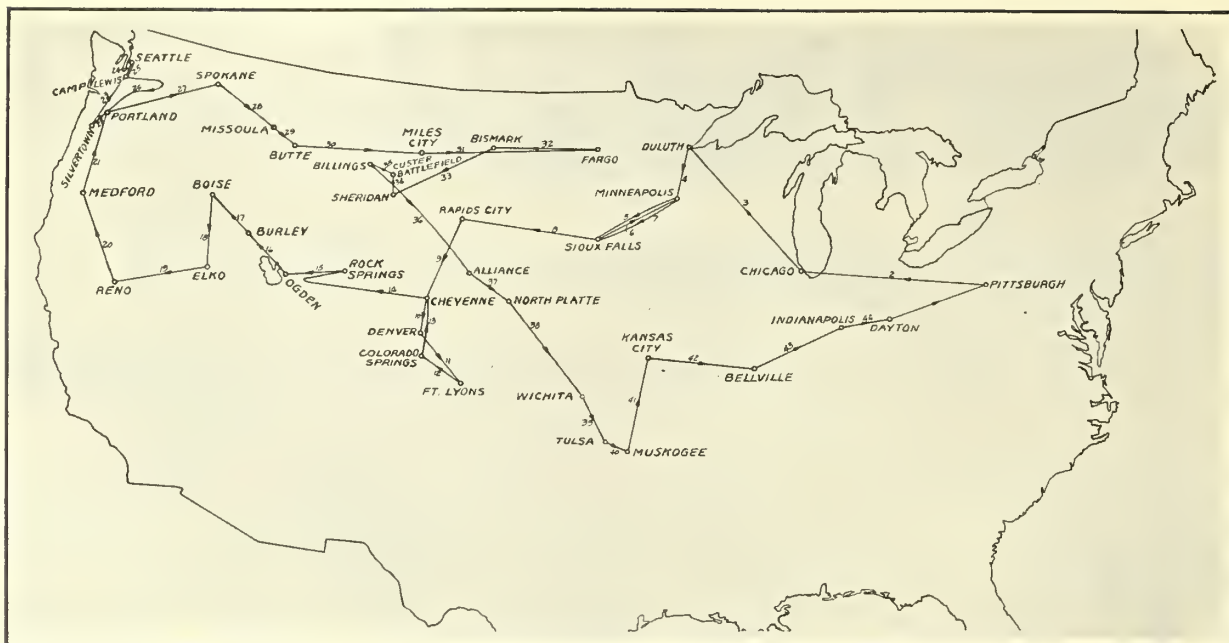
"Man, every time he has a headache all Italy takes an aspirin tablet."

OLD STUFF

It seems there were a couple of collegers, Fresh and Frosh.

"So you're going to have your car scraped and painted this spring?" inquired Fresh.

"Yes," replied Frosh (although, of course, it might have been two other fellows). "All the wise cracks on it are out of date now."



An airplane enabled National Commander Spafford to cover 9,000 miles in twenty-three days to attend Legion gatherings at the points shown on the map. Ninety-four hours in the air qualified him for his wings

The COMMANDER EARNS HIS WINGS

By John J. Noll

THE hop was only a distance of 240 miles, a matter of two hours flying, but it was the only stretch in our entire journey that caused me any anxiety about my passenger's safety. We took a route almost due south out of Boise, Idaho, with our destination at Elko, Nevada, and, with everything going well, as I said, the trip would be finished in two hours. But I had heard about this particular stretch of country, even though I hadn't been over it before. Mountains, gorges, forests, a river or two, and no inhabitants in all that region, and a forced landing might have meant trouble. But my distinguished passenger didn't know of it until after we had safely reached our destination."

And that was the closest approach to a thrill in an air journey that totaled more than nine thousand miles over rugged western country and which took only twenty-three days—ninety-four hours of actual flying time—to complete, with numerous stops en route, which I could induce Captain Breene, air chauffeur de luxe to National Commander Edward E. Spafford, to tell about.

It was a natural question for a landlubber who has still to make his first venture into the air to ask, although later I realized that it was a foolish question to put to a man who has been at home in the air for six years or more and had been an instructor in aviation to boot. But when I asked him about the thrill, I didn't know all that. Appearances were deceiving and I had classified the captain as among the newer crop of aviators which has developed during the past couple of years. It turned out, however, that he was in service overseas during the war with the 15th Cavalry and after his



National Adjutant Barton greets the Commander and Captain Breene on their return

return remained in service, transferring in 1921 to the Army Air Service.

From an aviation standpoint, that initial trip over one stretch of territory hazardous enough that it had been abandoned as part of the route followed by the air mail, and two encounters with blizzards, one near Salt Lake City, Utah, the other near Butte, Montana, were the outstanding events to the captain. But in the course of the journey, he learned a lot about the Legion which he hadn't had time to find out before.

The trip about which I was hearing came about in this manner. In the early part of last February, National Commander Spafford had completed a tour of the southern tier of Legion departments. Before that period and following his election as National Commander in Paris last September, he had visited all of New England and the Eastern States. But there were still fourteen departments clamoring for his presence. There was also a National Executive Committee meeting scheduled for May, there was veteran legislation pending which required his personal attention in Washington before Congress adjourned and there were a half-dozen equally pressing problems ahead of him.

Those departments to which he had still to carry his Legion message were in the northwestern section of the country—from the Missis-

sippi west and from Oklahoma north. His other duties required him to be in the East and the time element was paramount.

Criss-crossed with railroads and overlaid with a network of paved highways, the more prosaic routes of travel had been utilized by him in his earlier visits. But the Northwest was a different matter entirely. Distances were greater. Mountains

intervened with their resulting longer rail journeys. Cities and towns to be visited were scattered.

Then, shortly after his Southern trip had been completed, the Commander found himself in Columbus, Ohio, and on the same day was required to be in Wheeling, West Virginia, where a department conference was in session. That situation might have stumped some people, but not Spafford. From Columbus, a long distance phone call went to Wright Field at Dayton. Within an hour a plane landed in Columbus and within the course of another hour, Commander Spafford was safely deposited in Wheeling. It wasn't the Commander's first flight by any means, but that journey by air sprouted the idea which settled the problem of his tour through the Northwest and permitted him to complete it in record time.

Captain R. G. Breene, Air Corps, Wright Field, Dayton, was the pilot of the first short flight which landed the Commander in Wheeling on time. So it wasn't exactly coincidence that Captain Breene was assigned to pilot the Commander on his later more extensive trip. When the flight was suggested to the War Department in Washington, immediate and full co-operation was offered. Spafford told them where he wanted to go and with the assistance of E. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics, the schedule for the flight was drawn up. Captain Breene was ordered to report with his plane to Bettis Field at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where his passenger would meet him.

On March 27th, Captain Breene set out in his ship, a Curtiss O-11, a two-passenger observation plane, without cabin facilities or equipment for night flying. On March 30th, Commander Spafford arrived by train from Washington, boarded the plane and five hours later they had covered the first leg of their journey, a distance of 460 miles to Chicago. The trip at the end totaled 9,050 miles, covered in 94 hours and 20 minutes in the air. After twenty-three days of flying, passenger and pilot bade each other a reluctant farewell after ending a trip which by railroad and automobile would have consumed at least twice that time. I might cite here an example of the time saved. The jump from Reno, Nevada, to Medford, Oregon—ordinarily a trip by rail of two days and a night—was completed by air in two and one-half hours.

Duluth, Minnesota, and Minneapolis were next reached, followed by Sioux Falls, North Dakota, and thence to Rapid City. The 220 miles from Rapid City to Cheyenne, Wyoming, consumed a mere two hours and twenty-five minutes of flight. During the next comparatively short jump to Denver, Commander Spafford could claim the distinction of being the highest-flying Commander that the Legion has had to date. In order to give him a bird's-eye view of Long's Peak which boasts the highest summit of all the lofty mountains in Rocky Moun- (Continued on page 80)



Again in 1928— *Silvertowns* *are making records!*

GREAT motor car factories are using more Silvertowns than ever before.

Successful tire dealers—seeing the trend—are concentrating on Silvertowns.

Motorists by the millions are enjoying the new measure of mileage and economy they find in Silvertowns.

In Akron, in Canada, on the Pacific Coast, vast Goodrich factories are humming to meet the new demand.

All along the line—motor car experts and experienced motorists are turning to Silvertowns.

Here, they say, is a tire which we can depend upon—a tire which has proved, by years of fine service, that it is built for unusual performance.

When will you join this swing to Silvertowns? Goodrich dealers, more than forty thousand strong, are ready to serve you.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* Akron, Ohio
Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian-Goodrich Rubber Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Silvertowns

Cry Babies of Business



Hard to deal with, these cry babies of business. Self-pity, bad-temper, and never quite enough drive to put things through. The boss often wonders if work wouldn't go better without them.

Most of them probably realize they're in bad shape physically. But they don't realize the way out . . .

FEEN-A-MINT is different! It's just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it—you chew it!

Its magic laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes part of the digestive fluids—does not disturb digestion. It works *with* the body—not against it!

It won't torture you with griping pains. It won't poison or weaken the system. It won't enslave you to laxative pills. Get Feen-a-mint at your drug-gist's. Correct constipation—now!

FREE: Mail the coupon for samples and booklets.



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Dept. 9-N, Newark, N. J.

Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint
—also a free copy of "The Mystery-
ous 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name.....
Address.....

Bandstand

(Continued from page 19)

a reasonable try, anyhow. Putty's been deputy for four years now. Got along well enough with Ab, though no great shakes at taking initiative. He's been a good man to send out on day to day routine, and he was with Ab at the Papago hanging. So he's had some experience that way. Yes, with a little coaching, which can be arranged, Putty ought to fill the bill. Likes to show off, too—that may put him on his mettle. He'll have to plan carefully, though, down to the last detail and provide for everything. Apt to be a little slack if he ain't watched. And, by the way, Putty likes a glass occasionally; doesn't hit it very hard, but it might be well to ask him to lay off entirely until this is over. I'll do it, if you'd rather have me talk to him."

When Putnam Barker learned that he was to be entrusted, subject to his willing acquiescence and under the direct check of his superior, with the ending of Mum John Bear Paw, that fat and happy-go-lucky young man expanded with importance. This was his first real opportunity to display goods, the stuff that was in him. He'd show the town that he could handle such a job with the oldest of them. Had been waiting long enough for his chance; now watch him make the most of it. It sickened Mrs. Bayne to see the light in Putty's eyes at the knowledge that he was to have such a place in the sun of Yucca County.

It was not lost on her that Deputy Barker thereafter affected a dignity in Branding Iron. His customary slouching gait gave way to a studied stride of briskness and import. He looked to the adornment of his person. He began to shave daily, presenting a backward chin to an observing world. His twice-a-day journey to the post office became an event, for he posed at street corners and made elaborate conversation at store entrances. The pointing out by small boys as he passed was joy to his soul. Modesty under honors was not part of Putty's makeup. He talked about the assignment whenever he had a listener.

It had not occurred to him before—Putty being naturally a least-resistance follower, not given to advancing himself if it required much effort—but the thought came now with pleasing force: why should not he, Putnam Barker and no other, be the next sheriff of Yucca County? Mrs. Bayne had made known in accepting appointment that she would not stand for election, and as yet only one candidate had announced himself for the place. "Red" MacAlarney of Mes-cala, cattle man, was out for the nomination and letting everybody know it. Red was a man of such set convictions—a former marshal of his town with nicks on his gun—that few cared to cross him, certainly not Putnam Barker. But now the situation was different.

"I've played second fiddle long enough," Putty confided to Mrs. Bayne, grandly. "Why shouldn't I step into

the sheriff's job, seeing you don't want it, and hold it maybe as long as Ab did? This opening's just made for me. I'll show this county how to pull off a hanging, slick as a whistle, and it should boost me into the main job. Red won't have a look-in after I'm through with this."

Putty kept this newly formed aspiration to himself, except for Mrs. Bayne, but he felt friendly to everybody, including even Mum John Bear Paw.

Mrs. Bayne took pains to impress upon Deputy Barker his responsibility; he must prepare for it fully, anticipate every step and perform his duty thoroughly and well. As the day neared, the thing obsessed her. Was everything provided for? Would Putty go through it without a blunder?

Once she detected a suspicious something in his breath. Accused of drinking, Putty protested that it had been just a nip and promised not to touch a drop from then on until his task was done. She checked him up frequently as to his provisions.

"Now don't you worry, Mrs. Bayne," Putty would assure her, with his newly adopted swagger. "This thing's going to be done in shipshape style; never better. I'm not passing up any bets. I've gone over details with sheriffs all round here who're old hands at that game, and I guess I know what's to be done and how to do it."

Shuddering inwardly at such confidence, his hearer would hope it was a good sign. She could not help a sinking of the heart before a confidence that waxed stronger and more assertive daily.

"It's clear sailing, Mrs. Bayne. Never fear about Putnam Barker; this is too good a chance for him. I think I'd have the carpenters begin soon, if you'll give the word. There's a blueprint right up to date here in the office—Ab used it for his last one, which went through a-whooping. And you just watch me; leave it to me, Mrs. Bayne."

A day or two later, Sheriff Bayne had for a caller none other than Red MacAlarney, the publicly avowed candidate for the sheriffship. Though never having met Mr. MacAlarney, his fame had reached her and it was not without relish that she awaited his statement of errand.

There was an easy, fetching mastery about MacAlarney. Six feet and fit, he looked the part that repute attributed to him, the fightingest man in Yucca County when in earnest; yet life was no enemy to him and he seldom quarreled with it or with his fellows. Good humor was one of his chief political assets, and a genial grin decorated his face most of the time, whether speaking or listening.

"Ma'am," began Red, after introducing himself, with the deference of politeness between equals, "I suppose you may have heard I'm a candidate for sheriff. I'd be so, even if you were going to run yourself; but seeing that you

ain't, it makes matters easier for me to ask you a favor."

Mrs. Bayne smiled. She liked the man. When he wanted a thing, he said so and went after it. And there was that grin.

"What is it, Mr. MacAlarney? And won't you sit down?"

Mr. MacAlarney would. He placed his hat on the floor and parked his spurs against the legs of his chair.

"Well, I'd like to be among those present when Bear Paw goes out. It wouldn't hurt me with the voters if I could figure in that little affair, even if only as a spectator. I sure would like to take that whole thing off your hands, Sheriff, but I've heard Barker has the call. Can you see your way clear to figure me in, in any way at all?"

At Red's casual references to "going out" and "little affair," Mrs. Bayne shrank, but she had grown somewhat used to facing the thing and could talk about it.

"I couldn't do it very well, Mr. MacAlarney, for two reasons. Maybe you don't know that the law specifies just what witnesses may be permitted: 'members of the medical profession, officers of the law, clergymen and representatives of the press'."

"Yes, I know that, but I think I could qualify. All I know about doctoring has been with horses, and it's true I'm not an officer of the law—yet." He grinned at her. "I was a sheriff in Utah once. And I sure am no clergyman. But I might do as a representative of the press; the editor of the *Mescal Rattler* is willing to hire me for that job, sort of special staff writer, you understand."

Red paused hopefully, leaving on the grin.

"I'd really like to do this for you," said Mrs. Bayne, "but the legal quota is twenty and it's already filled."

"No harm done," said Red, cheerfully, not pushing the matter. "I'm glad to have had a good excuse for making your acquaintance, ma'am. If there's anything I can do—"

He stood up, hat in hand.

"If it's not going too far, Mrs. Bayne, I wonder if you're sure of that Barker? A good enough fellow in fair weather is Putty, but I'd be feared of him for heavy work. I've known him a long time and he's a little flighty when on his own. Begging your pardon—" and Red bowed himself out, having left in Mrs. Bayne's mind exactly the impression he had desired to leave, that of distrust.

It added to her unrest. She could not know that the genial MacAlarney, with far-seeing sagacity, was figuring that if the "little affair" did not go through with "Cyclone Ab" efficiency, the voters would demand a man of experience and caliber as their next sheriff. While unaware that Putty meant to be a candidate, for Putty was not advertising that as yet, he had an interest in discrediting the present regime in the sheriff's office. A man of craft was Red MacAlarney.

Doing some ironing at the open kitchen window the next morning—the sheriff's resi- (Continued on page 54)



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The patented closed crotch, encircling waist-web, elastic shoulder-construction, shaped lines, and finished tailoring offer a combination of fit and freedom found in no other Union Suit. An unequalled range of scientifically correct sizes assures one just right for *your* build.

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The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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The B. V. D.
Company, Inc.

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V. D.' Best!"

The one and only
official motion
picture of the
Paris Con-
vention

! "The
Second
A. E. F."

The never to be forgotten days of '17 and '18 were relived by thousands of Legionnaires during the roll call of the Second A. E. F. in Paris last September. A permanent living record of that spectacular Paris Convention was preserved in a two-reel motion picture history entitled "THE SECOND A. E. F." which covers every phase of the Convention.

★ ★ ★

The trip over—the celebration at Cherbourg—gay Paree—The Convention—the Big Parade—and later the pilgrimages to the battlefields and cemeteries, all unfold before you in an absorbing and highly entertaining fashion. Every Legion Post should exhibit this exceptional picture!

★ ★ ★

The Legion's pilgrimage to France was of international importance. Your local theatre will be delighted to exhibit the picture in connection with its regular program. It is splendid entertainment too for Post meetings, district and state gatherings. The rental charge is exceptionally fair—only \$10.00 per night. This applies only to the actual days the picture is in use, and does not include transportation time.

"THE SECOND A. E. F." is also available in miniature (16 MM) size for projection in homes, etc., on Eastman, Bell & Howell and other small projectors.

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Gentlemen:
I am enclosing herewith check in the amount of \$_____ in payment for "THE SECOND A. E. F." for _____ days. Choice of three dates listed below.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

1st _____ 2nd _____ 3rd _____

Bandstand

(Continued from page 53)

dence was across the street from the jail—Mrs. Bayne heard unwillingly the snatches of conversation, or attempts to provoke it, in the jail yard round the corner. They did not contribute to her tranquillity. Every now and then she winced and the iron hesitated until a waft of steam or a smell of scorching recalled her to her task.

Just out of her view, for which she was grateful, two carpenters were rearing the framework of a timber structure. Bonita Sparrow was with them, undeterred by the burning sun and the absence of shade. She was full of questions, which the men answered shortly, evasively or not at all. Occasionally in the long spells when the men stuck resolutely to sawing and hammering, she beat with a stick the bottom of a broken-lipped butterbowl, making a hollow, drumlike but woody sound—dub, dub, dub! Dub, dub, dub!

"What are you building?" she asked, for the twentieth time.

"Run home, child, and don't bother us."

"But what is it going to be? Who is going to live in it?"

The men exchanged glances with eyes narrowed.

"Little girls shouldn't ask so many questions. Run along now. You've been here long enough. Your mother will be looking for you."

"No, she won't," contradicted the child, with conviction.

She was right. Bonita was allowed to run wild, for the most part. It was a relief to the mother to have her out of the way, especially in the morning.

The men, however, continued close-mouthed.

"All right," the child challenged, "I'll ask Mrs. Bayne."

Mrs. Bayne steeled herself for the inquisition, but Bonita did not go to her directly. She surmised whither the child had gone.

Accustomed to roam about almost at will in the corridors of the bleak, weathered, frame court house, Bonita went through the main entrance, making for a friend who surely would not be busy and who would not treat her as a nuisance. Near the end of a side corridor, shutting it off, was a locked door of iron crossbars. Bonita dropped to the floor and wriggled through one of the openings, regretfully leaving her butterbowl for the moment.

A little farther on she came to a door too closely barred to permit her passage, but a man arose from a cot on the other side of it, his brown face lighting up with a smile.

"Mr. Mumjohn," she demanded, with the single purpose and directness of childhood, "what are they building in the yard?"

Mum John had heard the sawing and the hammering.

"What does it look like?" he stalled. Bonita described.

"Maybe it is for a dance," he ventured.

The child perceived in him the attitude of the carpenters and left disgustedly, retrieving her butterbowl as she went out.

This time she stopped at the window. "Mrs. Bayne, what are the men making? They won't tell me and Mr. Mumjohn won't tell me."

Bother the child; why should she be around asking such questions!

The makeshift drum may have suggested a way out. "It looks like a bandstand, doesn't it?"

"But there is a bandstand already," countered the other, by no means satisfied. "And Mr. Mumjohn said it was for a dance. Why can't you tell me, Mrs. Bayne?"

Mrs. Bayne did not hear the telephone ringing, but it might have been ringing and she not have heard it. On such a trumped-up excuse she left Bonita, nor did she return. The child, after a short wait, went off toward home. Apparently nothing was to be learned round the jail.

The fifteenth of September. Inside a high frame inclosure, of new lumber, in the jail yard a group of persons was gathered a little after sunrise. Among them were sheriffs from seven counties outside Yucca, there by invitation in observance of the courtesies customarily extended on such occasions. Some of them had looked over the arrangements the evening before and declared them adequate. Now, under the confident guidance of Deputy Putnam Barker, the seven gave a final inspection. When it lacked but a few minutes of the hour, Deputy Barker left the inclosure for his prisoner.

At the jail entrance he met none other than Red MacAlarney, the aspirant to possession of the late Abner Bayne's badge and perquisites. Mrs. Bayne had heard the night before that MacAlarney was in town, and the knowledge had worried her vaguely. She would have been worried definitely, could she have foreseen this encounter.

"I didn't get an invite to the party," volunteered Red, "because Mrs. Bayne figured as how I didn't come within the statutory classes; but I guess there'd be no objection to your having me help you bring out that Injun, and sort of standing round outside in case of need. 'S all right with you?"

Two watches had spent the night with Mum John, or on cots in the corridor outside his cell, who would accompany him, under the deputy's lead. Putty had no place for MacAlarney. However, he was flattered by the latter's willingness to act as his subordinate, while piqued at the implication that there might be later need of his services.

"Can't do it, Red," Putty answered. "Sorry, but everything's provided for and I've no authority to go beyond instructions. But I sure would like to ac-

commodate you. Thanks for the offer to help."

He had acknowledged the other's tender handsomely and, at the same time, brought him up short with the gentle hint that he was fully able to handle the situation himself.

"When I'm sheriff myself, Red," he added, "I'll not be so tight with a friend."

Putty could hardly keep from snickering. That had been a hot one! It was inspiration that had made him tell Red right to his face that there was another candidate in the field.

MacAlarney laughed, too.

"Well, Put," he said—the deputy liked to be called "Put"; it was so much more masculine than "Putty"—"that's all right. No harm in trying, and I don't blame you for being careful. Man can't be too careful with serious business on. But have a little drink on me, Put, before you go in."

MacAlarney's uncorked flask enticed Putty's susceptible nose. He hadn't taken a drink since his promise to Mrs. Bayne; he wouldn't take one now. But he whiffed. Ah, essence of exhilaration, tickler of the innards, stimulator of dulled taste, banisher of doubt and fear, instigator of courage—the which maketh a man to rear aloft and challenge the rattlesnake and the mountain lion! Putty's hand on the flask nobly pressed it back, but his fingers caressed it lovingly.

"Go ahead," persuaded his tempter. "They all take a bracer for such work as you have before you; and it's no rot-gut, either."

Oh, they did, did they? Putty hadn't known, but it sounded reasonable. Somehow, he wasn't feeling quite so swanky as he had expected to feel. He fastened to the open flask and joyous gurglings musicked from his rippling throat.

There were two inches left when Putty stopped for breath.

"Put it in your pocket," advised MacAlarney. "Might be good to have a swig on the way out."

This fraternizing had delayed Putty. The delay seemed to have told on the waiting group, one of its number, particularly.

The condemned man, mounting the scaffold, was very much himself. Did he care to say anything? He did.

He took his time. He looked at the clear, cloudless sky, with its dazzling sunshine already wilting the leaves of the freshly lopped branches topping the walls of the inclosure; at the Black Range in the distance, its ridges bathed in tints of surpassing splendor; at a squirrel that had climbed a corner timber and, ears cocked, was surveying the proceedings. A day for joy and life. Then he looked at the men and the women.

"I am guilty, and it is right that I should die." The voice was firm, controlled, resolute. He was Bear Paw and not "Mum John." "I am not afraid to die nor of what may come afterward. I have only this to say—that, when the time comes for each of you to die, I hope you will (Continued on page 56)

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Bandstand

(Continued from page 55)

meet death as calmly as I am meeting it."

This was not at all what Deputy Barker had expected. He had looked for the opposite, in fact; had rather counted on Mum John's losing his fortitude. This turn took him up mighty short. It was upsetting to find such behavior—and in a "breed" at that. Assurance and assertiveness forsook Putty. Perspiration stood out on his forehead and chin, and his fat cheeks mushed flat in a blur of indecision.

With Mrs. Bayne, admiration gave way to a sickening sense of futility! If it only did not have to go on!

Hardly any two were agreed afterward as to what caused the bungle. Some thought it was nervousness due to Putty's unaccustomed major role; others that it was shock at the words and bearing of the prisoner, or a reaction from the cocksureness Putty had never really felt and a reversion to natural character under stress. It may have been a consequence of Mrs. Bayne's often repeated admonition about making no mistake. Red MacAlarney's little drink—which Putty had repeated before leaving the jail—may have had something to do with it. It may have been a combination of some or all of these possibilities. Or the fault may have been none of his own, but due to extraneous and unforeseeable causes.

Anyhow, there was a bungle. The neck was not broken, and the wretched victim, at the end of a misadjusted rope, strangled to death in minutes of gyrating torture, one toe now and again thumping the board flooring beneath with a hollow, dreadful regularity.

Nothing was to be done. No one spoke, nor did any one look at his neighbor; "—until death," read the law.

From outside the inclosure sprang up a slow, measured pounding. Dub—dub

—dub! It was approaching, growing louder. Dub—dub—dub!

Sheriff Bayne dropped her head on her arms. Her shoulders quivered in paroxysm. The men shifted uncomfortably, at a loss what to do. Even the visiting sheriffs were but spectators, guests; they were not deputies, had no authority to act in such emergency, even if anything could have been done. Putty, eyes bulging, wiped moist palms on his thighs and waited, helpless.

The sobbing continued, an abandonment of horror, pity, self-accusation. And the seconds dragged.

When the outside drumming had at last lost its accompaniment, Lon Hardtackle stood up. He put a hand on a writhing shoulder of the sheriff of Yucca County, as the privilege of the closest friend "Cyclone" Ab had had.

"Jennie," he said—and his voice had a sinister tension—"that Indian killed two men, didn't he? Killed them asleep, without warning, without giving them a chance! Two men, mind you!"

A moan and a confirmative quiver, but the head was not lifted.

"Well, then," he shot out, "shouldn't he die twice!"

So that was the complement of the old law: eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life—a double death for a double death.

The sobbing ceased. Plainly the sheriff of Yucca was pulling herself together. She raised a grim face in which pride struggled for mastery.

"You're right, Lawrence," she said, "and I've acted like a fool. That was justice; it may have been expiation."

As they left the inclosure, Bonita, with her butterbowl, met them, in advance of a group of curious idlers. She fell in beside Mrs. Bayne.

"But where"—dub, dub—"is the band?" she demanded.

Eat While You Learn

(Continued from page 33)

and their parents, in the early days of last winter. In those days, while getting the soup kitchens established, the Legion had done what it could to supply stockings, underwear, sweaters and blankets for children.

"You'll see what it all has accomplished," Mr. Provost predicted.

I did see when I looked about me in the schoolroom of the first building I visited. The children who happily answered Superintendent Montegut's questions were comfortably dressed even though many of the boys were barefooted—the winters are mild in that far southern section. I saw rounded faces with the flush of health, and seldom a face with the pinched and pallid look that might come from too many hungry days.

Mr. Montegut had been Superintendent of Schools in St. Martinville for six years. He is a Past Commander of Stanley Barras Post of The American Legion at St. Martinville, and sons and daughters of his fellow Legionnaires are among the children who this year need more than they can obtain from textbooks and classroom work. He told me how teachers had been shocked when the schools opened last autumn and the once robust boys and girls from the lowlands reappeared, not too well clothed, with the stories of the sufferings they had been through since the flood.

"Many of those on the farms found themselves with absolutely no resources against the needs of the year," said Mr. Montegut. "Fathers and mothers and children had lived in the camps for the

refugees or precariously in the towns for months after being driven from homes. When they went back to their little houses there were no stocks of home-grown vegetables to last them until new crops could be harvested. There were no cows to give the milk the babies and little boys and girls needed. Most of them had used up savings in the battle for existence after the flood.

"The children looked hungry when school opened. We discovered that many of them were leaving home in the morning after breakfasts that were pitifully scanty, so scanty that they arrived half-famished in the classrooms. These children returned home at evening to partake of suppers that were as scanty as the breakfasts had been. You can imagine how pitifully insufficient were the lunches they carried with them to school. It was heartrending to see these little boys and girls eating those tiny luncheons of bread, bravely, uncomplaining, yet constantly feeling the pangs of hunger. Everybody knows how hard it is to serve the ravenous appetites of growing children. Everyone knows just how important it is that growing children should have nourishing food in quantity and variety to meet the demands of nature. Yet it seemed for a while as if we were helpless. Then came the Legion's soup kitchens, here and in the other schools."

Superintendent Montegut led me to the kitchen of the St. Martinville school. In a building which had been used as a school before the large new structure had been erected, we found motherly Mrs. L. F. Gary, member of St. Martinville unit of The American Legion Auxiliary, busy over a battery of gasoline stoves, on which steamed kettles of beans and huge pans of chocolate. In a spotlessly scrubbed room, Mrs. Gary and several helpers watched the kettles and pans and carved endless loaves of bread. In an adjoining room crowded with low tables and benches, the plates had already been set for lunch, a generous stack of bread in front of each plate.

"Mrs. Gary is the mainstay of our kitchen here," explained Superintendent Montegut, introducing the smiling-faced woman who came from behind her stove to meet us. "It happens that she knows more than most people about feeding children—she has twelve of her own and nine of them are in our school."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Gary, "I feel like the character in Mother Goose who had so many children she didn't know what to do. Only I do know what to do. If you can wait until twelve o'clock you'll learn how our little boys and girls are making up for some of the meals they missed when the water was high."

But there were other schools and we couldn't wait in St. Martinville until twelve o'clock. Mrs. Gary hospitably served us with little cups of strong French coffee, the first of many cups we were to drink in the next few hours, and we sped on our way, in Mr. Montegut's car, to the town of Parks.

Huge kettles (Continued on page 58)

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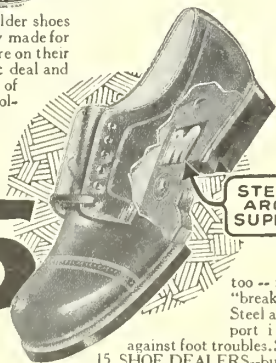
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Eat While You Learn

(Continued from page 57)

of gumbo were bubbling on a gasoline stove in an assembly room in the school building at Parks. More rows of tables. More plates and knives and forks and cups. More stacks of bread. Hovering over the kettles of gumbo was Mrs. Luke Hollier of the Auxiliary unit of William J. Thibodeaux Post of Breau Bridge. Mrs. Hollier's husband had died during the war in the army hospital at Alexandria, Louisiana. As she stirred the thick soup with a long-handled spoon, the savory steam rose in clouds about her. The children liked gumbo best of all, Mrs. Hollier told us. I recalled that it was costing less than five cents to feed each child, and I wished that those who had helped make this warm little lunch possible could catch the vision of Mrs. Hollier with her long-handled spoon presiding over her kettles of gumbo. The first-line trench in the Louisiana Legion's battle against malnutrition.

Mrs. Hollier poured for us several more cups of coffee and, looking at our watches, we headed for St. Cecelia, estimating we would arrive in time to see the children eating lunch here.

Legionnaire C. J. Dugas of Arsenaux Post of Rayne, Louisiana, is principal of the school at St. Cecelia. He welcomed us only a few moments before a gong proclaimed the noon hour, and as we talked there was a great tramping in the hall and on the stairways, the march of the hungry toward the kitchen. There are so many pupils at St. Cecelia that they cannot all be fed at one time. Principal Dugas told us, explaining that the children marched to the kitchen in relays, graded according to age. St. Cecelia school is a large building located at a crossroads, a tiny center of scarcely more than a hundred persons, but the school busses bring children to school from homes within a radius of many miles.

We saw how crowded was the St. Cecelia building. In the large corner basement room were many tables, closely ranged with no benches between them. In a tiny smaller room adjoining was the regulation battery of gasoline stoves, on which were kettles and pans of steaming food. Older girls of the school's cooking classes stood over the stoves. Others were lined up behind a long counter in the main room, receiving the pans of cooked food fresh from the stoves and serving it, with bread, to the lines of children who marched past the counter with their plates to take their places at the tables.

It was all orderly and all efficient. Kitchen and counter and tables were clean. The food looked good. A cafeteria in a schoolroom! But somehow it reminded me of the acres of mess shacks at Brest where in the same grab-it-quick, eat-it-while-you-stand fashion thousands of doughboys ate lunch in Uncle Sam's cafeterias in the boom days of 1918 and 1919. And how small, after all, were those little servings of warm

fruit pudding which was the most substantial food on the plates.

Yet in St. Cecelia, as elsewhere, the Legion kitchen was nobly helping children. Those small luncheons were to many of the children the most substantial meal of the whole day. Without them—what then? A crowded building! Inadequate room for benches in addition to tables! But one needed only watch the faces of the boys and girls as they came and left to understand just how much good was being done with the facilities as they were. But one wished the portions could have been larger. I wondered how much more a certain row of barefooted boys could have eaten—sturdy farm boys who carried their plates to a bench on the playground and sat eating comfortably, their feet dangling in the air. As I watched, 333 children passed in and out of the dining room. It is no light financial problem to find funds for feeding 333 children every day during a school year. All the kitchens were scheduled to remain open until the last day of school in May, providing—and there was tragedy in the thought—funds didn't run out.

At Breau Bridge, with a population of 1,200, the problem of finding a place for the kitchen had been met by taking over a meeting hall on the second floor of a frame store building. Started on an initial expenditure of \$250 by Breau Bridge Post, which had also helped heavily in getting the St. Cecelia kitchen going, the kitchen at Breau Bridge was a model of space and neatness when I saw it. A double row of long and broad tables filled the hall. Strong benches were at all the tables. Plates and knives and forks were lined mathematically, as if the Auxiliary workers had been guided by a mess sergeant.

In the Breau Bridge school, Principal A. J. Cromier pointed proudly to his weight charts as the best proof of what the kitchen was accomplishing. Superintendent Montegut glanced down the rows of recorded weights. Between October and March almost all the boys and girls had made gains that conformed with the requirements of the age and height tables.

The school kitchens I visited were typical of all those in the region. I had hoped I could find time to drive north far enough to reach Melville, where had occurred the principal levee break that flooded the Atchafalaya. Here National Adjutant James F. Barton had seen not long before my own visit the kitchen presided over by Miss Dorothy Davis, teacher of home economics, in which 125 boys and girls ate daily. And Miss Davis had said:

"It is hard to realize that children attend school day after day without any kind of a lunch at noon, after a breakfast consisting of cold biscuits and cold potatoes. How can we expect such undernourished children to develop physically and mentally? These children long had

needed the soup kitchen and all of them are grateful to The American Legion.

"About sixty of our children live in the country, up and down the Atchafalaya River, and come to school in transfer busses, leaving home early in the mornings. The others are pupils living in town who need a warm, nourishing lunch at noon almost equally as much as the country children. We have found that we can serve one child at a cost of three and one-half to five cents a day. We change our menu daily and serve such things as soup, vegetable and meat stew, macaroni and tomatoes, corn, hot chocolate and the inevitable beans. The children are permitted to bring their own lunches from home, also. We operate our kitchen with the help of my food and nutrition class and a hired woman. The work of preparing and serving the lunches is so systematized that it does not interfere with our regular program of work. The children are very happy over their hot lunches and enjoy them thoroughly."

Still farther north, at Ferriday, Louisiana, on the west bank of the Mississippi opposite Natchez, Mississippi, is the kitchen operated under the direction of Gray-McCearley Post. This post also operates a kitchen at Monterey, on the Black River, a score of miles from Ferriday.

"Ferriday was under from six to ten feet of water and Monterey was even more deeply flooded for six weeks last year," reports Dr. A. B. Brown, Post Adjutant. "When the water left it was too late for the farmers to get in a crop and they were in pretty bad shape. The boys of our post were unanimous in voting to keep the two kitchens going indefinitely, and I feel sure we'll find a way to do so. The Monterey kitchen has fed an average of ninety children at a cost of four cents a child. The Ferriday kitchen has given 130 children a hot lunch at a cost of less than five cents a child.

"Gray-McCearley Post is the baby post in Louisiana. It had been organized only a short time when the need of the kitchens faced it. In the absence of a unit of the Auxiliary, the Parent-Teachers Association helped by providing volunteer workers."

Similar testimony could be given by all the posts which have helped organize soup kitchens, testimony which is an inspiring proof that the Legion's creed may be measured in practice. Traveling through last year's inundated farmlands, in sight of moss-grown forests and shapeless bayous, visiting in the towns of the region, one feels that here, where customs and traditions of several centuries ago are still remembered, The American Legion is one of the many forces that are bringing all men closer together. The centralized schools and good roads had begun, long before last year's flood, the transformation of the old French country and the people of the lowlands.

Every year the Teche and Atchafalaya country loses something more of its hold on the past. Readers of the Monthly will (Continued on page 60)



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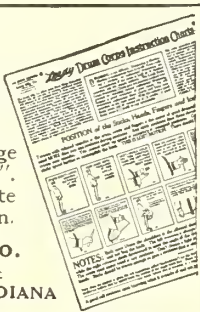
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— SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF BUSINESS —

Eat While You Learn

(Continued from page 59)

recall Meigs O. Frost's story of this section, entitled "Ici On Parle Français," published in the issue of January, 1927. Glamorous its past and romantic its present. There are currents of habits and ideas here which are changing things as they were and to some extent still are.

The Bayou Teche still flows by St. Martinville, and there is a spot on the bayou shore where Evangeline is reputed to have halted while Gabriel, for whom she sought, rowed northward, unrecognized, within sight and hearing. Longfellow's characters were legendary, although there were unnumbered Evangelines and Gabriels, betrothed young folk of Acadia, who were torn apart when the British in 1755 rounded up the French settlers in Nova Scotia and transported them to other colonies.

Ten years after the deportation, exiles from Acadia had found their way to the Teche and Atchafalaya country. They were mostly pioneers from the provincial sections of France, although they were intermingled in time with the French of New Orleans, who were for the most part Parisians cherishing the glories and traditions of the golden ages of France's mighty kings.

The architecture of many old buildings in such towns as New Iberia and St. Martinville is reminiscent of the French tradition, and French is still spoken widely. Such names as Broussard, Landry, LeBlanc, Bourgeoise and Mouton, encountered all through the region, recall the coming of the Acadians.

But the old legendry that permeates Longfellow's poem, the folklore, traditions and beliefs that were transported from Acadia to Louisiana, are fading. No longer do boys and girls grow afraid of the dark, haunted by fears of the loup-garou, the were-wolf, or man who became by an enchantment a wolf to devour children. No longer do old wives seek the magic stone reputed to bring good luck. An old French fable related that if one of a swallow's brood is blind, the mother seeks on the seashore a pebble which she uses to restore the sight of the young bird. The stone was reputed to bring good luck to the person who found it. The present-day Teche and Atchafalaya country goes in for motion pictures and radio. Its boys and girls are typical happy and healthy children, keen minded and strong limbed, and they are the inheritors of a future whose rich promise has only begun to unfold.

Helping these boys and girls to grow up as nature intended them to is the task to which The American Legion of Louisiana has given its money and its energy. This year the emergency that made the soup kitchens necessary may pass. The rich land of the region will produce new crops. Farms will once more have vegetables. Cows will graze in the meadows. Whether these hopes will come true will be known when school starts again next autumn. The Legion has shown that its helping hand is ready wherever there is need of it.

The 4th Comes to the Rosebud

(Continued from page 15)

after him are Albert Chief Eagle. Silas Kills Plenty and Shadrack Ponca. Some of them live close to Rosebud, others far out on the surrounding prairies of Todd County, which contains all that is left of the one-time reservation. The Indians of this reservation today all hold their lands in severalty and they come to the agency, when they do so on business, to get, at intervals, varying small sums of allotment money, rations, or orders for farm implements, animals or other necessities issued by the agent against their accounts, for whose proper administration he is responsible. Some of the Indians have attained to complete self-reliance and are doing well with farming and stock raising, but many are still almost childlike in their sense of dependence. They greatly enjoy coming to the agency, trading horses and standing or sitting about in groups, talking in guttural tones. Always in mild weather some men and women are to be seen, generally sitting motionless with blankets over their shoulders, around the Legion Hall of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, a plain frame building in the edge

of the agency which was drawn from other uses and given to the post by the Government.

By no means all the Legionnaires of the Rosebud post are Indians. Its territory, embracing all of Todd County, includes a number of inland towns wholly or partly inhabited by white people and many farms of white World War veterans. One of the most active Legionnaires in that country is Millard G. Scott, member from his district of the Executive Committee of the Department of South Dakota, who has become somewhat noted because he not only edits the only newspaper in Todd County but does so at Mission, a hamlet forty-five miles by a dirt road from the nearest railway point. While I visited with him for several days at his home in Mission, this isolated editor and prominent Legionnaire told me much of the widespread activities of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post, of which he is a member. Moreover he took me at large over the country in his car, introducing me to sights and to people.

The body of Chauncey Eagle Horn

himself, that overshadowing personality of the Rosebud country, when it was brought back from France was buried with solemn rites and ceremonies in the cemetery of Calvary Chapel, high on the hill above the village of Okreek, about thirty miles northeast of Rosebud Agency and the same distance west of the railroad terminus at Winner. His monument, however, does not stand by his grave, which is marked with a simple stone, but in front of the church on a conspicuous spur of the hill, whence it is visible from every part of the village below, itself charmingly embowered among the woods which clothe the valley of Oak Creek in a verdure most unusual in the plains country. The inscription on the monument, chiselled beneath the shield and spread eagle of the United States, characteristically voices the veneration of his people for him.

"Those who knew him best loved him most," declare the letters of granite. "He fought in defense of Liberty and Union. Nobly he fell while fighting for Liberty. The bravery of our honored hero shall never be forgotten. Erected by B. C. U. [Brotherhood of Christian Unity] from money contributed by patriotic citizens."

The monument at Okreek, rather than the Legion hall at Rosebud, has gradually come to be the center of all Todd County patriotic celebrations in which the Legion takes the lead—that means nearly all of them. Around it is obviously growing up a tradition tending to make it the patriotic shrine of the surrounding country, as the Arc de Triomphe is the shrine of Paris or Independence Hall that of Philadelphia. Particularly on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July does the monument become a place of pilgrimage for large numbers of people, and it is there that the local Legion holds its principal ceremonies.

It is doubtful whether any post in the country carries out annually a more strenuous Memorial Day program than the Rosebud post. At five or six o'clock in the morning Legionnaires in uniform to make up the color guard and firing squad, and usually enough more to fill half a dozen cars, assemble at Rosebud Agency and start out on a circuit of more than one hundred miles for the purpose of visiting every cemetery in Todd County containing the graves of World War veterans. These are, at present, six in number: Okreek, Mission, St. Francis, Spring Creek, Ring Thunder and Parmelee. The drive has to be completed by two o'clock in the afternoon, terminating at the cemetery where the principal exercises of the day are to be held, beginning at that hour. Each year these exercises are planned to take place at a different cemetery until all shall have had their turn, when the cycle will begin over again. But always in the morning every cemetery is visited, flags are planted on every grave, a prayer offered, three volleys fired and Taps blown. And always, whatever the hurry, at the grave of Chauncey Eagle Horn at Okreek a longer (Continued on page 62)

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The 4th Comes to the Rosebud

(Continued from page 61)

halt is made and a full service conducted. For there, without fail, a crowd is sure to be gathered and the post to have an honored guest in the person of Chauncey's daughter, Annie Eagle Horn, now twelve years of age.

Aside from being always with the Legion on Memorial Day at her father's grave, which is apt to be literally covered with flags by admirers of the Rosebud's hero, Annie is often at other times the recipient of honors and attentions from the post which might be expected to turn the head of a child. But when I went to see her at the Rosebud Indian Boarding School, near Mission, she proved to be a modest and intelligent little girl who seems likely to make the best of her opportunities. At the Rosebud School she is getting her education with the help of her father's War Risk Insurance, the installments of which are being accumulated for her by a guardian. This insurance will in future, moreover, enable her to go elsewhere after graduating from her present school, and carry her education still further if she so desires; in any case it will keep her in more comfortable circumstances than are enjoyed by most Indian girls. Annie Eagle Horn is an outstanding example to demonstrate the blessings conferred on their dependents by the soldiers who, after taking out War Risk Insurance to the limit, lost their lives in the war.

A moment ago I mentioned the Fourth of July celebrations held around the Chauncey Eagle Horn monument. The first of these was put on in 1923 and was so satisfactory to all concerned that similar celebrations have been held every year since. The event is so unusual in nature and so well illustrates the character and feelings, especially the religious feelings, of the Indians that it deserves description. It should be understood at the outset that today practically all of the twenty-five thousand Indians residing in South Dakota are members or adherents of some church, the Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists and Methodists being particularly strong among them. Whatever their denominations, they take their religion very seriously and like to carry its observances further than mere perfunctory church attendance on Sunday. The annual convocations of any of the religious bodies, held in summer at some point, generally one of the churches, in the wide territory of the old reservation country are among the most important events of the year on the reservations. Every convocation is attended by throngs of people who come by families in lumber wagons or cars and pitch their tents for a stay of several days in convenient spots all around the place of meeting. The latter is generally a large temporary auditorium having a roof of interwoven tree branches supported by cottonwood or willow posts and fitted with rows of plank seats for the congregation. Such a

gathering, with its clusters of tents, its inevitable large horse herd, guarded by mounted Indian boys, and its crowd of worshipers, many of the older men and women wearing feathers in their hair, beads and bright colored blankets, is strongly reminiscent of the old days when the tents were tepees, the wagons and flivvers were travois and the clothing of the people buckskin and fur robes instead of wool or calico.

The Fourth of July celebrations at Okreek in many respects resemble the convocation described. Many of the Indians, having often seen Independence Day celebrated in white communities with what seemed to them a shameful disregard for the lofty and patriotic significance of the anniversary, in 1923 determined to observe it in a manner conforming to their own ideas of what would be appropriate. Though white men were on the program, the latter was arranged in every detail by the Indians themselves, and Chauncey Eagle Horn Post was the nucleus about which centered the participation of more than six hundred Dakotans. As the principal speaker of the day they invited the broad-shouldered, six-foot-two Episcopalian Suffragan Bishop of South Dakota, W. Blair Roberts, veteran of the A. E. F., in which he served as a chaplain in 1918-19, now an officer of the Reserve Corps and an enthusiastic Legionnaire, who devotes a great part of his busy life to work in the South Dakota Indian field.

Throughout the third of July the people came filtering into Okreek from all the surrounding country in wagons or buggies, on horseback or in cars, pitching their tents among the trees along the creek or on the high ground around Calvary Chapel. That evening a religious service was held in the chapel, which was packed, many of the audience sitting on the floor in the aisles.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 4th, Holy Communion was celebrated in the chapel, accompanied by the offering of special prayers for the nation, practically every communicant in the camps attending and taking part in this solemn service. Breakfast followed, and, shortly after, everyone gathered in the guild hall of the chapel for a patriotic program. As those acquainted with the Indians know, they are fond of music and many are excellent singers. At this meeting they indulged their musical proclivities by the singing of a number of patriotic songs. Some of the young people gave appropriate recitations and then Bishop Roberts made the chief address of the day, talking on the significance of citizenship and what people should do in order to be good citizens.

At the conclusion of the Bishop's speech the entire assemblage formed a column of march by twos, headed by an Indian boy carrying a processional cross.

He was followed by the colors and the color guard of Chauncey Eagle Horn Post in uniform. After the colors came the post and then, in the order named, the children, the women, the rest of the men and finally the Indian clergy, each person carrying a small flag. They marched down the road and formed a wide circle around the monument of Chauncey Eagle Horn, who had been a member of Calvary Chapel. The audience being arranged, the Declaration of Independence was read in both English and the Dakota language, after which Major McGregor, at that time superintendent of the Rosebud Agency, made a brief talk on what the Indians could do to make themselves better and more valuable citizens and to improve their own conditions, stressing especially the importance of utilizing their land for farming and the raising of cattle.

When Major McGregor had finished, everyone stood up and pledged allegiance to the flag, after which the exercises were closed by the singing of "America" in the Dakota tongue. This tongue, perhaps contrary to popular impression, is by no means dead, for painstaking students, most of them missionaries, long ago reduced it to an exact written language which is both flexible and expressive. Many books and songs have been translated into Dakota and printed, the most important one being the Bible, called by the Indians "Wowapi Wakan Kin." In the afternoon the entire camp assembled to take part in or to witness a long program of sports, including distance races, potato and three-

legged races, and a baseball game, quite after the manner of a holiday sports program in any community. The day's events concluded with fireworks in the evening.

A "Christian celebration of the Fourth," the Indians termed this elaborate program. While in its entirety it might not appeal to white communities everywhere, it certainly possesses features worthy of imitation in many places, where the day is ordinarily observed as nothing more than a general suspension of work, with games, picnics and street carnivals to fill up the time and few, if any, reminders of the origin and significance of the anniversary and little to draw people's minds to love of country or the obligations of citizenship. The first Americans were the red men and, though few in numbers and ignorant of the arts of warfare as practiced by Europeans, they proved formidable and devoted defenders of their country. Today, having seen the process completed by which their former foes have become their fellow countrymen, they have proved that the blood of the original Americans is just as capable of being inoculated with the spirit of the new Americanism as is that of any of the races from the Old World which have blended together to build up a composite race in our vigorously growing Republic. Perhaps, indeed, the best contribution of the Indian to the new order will be the patriotic influence he may wield through his innate sense of oneness with and devotion to the very soil and substance of America.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 47)

you can see I made several trips across.

"Then I was transferred to shore duty with the Naval Expeditionary Forces and assigned to duty with Naval Base No. 8 at St. Nazaire, France. While on shore duty I drove an ambulance, was a motorcycle dispatch rider and did some work with the Intelligence Department. During those thirteen months I was closely associated with the Army, ate in their messes and slept in their bunks.

"I may as well add the following: I was there when war was declared and for over a year after it ended—and on March 2d last, I had my twenty-sixth birthday, so you see I was quite a kid during the big argument."

REUNIONS of wartime outfits are in full swing. Notices regarding them and other outfit announcements will be included in this column if advice is received by the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the events are scheduled.

THIRD (MARNE) DIV.—National convention in Boston, Mass., July 13-15. To bring back the service atmosphere, men will be billeted in an armory and chow served in mess kits. For particulars, address Walter J. Wells, secy., 44 Chetwynd rd., West Somerville, Mass.

FIFTH DIV.—Annual reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12. For details and in-

formation regarding official paper, *The Red Diamond*, address F. F. Barth, Suite 602, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

32d DIV.—Reunion of Red Arrow men at first training camp, Waco, Tex., Oct. 6-8, just prior to Legion national convention at San Antonio. Address Robert B. Horine, 8341 Epworth, Detroit, Mich., or Paul B. Clemens, c/o Public Schools, Milwaukee, Wis.

42d (RAINBOW) DIV.—National convention in Columbus, Ohio, July 13-15. Address C. D. McCoy, City Hall, Columbus.

80TH (BLUE RIDGE) DIV.—Ninth annual reunion at Conneaut Lake, Pa., Aug. 9-12. Address 80th Div. Vet. Assoc., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

332d INF. AND U. S. A. S. IN ITALY.—Former members are requested to furnish all historical data regarding these outfits, with copies of *Ambulance Service News*, to Charles L. Scanlon, Simmons College, 300 The Fenway, Boston, Mass., who is writing a book on the American war activities in Italy.

Co. C, 340TH INF.—Reunion at Plymouth, Wis., Aug. 11-12, including dedication of monument to Capt. H. A. Beelinger. Address Winston Standish, secy., Plymouth.

Co. E, 55TH BN., S. C.—All members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12, address L. C. Poston, Box 104, Purdon, Tex.

312TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion at San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 8-12, during Legion national convention. Address J. C. Locke, secy., 717 E. Emerson st., Okmulgee, Okla.

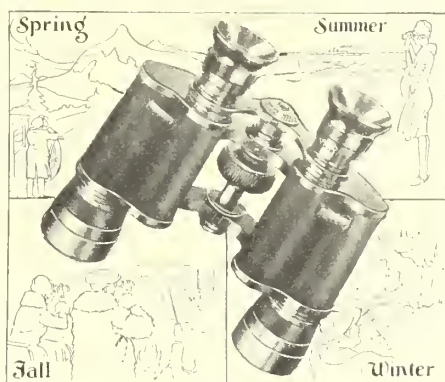
U. S. S. Mt. Vernon.—Reunion planned at Boston, Mass., Sept. 5, tenth anniversary of torpedoing of the ship. Address Walter M. Donovan, 15 Bexley rd., Roslindale, Mass.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Fifth annual reunion at Hotel Windemere, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 24-25. Address F. N. Wildish, secy., Chicago Chapter, 1954 E. 71st st., Chicago.

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What is a Good American?

(Continued from page 11)

workmen to do good work. Hence we make better articles and sell them for more and sell more of them. We can pay better wages, and save more money, and have better advantages for culture and enjoyment of life. All because we do better work.

The chief business of life, and no sensible person can deny it, is enjoyment. By this I do not mean a Saturday night jag or an evening in a night club. I mean enjoyment in a rather better sense of the word. I mean the enjoyment, the pleasure, which a man derives from having enough good food to eat, from having a comfortable home to live in, from physical good health, and from the appreciation of those things which come under the abused head of esthetics. These are the mental foods, literature, the drama, music, painting, architecture. They include sensible conversation among friends. They include intelligent thought upon any subject. And all these things come to one from minding his own business, which means tending to his job.

This includes also the common or garden virtues such as honesty. You can't be a Good American and be crooked. If, on the contrary, you could be that impossible creature, a perfectly honest man, you would be the best citizen observed up to date. Because, if you were perfectly honest your honesty would compel you to do and think all those things which make the Good American.

To be this Good American you must think. You must use your brains as something besides stuffing for your skull, and with these brains you must understand your country and what ails

it and what it needs. You must be able to see through the self-seeking schemes of politicians. You must be able to determine for yourself whether some high-sounding plan is good or bad for the country. You must be able to tell the difference between demagoguery and sincerity. You must think so well that it will be unnecessary for you to take anybody's word for it.

To be a Good American you must be ambitious—not as Napoleon was, though I have an idea he gave two thoughts to the welfare of France to every one thought he gave himself—but ambitious to better your condition. Did you ever stop to think that every time a man improves his condition he improves the condition of the whole country? Every time you learn another valuable fact, or save another dollar, or invest another hundred, or get a raise in pay, or paint a better picture or grow three bushels where only two grew before you have improved the condition of the whole country. You have raised the general average.

You must save. Now I know all these things sound pretty commonplace, but as I said, it is the commonplace that holds up the whole hen-roost. You must save because saving is the bulwark of the nation. In the late war in which you were interested, it was necessary to have armies. But there came a time when it would have been impossible for the Allies to keep their armies in the field without your savings. We loaned Europe billions of dollars, and later spent billions of our own to help win the war. In the last analysis it was the side which had the most dollars which came out ahead, and it must

always be so. Unless, as was the case with Carthage, the whole manhood of the nation is lost in money-making and the armies of the land are hired mercenaries.

But where did all this money we used in the war come from? Why, from your savings. How can a bank loan money? Because you have saved money and deposited it in the bank. How did our country get its billions to lend or spend? By selling you Liberty Bonds which you paid for out of what you could save from your earnings.

How are great railroads built? Out of your savings. The railroads sell bonds. These bonds are bought by banks and insurance companies—with money you have deposited with them out of your laid-aside surplus—and by individuals out of what they put away for a rainy day. The same with great factories. Until you save, and unless you save, the country cannot progress and improve and grow richer. And at the same time you cannot earn more and live better. It works in a circle. You save, and your savings are utilized in commerce, which, in turn, is able better to pay for your services, so that you can live better and save more for further improvements.

And now, I think, I have covered the subject of what a Good American is in what simmers down to mighty few words. Mind your own Business; Do your Job Well; deal honestly in public and private life; practise reasonable economy; and finally and most important: Learn to enjoy yourself. All inconspicuous virtues, it is true, but who sees the great engines which drive an ocean liner? And there you are.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

What he had fought for was to preserve the Union; to keep brothers in the family when they did not want to stay. Grant and Lee had great respect for each other; and the attitude of Grant was not of triumph but of all consideration for his beaten adversary. If we wanted the brothers to recover a brotherly feeling, we should treat them as brothers when the fight was over.

The Southern army yielded in dignity as it had begun. It did not attempt guerrilla warfare. No word ever came from Lee's lips to prolong bitterness. He had accepted war's verdict and was a citizen of the Union again.

Of all the Southerners in the crowd at the dedication of the reliefs of Lee and his generals and army on the march, which are being cut out on Stone Mountain, was there a man who would like to see two nations in place of one today?

A man who wishes that the principle of secession and disintegration had won?

Then why an echo of "bloody shirtism" after a united country has fought in two wars against a foreign foe since the Civil War? Should the South forget its courage and endurance in 1861-'65? No. Nor the North, either. That memory has become a common heritage. We can all honor both Grant and Lee, possibly in the conviction that if Lee had been born and brought up in the North and Grant in the South their positions might have been reversed.

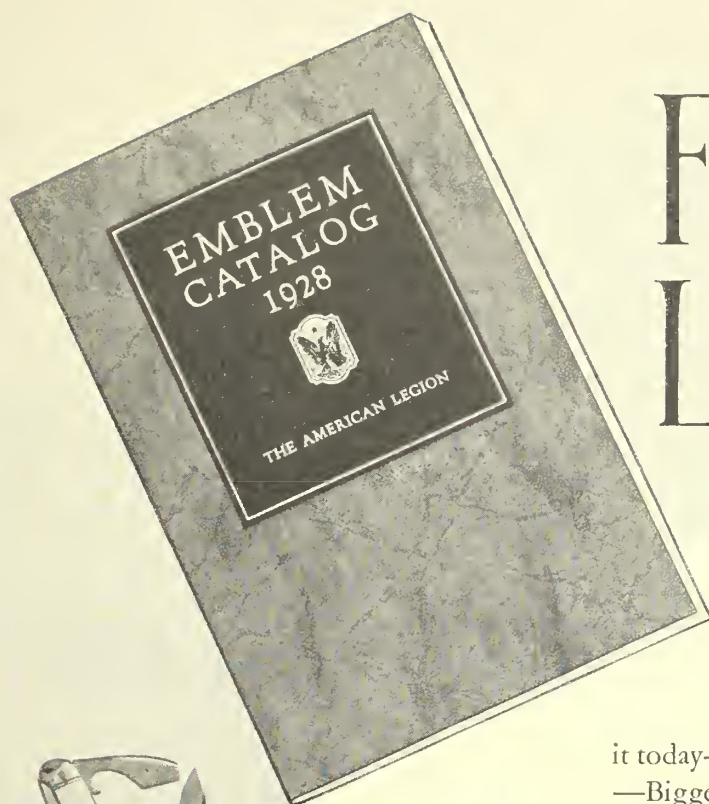
For one I want my American share in the character of both and in Pickett's charge and the defense of Little Round Top in July sixty-five years ago. The one thing we would like to forget is the way the North treated the brothers in Reconstruction days after we had forced them back into the Union.

As there was no bitterness between Grant and Lee at Appomattox, there was no bitterness between the veterans of blue and gray who met in reunion on the field of Gettysburg on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. I am surprised that any should linger in the breast of a son of a veteran. It was not he but his father who was in the war. Grant would welcome no tribute paid him by a slur at Lee.

RUSSIA, WHILE CALLING for the world to lay down its arms, keeps on arming. Visitors agree on the formidability of

her army which has up-to-date equipment. "All over Russia," says Theodore Dreiser, radical, "there is a constant nervous military activity that (Continued on page 66)"

Soviet Double-Crossing



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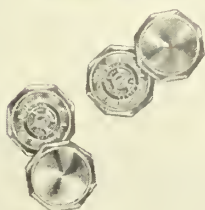
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A Personal View

(Continued from page 64)

keeps one thinking all the time of war." Considering her wealth no country in the world is spending as much on military preparedness as the land which many of our professional pacifists so admire.

WE LOST A great man in Leonard Wood. He was the pioneer in teaching strange peoples how. In Wood's place in the

Leonard Wood Lives On

Philippines Colonel Stimson—Secretary of War before the War and promptly volunteering for service when the War began—is doing well. Colonel McCoy, trained under Wood, keeps patiently on his course in troublous Nicaragua. The little band of Marines, sweltering in Nicaraguan heat, who could make quick work of pacification if fighting were the only thing, are governed by the diplomatic necessities when our purpose is not browbeating but to win goodwill as a part of instruction in self government.

WE SEND ENGINEERS and capital to Mexico. Her laborers keep pouring over our borders. Is this a good thing?

Too Many Mexicans?

Are we leaving a loophole in our immigration laws to defeat the purpose of the restriction of the influx from other lands? A broad border, the Mexican, easy to cross.

COUNTING THE LOSS in births the League of Nations has computed that the cost of the World War was thirty-seven million lives. It is

A Stark Reminder

a fresh reminder that war does not pay; that every form of insurance should be taken against it. Working with a preparedness, which carries no threat, should be the cultivation of good will among peoples, while this gigantic total of lives is pasted in the world's hat.

9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 9)

enough to know it. "Listen, sir. That sergeant we picked up tonight without any hat . . . he had a menu card in his pocket, an address written on it in pencil."

"Yes?" The lieutenant's voice was impatient.

"A card from St. Hubert's café. It had pictures of fish down the side."

Meigs breathed once before he spoke.

"Where's the man now?"

"Why, we left him go. Called up the finance office. Clerk there said he was O. K."

"Remember the address on the card?"

"Chez something. Some Frog word. Never heard of it before."

Meigs scowled. He could see the amber light of Madame Beret's kitchen lamp glowing in the darkness ahead. He stalked toward it. The village priest, a plump comfortable man of middle age, was sitting in the doorway, fingering his beads. As Meigs entered he arose and bowed. The lieutenant answered him stiffly. His mind veered as he looked about. Here was the room he had left just four hours ago. There was the door to the cellar. There the chair the woman had offered him, there the same lamp-light. And on the floor lay all that remained of Madame Beret.

"She's dead and no mistake," Girardot grumbled. "What now?"

"Just where did you find that body?" Meigs asked. He turned to Piquet.

The gendarme, who had hesitated in the door, dropped down nervously on his knees and examined the boards of the floor.

"The feet were here. The head outside . . . perhaps here. The face up"

Meigs took off his trench coat, pulled up his sleeves, and bent, frowning, over the body. He was startled to find it not entirely cold. His examination was short. When he completed it, he walked to the pump in the corner and washed his hands.

"Go outside, see what you find in the yard first," he bade Sergeant Seagraves. "There may be some tracks. We better look around the house," he suggested to Girardot.

The cellar was exactly as he had left it. Empty. The private dining rooms on the second floor were bare and dusty. He hesitated with his hand on the latch when he came to the door of the living quarters, then entered glumly. Here were two rooms, both small, damp, with stone floors, rough plastered walls, and the ceilings sloping with the roof. The first of the rooms was the daughter's, apparently. The bed had been slept in. Its thick quilts lay just as the girl must have flung them when she leaped out at Piquet's cry. He examined the single window. It was locked and the latch rusted. Celeste did not believe in night air.

The bed in the next room lay smooth and undisturbed. Madame Beret had not retired for the night, that was positive. The clothes press offered no information. With Girardot grumbling at his heels, he crossed to the window. It looked out upon the garden, at the side of the house facing the stone wall and the highway. The latch turned easily. Meigs swung the casement out.

Fresh mud, still wet and sticky, clung to the brick sill. He pointed his flash-

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lamp at the floor inside. Below the window, more mud lay in thick streaks on the stone floor. No track, no outline, no nail marks, nothing to identify the shoes that had put it there, merely a telltale streak.

Girardot puffed heavily.

"Voilà!" he growled. "Boot prints!"

The ground outside revealed nothing. It was freshly sodded; feet could have tramped about carelessly and still left no trail. But in the drive, twenty yards away, Sergeant Seagraves had discovered the marks of heavy automobile tires.

"Car turned this way, then backed up and swung around here towards the road again," he cried, waving his flashlight. "Big car, sir. Heavy. Wide tires. Stopped here." He pointed to a spot opposite the stone steps. "See? Tracks are deeper, sort of dug out where the wheels spun when it started. Funny thing, though. Nobody got out of the car."

"Just drove in and out again? No footprints?"

"There ain't no tracks a-tall. Not here by the car. But here's some others. What you make of these?"

Meigs stepped cautiously around the broad circle of wheel marks. Piquet trailed after him. Meigs, seeing him, remembered the witness.

"You go down to Le Loup and get that girl Celeste," he bade. "My driver'll take you. He's out there in the road. Bring her back here. Quick, understand? And don't talk her to death on the way!"

"I ride my bicycle?"

"Lord, no! What you think cars were made for?"

"Send someone else after her, m'sieur!"

"What for? You know her. Damn well, I take it."

The worried little Frenchman departed. He had grown more and more disconsolate since seeing Madame Beret's body again. What spirit he ordinarily possessed had left him entirely. He seemed to Meigs even to have lost height. The lieutenant allowed himself a thin smile. Murder was not a nightly matter to a provincial gendarme, any more than it was to a first lieutenant ex-infantry. Finding sugar thieves was a lot more pleasant.

"What you make of these, sir?" Seagraves called again. "There's been enough folks runnin' 'round here in the rain to fill a draft army! No wonder the old lady was murdered!"

He led the way to a point some dozen paces beyond the center of the drive. Here the soft mud was broken by two plain sets of footprints. One, approaching from the river, was distinctly masculine. Rain had dimmed it somewhat; indicating to Lieutenant Meigs, who was beginning to think more and more irritably of his captain down in Tours, that it was made before the shower ended at 9:35. And after 9:15, for the ground had been hard and dry till the rain started. Either while he stood talking like a book agent to Madame Beret, or immediately afterward, two persons had tramped along the lane.

The smaller set belonged to a woman,

a woman in sensible, square-toed shoes. They approached from the road, met those of the man, coming from the river, and together the two pairs of prints turned back toward the gate.

"The big size leads up from a boat-house down there through the woods," Seagraves volunteered. "Now what the hell . . . excuse me, sir . . . but ain't this a case and a half! What you think a lady was doin' trailin' 'round gettin' all muddled up watchin' a murder?"

"It's a woman's shoe, all right," Meigs assented. "A short person. Her stride's a good deal shorter than the man's. Well . . ."

"Old lady up there have a gal?" Seagraves jerked his head toward the café. "I've sent the gendarme after her."

The two pairs of footprints moved side by side toward the gate. The lieutenant and sergeant prowled cautiously after them. At a point midway to the main road, the tracks showed indecision. The pair had halted. The man's prints broke abruptly to the left.

They led ten paces to the summer house. Here, under the tin roof, the earth was fairly dry. In the center, by the light of his flash, Meigs made out a cast iron table and a pair of slat chairs. A big bulky object lay on the table.

"Another dead 'un!" Seagraves whispered.

"Of course not!" The lieutenant's tone was crisp, to his own surprise. He drew near slowly. It was a canvas package, rolled and strapped, about four feet long and a foot in diameter. He touched it and found it wet, turned it over, and swore quietly.

It was an American officer's bedding roll.

Sergeant Seagraves lifted it. "One of them damn medicos," he grunted. "Here, sir, look at this."

Printed in square black letters on the flap, Meigs read:

Capt G D M, M C
Camp Hosp 52 A E F

Meigs's jaw dropped. The Americans were in it, all right. Here was actual evidence. Until now he hadn't been convinced. But a bedding roll! Who'd be carrying around an American's bedding roll except an American? Certainly not a Frenchman or a Hottentot this time! He leaned down with his flash. On the flap was tobacco spilled from Seagraves' cigarette.

"Put that cigarette out, Sergeant!" he commanded irritably. "Stow it away in your pocket! Drop a stub down loose and they'll have you in jail for this murder. We've no time to be standing around! See where those tracks go now! The road, I suppose!"

He lifted the roll to his shoulder and carried it toward the kitchen. Inspector Girardot and the priest sat silently beside Madame Beret's body. The lieutenant dropped the bundle to the floor of the room.

"A bedding roll," he explained in answer to Girardot's grunt.

"American?"

Meigs nodded. "Doctor from the hospital in Le Mans."

"I said it was (Continued on page 68)

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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 67)

an American case." Girardot allowed himself a rumble of satisfaction.

Meigs scowled. This whole affair was wearing on his nerves. Ordinary crime, the sort he investigated daily, had ceased to disturb him. It was no trick to locate missing automobile tires or a carload of sugar, or ten carloads. This concerned him much more deeply, through no fault of his. Chance had pitched him into this case as a principal, not merely an investigator. And he still hadn't explained his own connection with it. Wait till Girardot heard that he had talked with the woman that night!

"M'sieur le curé suggests we place Madame Beret decently on her bed," the inspector put in softly. "She is no aid to justice lying where she is."

"Certainly."

While the churchman held the lamp, the inspector and Lieutenant Meigs carried the murdered body to the neat, damp bedroom. The two officers withdrew at once. Girardot, looking as wise as a cat, picked up his umbrella and sat down comfortably by the stove.

"You still think the murderer climbed in the window?" he asked.

"Looks like it to me."

"The unfortunate woman saw him, saw the gun in his hand . . . he drove her through her own door . . . that is your opinion, m'sieur?"

"Something like that," Meigs answered. He stopped short. He recognized the expression on the Frenchman's face. Girardot knew something he hadn't told yet.

"You are wrong," the inspector said politely. "Your theory is wrong. It never pays to have theories. This woman was shot from outside the house. That mud in there on the window sill, it makes no difference. Look . . ." he pointed to a fresh round hole in the plastered wall above the stove. "I sit right here where it is warm . . . and dry . . ." he looked down significantly at Meigs's muddy shoes. "and I find a bullet. There were two shots fired. This one escaped its victim."

On his open palm he balanced a flattened nugget of lead. Meigs took it. It was too misshapen to tell its calibre.

"It spattered against the brick under the plaster," Girardot explained. "See? Draw a line with your eye. It entered thus, at this angle. Look back at the door. The first bullet passed her and struck the wall. The second . . ." he shrugged. "You are convinced, mon lieutenant?"

Meigs hesitated. He was not convinced; he couldn't be convinced yet about anything, except that bedding roll. But he'd certainly muffed this hole. Searched the house and never saw a bullet hole! He turned quickly. A car had stopped in the road. Celeste Beret entered.

Meigs stared. Her mother had said she was sensitive. Regardless, he stared at her feet. Her shoes were not broad

toed. The heels were high and the toes pointed. No shoes such as these had made the sensible, suspicious tracks out there in the mud. His eyes traveled upward. She did not fit the picture at all. The woman out-of-doors in the rain had been short. This girl was tall, slender, frail, with dark eyes and straight dark hair. Nineteen, Napoleon Piquet had said. Nineteen last St. Martin's Day. She had been weeping half the night. Her skin was marble white, streaked with tears. In her expression defiance mingled with sorrow and fright.

"Please sit down," Meigs said. "We'll get this over as fast as possible, M'selle. I must ask a few questions."

"I have told Napoleon Piquet all what I know." She spoke in English, with a crisp accent.

Meigs nodded. He had supposed that. He supposed, too, that Piquet had wasted the advantage. His eyes focused on the inspector's bullet hole, and he asked: "You heard how many shots?"

"I heard no shots. Just Napoleon's scream."

Meigs frowned. No shots? Could she have slept through the shooting and then be awakened by a scream?

"You were within hearing distance?"

"I was in bed. I went there early."

She turned halfway about in her chair as if to avoid his questioning; immediately turned back. Meigs's eye followed, to see what she sought to escape. The gendarme Piquet stood listening in the door. His white face was eloquent. It was like a dog's, begging for supper.

"Hear anyone enter a window in your mother's room?" Meigs asked, still looking at Gendarme Piquet.

"No one. Was it open?"

He ignored her question. "Hear anyone around the place during the evening?" He gazed at her steadily. Did she know of his own visit? What proof did he have that he was innocent, any more than anyone else?

"I heard no one."

He breathed once. Girardot grumbled aloud.

"All of Regiment 66 could have been here without you knowing it!"

"A hundred regiments, yes. I sleep good. Maybe you were here, maybe the lieutenant, for all I know."

Girardot settled back in his chair, discomfited. Meigs swallowed hard. Here was a difficult witness. He was tempted to think she knew more than she wished to tell. He might waste hours on her and give other suspects a chance to escape. Meanwhile there still was hope the captain might get back from Tours. He rose energetically.

"Perhaps you'll feel like talking in the morning, M'selle," he said. "I'll be back at seven o'clock. You understand, you're in the inspector's care?" He flashed a look at the anxious gendarme. "She needn't go back to Le Loup, Piquet. You'll stay here, Girardot?"

"So it seems," Girardot answered. He

was staring, well pleased, at the bullet hole in the wall above the stove.

At the D. C. I. office in Rue Bollée, Meigs deposited the soggy bedding roll in the care of the desk sergeant and learned, wrathfully, that the captain had not returned, nor had he telephoned. Only two street men, in from night patrol, dozed upstairs in the operations room. These he dispatched at once, one to search American garages for a closed car with a broken headlight and paint scraped off its left side, the other to find the camionette and the girl who had driven it.

"You're sure you found other tire marks outside the gate?" the lieutenant questioned Seagraves.

"Not right outside the gate. Down the road apiece. Shoe prints led straight to it from the summer house. They monkeyed 'round the bus a little while, then it started off toward town."

"We'll find it!" Meigs said. He looked after the two departing operators. They were good men. "Meantime, you go get Sergeant Cass again," he directed Seagraves. "Finance office has a night clerk. Find where the man's supposed to sleep. Bring him in."

As his own car swung out of Grande Rue five minutes later, Meigs saw dawn breaking through the wide flying buttresses of St. Julien's Cathedral. The car turned sharply into the gate of the old monastery now used as Camp Hospital 52.

In the receiving ward, where a pimply faced corporal summoned the officer of the day, Meigs learned that the only captain on the staff whose initials were G. D. M. was Dr. George David Morris.

"Can't call him now," the officer objected, yawning. "He just got in at midnight. Been on three-day leave to Paris."

"Got to call him," Meigs answered.

It took Captain Morris fifteen minutes to arrive from his quarters. He entered irritably. He was older than Meigs anticipated. For some reason, which he had not taken time to analyze, the lieutenant expected that any medico careless enough to leave his bedding roll on a table in the Café St. Hubert's summer house, would be youthful, and presumably irresponsible. Also, if a young woman awaited him there in the rain, he probably was handsome. This officer was stout, past middle age, wholly unmilitary, and at present very sleepy. Meigs glanced at his shoes. They were muddy.

"I'm from the police," he explained bluntly. "Where were you at half past nine tonight?"

The captain eyed him with hostility, at the same time observed the long silver bar on his shoulder.

"I had a three-day pass to Paris. It wasn't up till midnight."

"When did you get back?"

"Midnight."

"Walk?"

"Walk from Paris?"

"There's no train after five o'clock, east bound," Meigs said quietly. "I've some questions to ask, sir."

"By whose authority?" The captain straightened up angrily.

"Authority of G. H. Q., sir," Meigs answered. "Here it is. In a couple of languages."

He passed over his identification card. Captain Morris frowned, read its orders twice, gulped, shook his head violently, and handed it back. He adjusted his blouse hastily, and without further words followed the lieutenant to the waiting car. In the operations room at D. C. I. headquarters Meigs offered a chair. The doctor refused it.

"Better take it. I'd like to sit down myself, sir. I've a lot of questions to ask."

"Ask them standing. You're no more tired than I! I tell you, young fellow, I didn't get to bed until midnight. . . ."

"All right," Meigs agreed. "We'll talk standing. Here's the first question. Where's the girl who drove the truck?"

"What truck?" the doctor demanded. "What are you talking about? You sound crazy! What the devil's up? What truck?"

"The truck that brought you into town."

"I said I was on pass to Paris."

"In that case," Meigs asked politely, "how did your bedding roll happen to be out in the summer house at St. Hubert's café?"

Captain Morris stared at the bundle helplessly when the desk sergeant brought it. Speechless, he watched while Meigs thumped it to the floor, pressed one knee against it and undid the straps. As the flap pulled back, an army issue .45 calibre automatic pistol clattered out. Meigs released the magazine and counted the four cartridges in it. He held the barrel to his nose, sniffed and said: "Burnt powder. What you been shooting?"

"Turtles!" the doctor replied.

"That's a snappy answer," Meigs retorted. He kicked at the wet canvas roll. "And now," he repeated, "if you will please tell me what this was doing out in the St. Hubert summer house?"

Captain Morris rubbed his chin once. Finding Meigs's blue eye sternly upon him, he said: "I left it there."

"Then you haven't been to Paris?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to go. I did want to go fishing."

"Fishing?" Meigs's eyes opened wider. "That's a good one," he said. He laughed. The captain was a long way off. . . . 'way down in Tours hunting sugar, but wait till he heard this one! A medico who preferred fishing to Paris! Who used his gun to shoot turtles!

"Is that so amusing?" Captain Morris demanded. "I asked for a pass to go fishing. They wouldn't give it to me. So I asked for one to go to Paris and got it. Then I went fishing. If that's A. W. O. L., I'm guilty. Now if you'll be good enough to tell me what the rest of this is all about?"

"About a murder," Meigs answered. He leaned down to the table and turned up the lamp so that its sulky beam fell directly on the doctor's face.

"Murder?"

"While you (Continued on page 70)

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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 69)

were out fishing. I've heard a lot of humorous replies to serious questions, but that one of yours is worth a couple of medals. Had a pass for Paris and went fishing! How long did you fish?"

"Three days. Who's been murdered?"

"Where'd you spend the three nights?"

"On that bedding roll, by the river bank. Can't a man fish? The war's over! Why shouldn't I fish? Like to. Rather fish than spend a lot of money in Paris. . . ."

"Where were you at half past nine last night?"

"I refuse to answer any more questions. I've a right to talk to my commanding officer! I want to know who's been murdered. . . ."

"Where'd you eat, on this fishing trip you took rather than go to Paris?"

"I tell you I'm through answering!"

"Where'd you eat?"

The doctor did not wilt this time under Meigs's stern eye. "Various places," he replied hotly.

"St. Hubert's café?"

"Once, yes."

"When?"

"The other day."

"Be more explicit. What other day?"

"Tuesday. Tuesday noon."

"Saw the girl Celeste?"

"She waited on me."

"Talk to her?"

"Of course I talked to her! I tell you, young fellow, I'm through answering questions!"

"Who was the other girl outside last night when you left the bedding roll?"

Captain Morris flushed. A look of earnest determination came over his excited red face. "There *was* a truck, and there *was* a young lady," he admitted, "a perfectly respectable, hard working girl so far as I could judge. I'll not tell you who she was. No, sir. You can ask all night. It's a pretty poor army if a doctor as old as I am . . . I'm fifty-two, you young upstart, and I've been married twenty-three years . . . if I can't walk down a road at night with a respectable girl without stirring up half the know-nothing police officers in France . . ." He stopped. Feet were scuffling heavily up the stair. Seagraves entered, dragging after him a soldier who Meigs knew without being told was Sergeant Cass.

"Got him," Seagraves said.

The newcomer, who still had no hat, sat down at once on a bench against the wall, as if he felt the need of rest. He was a tall, slightly round shouldered man with insolent eyes and a long, sour mouth. His hair was brick red. He looked once, inquisitively, at Lieutenant Meigs; then glowered through the window at the chilly blue light of early morning.

"Found him right there in his own office," Seagraves explained. "Big gang working. Getting out a payroll for some troops that leave for base port at eight

o'clock. Finance quartermaster kicked like the devil. . . ."

"What's the finance officer's name?"

"Chaffee. A major. A busy young thing. Said he couldn't spare this hobo, nobody else knew enough to finish the rolls. I brung him anyhow. The major'll be over, I suspect." Seagraves grinned, as if in anticipation of an entertaining visit. "Take this big john back downstairs?"

"Search him first," Meigs directed. "I want to see what he's got. You better decide to sit down now, Captain Morris. This'll take some few minutes."

The doctor moved aside quickly. Continuing to stand, he watched with interest and a face still extremely red, while the clerk from the office of the finance quartermaster got to his feet, with his arms up, elbows bent and neck thrust forward, and permitted his breeches pockets to be examined. They contained only a knife, twenty-seven francs and thirty centimes, and two keys. From the inner blouse pocket, Seagraves produced a piece of cardboard about four inches by six, across the top of which was printed the name of St. Hubert's café. Meigs took it.

"*Chez M. Olivier DeBusset, 7 bis Rue de la Gare, Vierney sur Loir, Sarthe,*" he read. The writing was not American. The "7" had a cross through it.

"Who's Olivier De Busset?" the lieutenant demanded.

"Haven't the slightest idea," Cass answered insolently.

"Where'd you get this?"

"Don't know that either, sir."

"How'd it get into your pocket?"

"This dick put it there, maybe," Cass replied with vehemence. He looked witheringly at Sergeant Seagraves.

"Me?" Seagraves raised his voice, stung by the accusation. "You be careful what you say! You're talking to an officer! Get your heels together!"

"I'll handle this, Seagraves," Meigs said. "Cass, what were you doing at St. Hubert's café last night?"

"Was he there, too?" Captain Morris cried. "Not when I was. . . ."

"Bide your time, doctor, please," Meigs said. He emphasized the last word. "How about it, Cass?"

The sergeant's sour mouth grew longer by a half inch. "Where's that café at?" he inquired.

Before Meigs could speak, a new voice broke in from the hallway, a voice cold and important. "I'll see him right now!" it said.

There were quick footsteps. A major wearing quartermaster insignia burst into the room without knocking. Meigs saluted. He recognized Major Chaffee's face. The finance officer was not much older than he was himself, a Regular Army man, three years out of West Point when the war sprouted gold leaves on his bare shoulder straps.

"I want to know what this means,

Lieutenant!" The major looked about the room indignantly.

"I'll tell you, sir. Take your prisoner out, Seagraves."

"Not out of my sight! I've got to get that payroll done! Every time I let that idiot out of my sight he's missing for a week. . . ."

"Out, Seagraves," Meigs insisted. He turned back politely to Major Chaffee. "There was a murder last evening, sir. This man Cass was picked up without a pass. He was brought in for questioning and released. . . ."

"I know that!"

"After we heard of the murder, we realized that somehow he was connected with it."

"How connected?"

"He had an address. Written at the scene of the murder."

Major Chaffee snorted. "Storybook stuff!"

"It's all storybook stuff!" Captain Morris put in. His voice was plaintive. "I went fishing and left my bedding roll. . . ."

Meigs frowned. "You'll have to be quiet, doctor. Major Chaffee, do you actually know where your man Cass spent the evening?"

"I don't!" the finance officer answered decisively. He was staring at the doctor. "The fool wasn't at the office. Never is when I need him. Was hunting him myself when your men returned him. I need him now! I'm going to take him back with me!"

"I can't let him go, sir. Sorry."

"I'll bring an order from the chief of staff!"

"All right. You'll have to bring it, sir. Excuse me just a minute. . . ." he turned to a patrolman in the door.

"I got that truck you wanted, sir," the man reported eagerly. "Belonged to the Red Cross. Found it standing in front of their billet down by the railroad station. Still loaded. Dame drove it in from Paris."

"You brought the young lady over, too?" Meigs asked. He heard an exclamation of dismay behind him. Looking around, he saw Captain Morris take a dozen steps forward, then pause uncertainly in the middle of the floor, one white pudgy hand clutching the caduceus on his collar, an expression of protest and horror on his face.

"Sure I brung her," the patrolman answered. "Left her outside with the bus. *She* won't run."

"Oh, no, she's not likely to run," Meigs heard himself saying. He stood looking blankly at the doctor from the camp hospital. What would he do with the girl now he had her? Arrest her? He'd have to, the way things looked. The whole American Red Cross would be about his ears before breakfast. And the captain hunting sugar in Tours!

"I'll go down and talk to her," he told the (Continued on page 72)



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9:35 P. M.

(Continued from page 70)

patrolman. "Stay right here, Captain Morris. Excuse me, major." He gave no attention to the doctor's grumble. At the door he hesitated, and returning to the desk, he picked up the automatic pistol which he had discovered in the bedding roll and slid it into his pocket.

"Just for safe keeping," he said.

Major Chaffee's big enclosed car waited in the nearest position at the curb, its black serial number on the door standing out importantly, and to Meigs warningly. A muddy little Red Cross truck, loaded high with boxes, was pulled up behind it. Its driver paced impatiently up and down the sidewalk.

Meigs observed her with embarrassment. He had known she would be short; guessed it from her footprints. She couldn't be more than five feet actually; built a little too round, but otherwise . . . there was nothing wrong at all with her otherwise. Her face was honest, her skin tanned, her manner alert. What was a girl as good-looking as this doing out at St. Hubert's with that crazy fishing doctor? A doctor with two shells missing from his gun? She ran across the sidewalk to him.

"You're the lieutenant?" she cried.

"I'm Helen Ames. A woman was murdered? I'll tell you all I know, everything! I stopped at that café, sometime after nine it was. . . ."

"Get hold of yourself!" Meigs ordered.

"I met a doctor, find him and he'll tell you! I only picked up those things inside the gate as I was coming away."

"What things?" Meigs demanded.

"Some gloves, sir," the patrolman broke in. "I ain't had a chance to look 'em over."

"They were lying in the mud right inside the gate! You can have them and welcome!"

Lieutenant Meigs jammed his hands into his pockets as if to hide them from sight and stared unbelievably at the gloves which the girl held out.

"I'm going back to work," he heard Major Chaffee announce ill-humoredly behind him. "You'll hear from the chief of staff!"

The lieutenant nodded. He was willing. He needed ten chiefs of staff. If the captain didn't get here pretty quick he'd need Pershing and ten psychopaths . . . confusedly his eyes followed to the major's car parked at the curb.

"I say, major," he shouted, "that your machine?"

"Of course it is!"

"Cass have it last night?"

"Certainly not! I had it myself."

"All evening?"

"Every minute!"

"Well then," Meigs felt sweat rise to his forehead. "I guess you better come back in, sir. I'll have to talk to you some more!"

The enclosed car, which the finance quartermaster had been about to enter, was conspicuous for a smashed left headlight and left front fender. The dull olive drab finish on its left side was scratched and streaked with white paint, paint similar to that with which the French state railways decorate dangerous crossing gates. Meigs approached it blindly.

"Damn funny," he heard the patrolman mutter. "Look here, sir! These are your gloves. Your name's wrote in them!"

Together, with amazement on their faces, Major Chaffee and Miss Helen Ames turned deliberately and stared at him.

(To be concluded)

Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 31)

and got the dope long before even the transport gang got it. If you know enough of those civilian clerks, and if you know 'em well enough, you've got a thirty-day lead on most of the ship news. Spike, you know the timber game and I know the steel, and both of us have been up against city councils and county courts and state commissions and all that squads-round-and-round stuff that is cooked up before some poor louse contractor picks off a big job at thirty percent less than cost."

The Loot paused long enough to indulge himself with more coffee. "I sized up the field and I headed in," he continued. "I captured seven or eight of the brassnecks that are running the transport stuff—got 'em so we were boys together and dear old college chums. Turned a couple of hard problems over to the Queen of France at the Apollo and after she got 'em charmed their one object in life was to see us catch the next boat home. They played fair—the orders issued twice. Like the time we were going to the Front. They didn't stick. Always a hitch. Then I started in quietly on the hired hands and I took that office apart. Saw the wheels go round. Found out what made it go. Little bird with red whiskers by the name of Trailer. Maybe he's a Trailer but he leads the procession in the homebound steamboat world.

His wastebasket has more high-toned autographs in it than seven of our hot-stove filing systems could burn up in a hard winter. He's king of Who's Who on the Gangplank. He's king of the works—and I'm beat. He's got me."

"Did you try money on him?"

"Money—holy blue burning bunions! I get a financial report on him from seven of the outfit in his office and he's got more money than the paymaster. Trailer the Patriot—one of these 'give-all' guys with a mania for what he calls 'service.' Calms his patriotic ying by working ten hours a day for eighty a month. Hell, no, I didn't try money. 'Lieutenant, our best efforts shall be expended upon behalf of the organization to which you are attached'—that's his line. Orates. Burbles. And you can't touch him with any two-star officer stuff. He don't listen to generals. 'Just a humble servant of Democracy'—he let that ride one day."

"How about a little rough stuff—cut his throat or something. Stop long enough to let him sign the order for a boat to haul us home, then finish the job? I don't mean goin' that far, of course—but how about a few promises of joys to come?"

"Then we're done. Spike, you've got the same shriveled brain that's afflicted me for the past six months. You're a dud."

"How about the Queen of France?"

"Tried it. Zero."

Spike Randall yawned elaborately. "You seem to tire me out. That's the extent of my bag of tricks—except one little sequel to the sad story. If I ever meet the bird, just on general principles I aim to take a crack at him in public and explain to the M. P. that gaffs me that the Trailer patriot with the red whiskers was cussing the police force of the A. E. F."

"You'll never get the chance. Beginning tomorrow morning Mister Trailer bumps up against the last card in my frazzled deck. Unless everything blows up, the Trailer guy surrenders to the Medico gang not later than Saturday next. Absolutely under your skull and locked up for the next ten years, I've Doctor Jimmy enlisted. He's probably the keenest single-handed inventor in the A. E. F., and by Saturday night Trailer the patriot will be isolated for loathsome reasons such as smallpox or worse as a suspect in a ward where there's only one door. If we can keep him penned up for a month it's a cinch we can handle his successor and get our name on the sailing list. That's that—and that's the reason we've got to get our missing Cawpril Badger rounded up and checked in for the last muster and hog-tied to about three squads of watchdogs. That's all. Want to go

over to the Apollo for an hour? Say hello to the Queen and watch the show for a while and then beat it for the hard-earned hay? How's it sound?"

"Fair enough. Wait a second—stirrup cup." From a bottle of brandy older than his grandfather Spike Randall poured two drinks. "Gonna absorb these like they were plain likker instead of priceless perfumery. Here's yours—Loot, we haven't had a hell of a lot of what could be called luck for the last few months in this damn army, but I've got a hunch the first seven years are about finished. Anyhow, whichever way she breaks, here's luck!"

"Luck! . . . whuf! Come on, Devil. We've got to make our luck."

Caps and coats and a word with Madame and a message for one of the greatest culinary artists in France and then, following Spike, the Loot headed for the exit from the Chapeau Rouge. Halfway down the long room on their way out the Loot reached forward and touched his companion's arm. "Spike! Bear a little to starboard. There's Trailer over there by the wall. Come and meet him."

"Evening, Mister Trailer; how are you? Meet Sergeant Randall . . . Join us at the Apollo for an hour after you finish? Interesting show . . . sorry."

On the street, "Well, Spike, nobody no place never can say that you haven't viewed the Trailer remains. You can hand that down to posterity. Inside of a week he's going to be hard to see without a permit and bokoo disinfectants. Hot-looking bewhiskered shrimp, ain't he, to be dealing the cards for half a million homebound tourists of the A. E. F.? Beats hell sometimes where the Eagle of Authority finds a perch."

Spike Randall mumbled his reply. After ten minutes at the Apollo he spoke clearly enough. And briefly. "Back inside of half an hour—meet you in the Queen's dressing-room. Stick here."

"Wonder what hit that bird?" the Loot mused after his companion had left. "Seemed worried about something."

Within the appointed half hour Spike Randall returned to the Apollo Theater. Following another man clad in O. D. he climbed the iron stairway backstage. "Down that way—to your left," he directed his companion. The pair halted outside the Queen's dressing room. Spike knocked lightly on the thin door. "Loot, you at home?"

"Come on in. Where you been?"

Spike opened the door a little way. Then, with his right hand, he reached into his overcoat pocket and hauled out a mussed-up mess of red whiskers. "Tell the Queen not to get scared when—"

"What's up? Come on in. The Queen's on the stage."

At this Spike Randall kicked the door wide open. He faced the Loot. In his extended right hand he held the mangled red whiskers. Dragging along in the clutch of his left followed the long-lost Cawpril Badger. "Loot, here's your damn Mister Trailer, including his red

whiskers. Badger! Help stick 'em back on him in a hurry. We got to take him to his office so he can fix up a sailing date for us and the Gang. Then off comes his phony front for good!"

The Loot stood back and took a long look at the drooping Badger. The Cawpril stood the inspection for ten seconds, and then began to whimper; at which, frowning and a bit bewildered, the Loot shook his head as if to acknowledge that here was a problem in psychology that went a mile deeper than the books.

"As you were—nix on the Niagara. Boy, if you only knew how glad I am to see you, you'd be touching off fireworks and sending floral tributes to yourself. First of all, what was the big idea in the perpetual furlough?"

"Lootenant, I liked Bordeaux so well that I couldn't bear to leave it. I met the clerk that was coming down from Headquarters to run the sailing lists. I give him a thousand dollars for his job. Then when I got to running the job I couldn't put the Gang and the Regiment on the list because I knew Jimmy had been carrying my name on the rolls and I'd be a deserter if you sailed without me. Couldn't of stood being alone, ennyhow. I just postponed it. That's all that happened."

While the Lieutenant comforted himself with some gratifying and sulphuric language, Spike Randall pasted a few tendrils of the Badger whiskers into place. "That ain't all that's gonna happen, you louse! Listen! You think you can get us on the list so we can sail right away?"

"Sergeant, yes sir. I've got three or four mighty good ships on the list and you can take your pick of them."

Spike barked at the drooping captive. "Lissen, you tearful tyrant—from now on Mister Trailer ain't nothing but a hole in the payroll. You're Cawpril Badger, and don't forget it. One false move from now till we land safe at home and I'll kill you, and if we don't land within two weeks I'm gonna heave you overboard right where the sharks eat shrimp. Come on, you louse. Heads up! Hold your bean up while the Lieutenant pastes you in the jaw. He ought to. Hold steady before I spike you for a shroud."

Before the contemplated pasting process had developed into action, the Queen of France returned to her dressing-room. Presently she became calm enough to render needed professional assistance with the prodigal Badger's makeup. "Ah oui, mon cheery," Spike replied to her when his chance came. "Bokoo comic, ness pah? Ah oui . . . lissen, sister—frizzle out them whiskers, kinda. La mame chose like they was when I reaped 'em off of this louse. Ah, tray bong, tray bong. Bokoo mercy."

"Come on, Loot—we got to ride herd on this bird while he pardons us free through all the clogged-up military channels from here to Hoboken."

In the chill night, unmindful of the rain, the trio left the Apollo. They headed for Base Headquarters, where, under a dim (Continued on page 74)

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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
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Here's Luck!

(Continued from page 73)

light, Badger the Miracle Man signed the Trailer name to sailing orders important enough to eradicate a frazzled set of red whiskers, and to start the Gang toward the U. S. A.

Five days later, assembled by emergency orders, coonyak, cooties and culture all forgotten, deloused and delighted, the Gang and the Regiment sailed for home on board a ship whose passenger list had been designated within thirty minutes after the Queen of France smoothed out Mister Trailer's disguise.

Sweethearts and wives, mascots and milling creditors gummed up the Gang's departure. "The damn boat looks more like a travelin' circus with all them dogs and animals blattin' around."

"Never mind how the boat looks. It feels like it's headed home, and that's enough to hold me fer a while."

"Me too . . . Jeesee, I hope my first wife don't meet me and this replacement right at the dock. You suppose they can find out when we're due home?"

"Sure they can. The papers tell everything, now that there ain't no more subs. Why, what's eatin' on you?"

"Oh, nuthin' much except one of the horrors of war. Lissen—can the captain of the ship issue you a military divorce at sea like he can marry you?"

"He can't issue me none. My strings are all cut. You mean you already got one wife at home and you're takin' Clothilde back with you?"

"Yeah—anyhow she's on the boat," the culprit confessed.

"Cheer up. What's an extra wife or two among us Rabble? Turn her over to a replacement and forget it."

"Not by a damn sight. If the replacement gets anything he gets the first one. Lissen, what's the law on those subjects?"

"Ask the Loot. He'll fix it some way. Let him sign a certificate about how you got hit in the head with a boxcar and forgot you were already married. Leave it to him. Let Spike tell him about it."

Nearing home, when some of the problems had been solved, Jimmy the Ink got into the stretch with his overdue paper work. "Loot, what about those two medals?" Jimmy inquired. "Somebody's got to get 'em. Who draws the winning numbers?"

The Loot turned to Spike Randall, who was resting, relaxed at full length on a hatch cover beside him. "Who's elected, Spike?"

Spike sat up. Deep in his eyes burned a smile. "The polls aren't closed," he said, "but incomplete returns from one out of a couple hundred presinks of iniquity indicate an overwhelming victory for Cawpril Badger."

"Fair enough. Jimmy, we'll pin one on Cawpril Badger right after the ship lands."

"Right—who gets the other one, Loot?"

"Lissen, Ink. You've kept all the harrowing details off of my war-torn mind for almost two years—don't bust your record now. Pin it on a dentist or turn it in as surplus property. Keep it if you thirst for fame—I'll sign the fatal papers, whatever you do. G'wan aft with your problems. Spike and I are building a railroad. Allay—but remind me about Badger and his medal right after we are safe ashore."

"Lootenant, yessir!"

While the ship was warping into the dock at the Most Glorious end of the trip, the Loot got around to a question that had bothered him for nearly two weeks. He sought Spike Randall. "For the love of the stem-winding Sherlock, tell me something, Spike. How did you spot Badger and his beard? How come you saw clear through the curly camouflage that hid Mister Trailer from this cruel world?"

Able to laugh now, Spike laughed. "Loot, you remember that hundred-year-old coonyak we finished up with at the Chapeau Rouge the night we caged the Badger Bird? Every time we had dinner together in that place we rated that ancient coonyak. I gulped it. You always hung fire and orated about how the frogs got their money's worth out of the bouquet. Ceremony stuff. I got the big idea that night for the first time. Started me thinking about smells. Got to thinking about skid grease and cable dope and steam on cinders and wet ferns and the big timber and sour hemlock and sagebrush. Remember, the last slug we had I said, 'Here's luck!' You said we had to make our luck. Well, a minute later we fouled up on Mister Trailer and his red whiskers—and I nailed him. Hair oil. Old baldy Badger got run out of every tent in the outfit at American Lake on account of the mange cure and skunk oil and skid grease and the rest of the goo he plastered on his bean. I spiked him by the smell ten feet away before we shook hands. Had it all doped out by the time we got to the Apollo. That's all."

"Not by a cheering throng it isn't all. That beak on the front end of your map meant more to this outfit than all the imported welfare that ever hit us in the A. E. F. Come below. I salvaged a souvenir." When the souvenir was opened, and when its century-old bouquet had filled the narrow state-room, the Loot hoisted his glass to Spike Randall. "Old timer," he said, "Here's luck!"

"Drink hearty." . . . whuf! . . . "Loot, we'll make the luck. Us and the rest of the Rabble got to work or starve now that this man's army is finished, but no matter how the cards drop, we'll make our luck!"

"Fair enough—we'll pin a few spans someplace on the West Coast and pyramid the profits. C'mon up on deck while we see the show."

The show was quiet. There was less reality to the homecoming than there had been to the departure long months ago. Even at this hour France, to the Gang, had become little more than a half-remembered dream. The nightmare effects had vanished. "God, I'd like to see old Bordeaux for one more day!"

The Loot's personal reverie was interrupted by an orderly bearing a message from Regimental Headquarters. The Loot read the note, and his smile became a laugh. He handed the document to Spike Randall. Here's where all of us brassnecks get unhitched out of all the fancy harness. Read it."

"1. Extract from E.I. No. 13, Hqs. S.O.S., A.E.F., of January 4th, 1919, Sec. XV, Par. 1, reads "Wearing of Sam Browne or Liberty Belts in the United States will not be permitted (WD Cable No. A 2293, December 7, 1918).

"2. Therefore:

After this date you will relegate your Sam Browne belt to the bourne
Of Useless gear, as a souvenir of the modern Samson shorn.

We approach the strand of our own home land; home ties must now replace
The vested pride of the polished hide whose loop we used to grace.

The Sam Browne belt is doomed to melt in the mists of other days

With sword and spur and the things that were when Mars was the current craze.
The polished strap is soon to snap like the thread of a passing dream,
As the shoreline nears and the 'Texan' steers to the upraised Torch's gleam.

While we ride the swell you will bid farewell to the belt of your vested strength,
For our work is done and the race is won by many an ample length.

From its wonted rest at waist and chest the symbol now must fly,

For the U. S. A. is over the way,—so bid your belts goodbye."

Spike handed the order back to the Loot. "Looks like the Home Guard is jealous. You see the date—that order was written four days ago. Also looks like Headquarters was afraid to spring it on you until we landed. What are you doin'?"

The Loot had dropped his Sam Browne belt over the side of the ship. "Never mind what I'm doin'. Some things get tighter than handcuffs. Listen . . . there goes the bugle—round up the Rabble—we're going ashore!"

There were no brass bands on the dock. Soldiers were old stuff. "We sneaked out and we snuk back."

Somebody had remembered, however, for at the shore end of the gang-plank a reception committee of eight old ladies, bearing gifts, met the Rabble Shoveliers.

One of them thrust an orange at the Loot with a threatening gesture as he came ashore with the Gang. The Loot expressed his gratitude with a quick bow. Accepting the gift, he smiled at the little old lady.

The three gold stripes on his arm caught his eye. Once they had been as brightly yellow as the orange, but now their brilliance had faded.

The orange seemed to be softer than an orange should be. The Loot pressed it gently with his thumb. Sure enough, the orange was rotten.

He handed it to Corporal Badger, who marched out of step near him. "Here's a present for you," the Loot said. "Reward of virtue. I've got a medal for you, too. Remind me about it when we hit camp."

[THE END]

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 41)

President Coolidge signed it. This measure was one of the Legion's main legislative objectives of the year.

Legion Students

THE National Executive Committee adopted a plan proposed by National Chaplain Gill Robb Wilson, under which ten or more American young men will be sent abroad each year as students in foreign universities and youths from foreign countries will be given scholarships in American educational institutions. The committee requested National Commander Spafford to appoint a commission of seven men to work out the details of the scholarship exchange.

Under the plan as outlined by Chaplain Wilson, the American exchange students will spend two years in foreign schools. The first group is expected to be sent to England, France, Italy, Germany and Japan. Foreign students coming to the United States will not be allowed to become lost in our larger universities but will be assigned to representative smaller institutions.

Funds for the scholarships for Legion students abroad will be raised by private subscription and many offers of contributions have already been received. Expenses of foreign students in this country will be assured by veterans' societies in the countries from which they come.

Six States

LEGIONNAIRES of six States are among the contributors to this issue of the Monthly.

Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan. . . . Joseph Mills Hanson is Historian of Roy Anderson Post of Yankton, South Dakota. . . . Thomas J. Malone belongs to Theodore Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota. . . . Marquis James answers the roll calls of S. Rankin Drew Post in New York City. . . . John J. Noll is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas. . . . Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

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Fidac's Path to Peace

(Continued from page 42)

last October came as international recognition of qualities which had won fame for him in Italy in peace as in war. He is ranked among the leaders in the Italian reconstruction and has been associated closely with Mussolini since the earliest days of Fascism. He was one of the founders of the new system in Naples and led the Neapolitan group in the famous march on Rome that marked the assumption of Fascist power in Italy. He was Secretary General of the Fascist Party in its early period and was head of the system in Naples at the time of his election as President of Fidac. He represents the Basilicata in the Italian parliament. He helped organize the Italian association of World War veterans and was a director of that body when honored by Fidac. He is an attorney and is the author of several books.

Sansanelli's war service began at the age of twenty in the Italian-Turkish war, in which he was decorated for bravery. He was an officer in the Bersagliers Cyclists—shock troops—during the World War and led the first company of cyclists across the Austrian frontier. Many tales are told of his courage in the battles among mountain passes and on the Venetian plains.

A prized decoration came to Sansanelli in November of 1915 as the result of the Italian attack at San Martino del Carso. The attack had just begun when Sansanelli was halted by a machine gun bullet in his arm. Only halted. He went on. The objective had been set. A second bullet pierced his leg. Ignoring fellow officers who pleaded with him to retire, he hobbled forward at the head

of his company. Only when a third bullet felled him in his tracks, unconscious, was he carried to the rear.

After the Armistice, Sansanelli retired to Naples expecting to live the quiet life of a hermit author. Then came Italy's social strife, the great conflict between the converts of Russian doctrines and the believers in a more conservative progress. Sansanelli again heard his country's call. Mussolini came to Naples and Sansanelli introduced him to the people. That was the beginning of a close association between the two all through the trying period of the reconstruction.

When Sansanelli became President of Fidac many complications faced him. The relations between Italy and Yugoslavia were strained. Friction had developed between Italy and France. In many other countries Fidac was still looked on questioningly.

Sansanelli went to Fidac headquarters in Paris not as an Italian, not as a Fascist, but as a service man denationalized for a year. One by one, disregarding any personal feelings he might have had, he took up the problems facing him. He launched campaigns in both Italy and Yugoslavia to calm public opinion and promote mutual understanding. In the same manner relations between Italy and France were bettered. And while doing all this, Sansanelli won from the League of Nations the right to Fidac representation on the League's council. And at the same time, Sansanelli was accomplishing the difficult task of uniting in a single commission the representatives of sixty-five national associations of service men in fourteen

countries, including societies in former enemy lands as well as in the Allied countries. As a result of his efforts, Fidac will conduct at Luxembourg on September 15th a conference of all these societies.

The world will wait for news from Luxembourg, when representatives of fifteen million men who fought in the World War, men of former enemy countries as well as Allied veterans, will meet to discuss the problem of the preservation of peace and other problems which have been inherited from the World War.

Ninety percent of all the men who fought in the World War will be represented at the congress. There will be representatives of most of the German, Austrian and Bulgarian veterans' societies as well as of the societies of the ten countries which fought on the allied side. Societies which have pledged themselves to join hands in the Fidac peace program include all the important enemy organizations except four reactionary nationalist German groups; one small Belgian society which is unwilling to meet with the Germans; the Hungarians, who refuse because of their opposition to the Treaty of the Trianon; and the Turks, who are friendly to the plan but have no ex-service men's organization.

Sansanelli in his addresses at Indianapolis and elsewhere in the United States frankly stated that Fidac has no panacea for all the ills of the world and he pictured the hope of enduring peace as a slow-growing plant to be carefully nurtured by the federated veterans' societies of all countries.

Men in a Day

(Continued from page 25)

the muzzle of the piece being supported by a tripod resembling that of the Chauchat automatic rifle, of profane memory. A Benet-Mercier had all of a Chauchat's drawbacks and a few of its virtues: one could not drive stakes with a Benet-Mercier without getting the mechanism out of fix. The other things one could not do without getting the mechanism out of fix would exhaust the space reserved for this article.

This state of affairs was in the backs of the minds of the instigators of the Machine Gun Company on the night of April 2, 1917, as they sat in the room over Cloverdale's store and tried to puzzle out what the future might bring forth. It was the immediate future that concerned them. What would happen at nine in the morning when the whistle blew? Would the company, or any considerable fraction of it, know enough to respond? The four sat late and smoked and talked. Long past mid-

night they parted to meet at eight in the morning.

They were all there at seven. They had been to bed but they had not slept much. A sense of impending drama possessed the four as they sat on the two chairs and the box of overcoats. The windows of the room over Cloverdale's store looked upon the Park about whose four sides is grouped the best part of St. Albans' business center. The day was chilly and there were patches of snow on the ground. St. Albans was going to work, starting the day as it started every other day.

Diagonally across the Park, between two fine old churches, stands the "academy," as the high school building is called. It is one of the oldest buildings on the Park and it is still imposing. It was built in the fifties, and the grandfathers and grandmothers of present students went there. A few minutes after eight the boys and girls began to

arrive, swinging their books. There went Babe Shannon and the Finn brothers, Huck and Fat. There went Slats Brackett, a young giant who weighed 100 pounds. The first classes would be called at 8:20, the second classes at 8:45. For seventeen of these boys there would be no third class. It was sobering to envision the shift in store for those lads, even by such feeble flights of the imagination as were then possible. How much more tremendous was to be the actuality. . . . Elmer Brackett, covered with the blood of twenty wounds, trying to work a jammed gun in the face of an enemy advance. Walter Finn dead in Simon Godfrey's arms in the shell-swept Argonne as the curtain went down on the war. . . . There are changes in our affairs too sweeping for the mind to anticipate, and this is a good thing.

At a quarter to nine the watchers drew out their time-pieces and counted

the minutes as they ticked by. What if someone should slip up and not blow the whistle right?

At twenty to nine the bells rang in the class rooms of the academy building. Time up for Latin IV, History II, English I and the other first period recitations. The pupils shuffled from room to room for the second classes of the day, which came to order at the ringing of another series of bells at 8:45. The second period was a light one as to recitations for the seniors and juniors, who mostly filed into the study hall, while the class rooms filled up with sophomores and freshmen.

The study hall, or chapel, is a large, rectangular and, when empty of people, a somewhat cheerless chamber on the third floor. Years ago this room was the village opera house. The high ceiling, the gaunt windows and cozy little stage still diffuse an air faintly reminiscent of a by-gone era of the American theatre. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played there, and helped to stir the austere New England conscience to a pitch that led to war and to an end of slavery. Civil War rallies were held in that room and many a Franklin County man and boy mounted the steep steps that lead to the stage and put his name to the muster roll. In 1864 the room was the scene of a panic when the Confederates "took" St. Albans—which is another tradition, and news to those who are under the impression that Gettysburg (or was it Morgan's raid into Ohio?) marked the flood tide of the Confederacy's invasion of the North.

During the second period on the morning of April 3d, the high school principal, Harry B. Dickinson, was in charge of the study hall. He sat behind a desk on the stage reading a book. About seventy-five students were in the hall. Mr. Dickinson is a popular schoolmaster. An old football player, he coaches his own teams and has never turned out a bad one. For three years prior to 1917 St. Albans did not lose a game.

Precisely at nine o'clock the fire whistle blew six blasts. Then six more. And six more. And Mr. Dickinson knew the call and wondered if the boys at the desks before him knew it. There had been no studying after the first blast and the room was very still. Everyone was counting. When the final six had sounded a boy arose from his seat, looked about the room for an instant and started to walk down an aisle toward the door. Mr. Dickinson does not remember which boy it was, and the boys do not remember. Before this boy had reached the door others were following him and in two minutes time fourteen in all were on their way to the stairs. There was a timid patter of handclapping, and one girl put her head in her arms and began to cry.

From their window across the Park Smith, Wood, Tenney and Webber saw the big front doors of the school "burst open," as Mr. Webber says, "and the boys pile out yelling as if they had just beaten Burlington." Fourteen had come from the study hall and four from the

class rooms. Some were still pulling on their overcoats when they started to dash across the Park toward the City Hall. There was a bandstand in the Park. As the first boy raced past he pitched a book into the stand. The others who had books followed suit. The torn leaves and loose papers blew about like a stage snowstorm.

Twenty minutes later the Machine Gun Company fell in on the floor of the big room of the City Hall which St. Albans uses for dances and for a variety of purposes. The high school holds its hops there. Private Webber, acting first sergeant, called the roll:

BRACKETT, ELMER
BUSHEY, JOHN
CLARKE, HOWARD M.
CORRIGAN, ROBERT
DALEY, ARTHUR
DANIELS, DEWEY
DOHENY, EDWARD
FINN, EUGENE
FINN, WALTER
GARFY, ARTHUR
GENNETTE, LEON
GODFREY, SIMON
HURLEY, PAUL
LAURIER, EUGENE
MALONEY, SIMON H.
NEIBERG, CECIL
SHANNON, CHARLES E.
WALSH, HARRY

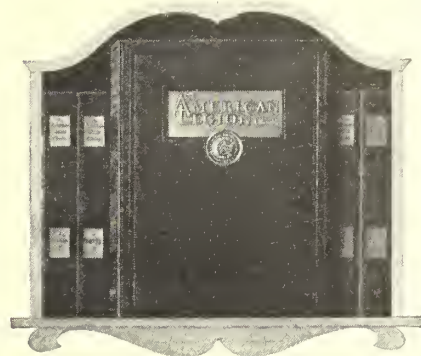
These eighteen high school students and twenty-seven others answered "here." Private Webber turned to Captain Smith.

"Sir, the Company is formed."

A quarter of St. Albans was standing in the street in front of the City Hall. As many as possible had crowded inside. Private Webber's announcement was received with cheers by the spectators.

Captain Smith ordered the box of overcoats broken out and each man was "fitted," if you know what I mean. Montpelier had sent too many overcoats; in several cases one garment would have done for two machine gunners. They were not so hard to get in as to stay in. Nevertheless each man enveloped himself in a coat and the company fell in again. After a little rehearsal of squads right and left it sallied from the City Hall and up Main Street to Murphy's Lunch Room for its first meal on Uncle Sam. In the afternoon Captain Smith took the company for a hike while the top kick, pro tem., stayed at the City Hall to read Moss on Army Paper Work. He had not read three pages when a lady called. Was this correct what she heard about her son being in the army company, or whatever it was, that had just been called out? Yes, Mrs. Blank, the brevet first sergeant said, hadn't he told you? He hadn't, and something must be done. Junior must drop this foolishness and get right back to his studies. The sergeant promised to consult the Army Regulations on the point involved.

This lady was the first of several visitors—fathers as well as mothers and sometimes fathers and mothers together. The sergeant sent his callers away with assurances (*Continued on page 78*)



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Men in a Day

(Continued from page 77)

that answered for the moment and by and by the company came marching back. Orders were at hand directing Captain Smith to make recommendations for lieutenants. The captain tactfully talked it over with the company and selected Evarts to be first lieutenant and Wood and Tenney to be second lieutenants. They were commissioned, and to this day the company feels that it "elected" its officers, good old Civil War style. Webber was appointed first sergeant and other noncoms tentatively were announced. Supper at Murphy's and Captain Smith gave the men permission to sleep at home, but they must report at the City Hall at 6:45 a. m. Webber was afraid this might involve a contest between parental and military authority to the detriment of the latter, and that some would not show up.

But they all showed up. Captain Smith and his fellow officers listened sympathetically to the complaint of every parent who had been surprised to learn that he had a son in the armed forces. St. Albans knew and trusted the men who had charge of its boys and had known and trusted their fathers and grandfathers. Moreover, whether they had made mistakes concerning their ages or not these boys had taken an oath our Government does not regard lightly. Objections grew less and less tenacious. Pride took the place of alarm. "The lad in front rank there, right next to the corporal—that's my boy!" Merchants sent around presents of cigarettes and cigars. The picture shows were free to anyone in an army overcoat and the high-school girls commenced knitting.

On April 5th, two days after the mobilization, the company received orders to entrain at 6:50 in the morning for Fort Ethan Allen, which is on the outskirts of Burlington. That night St. Albans held open house for its heroes. It was the night of the junior-senior class debate at the high school. The Machine Gun Company had plucked the high school pretty bare of athletes but it had not taken any of the debaters.

That night the company slept in the City Hall. In a drizzling rain St. Albans was up and out to see the boys away. The St. Albans Silver Cornet Band led the procession to the depot. The G. A. R. Post, the Spanish-American War Veterans, the high school and the Boy Scouts marched behind. The populace kept pace on the sidewalks and choked the streets about the station. The mayor made a little speech and the high school's new cheer leader, vice Godfrey, stepped before the ranks of students.

"All ready," he said, and began to make motions with his arms.

St. A. H. S.
Rah-rah rah-rah!
St. A. H. S.
Rah-rah rah-rah!

Machine Guns! Machine Guns!

But for a substitution in the last two lines it was the regulation yell.

The 6:50 train whistled in on time.

"R-r-right by twos, march!"

Forty-five dripping figures in blousy overcoats filed aboard. The people cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. A woman in front clung to the arm of a man who would have passed for a typical example of New England husband and father. The man was blinking hard. His wife was weeping.

The 6:50 whistled out a few minutes late and at 1:11 p. m. that day the United States declared war on the German Empire.

Fort Ethan Allen was a beehive of industry. Portly old Colonel Dickman, Second Cavalry, later major-general commanding the Army of Occupation, surveyed the scene. "A case of the blind leading the blind," he said. The Regulars, half recruits themselves, guyed the guardsmen and the guardsmen took it out on the Machine Gun Company and dubbed them the boy scouts and the millionaire kids. The millionaire kids was an allusion to Captain Smith's supposed rating in Bradstreet's, which the captain's flashy Pierce-Arrow flier did nothing to dispel. The millionaire kids carried on in barracks like a prep-school fraternity on a lark, but on the parade ground they soldiered so seriously that they saluted non-commissioned officers. They received all manner of miscellaneous and mostly useless machine-gun equipment which they learned about with creditable rapidity, being of a learning age and habit of mind. They took pride in the uniforms and had the Second Cavalry tailor refit them to measure. But their pranks had their officers in a cold sweat more than once. They appropriated the mules from the picket lines for joy rides. They marched out of the mess hall, refusing to eat after they had been ordered to eat. The chow, they said, was unfit for soldiers of the line.

They had been at Fort Ethan Allen about two weeks when the company clerk told Harry Webber that a "civilian" outside wished to see the first sergeant. The caller proved to be Donald Miles, a sophomore at the St. Albans High School. He asked to join the Army.

"How old are you?" asked Sergeant Webber in his official voice.

"Eighteen," said Donald.

He was a strapping youth and he passed the physical examination.

Three hours later Clair Regan showed up and was sent before the doctors. They sent him back. Underweight. Regan made two other unavailing trips to the examiners. Before starting on a fourth trip he ate a dozen bananas and made the weight.

Meantime the recruits' parents were

in conference with Principal Dickinson. Donald was fourteen years old and would not be fifteen until August. Clair was sixteen. Mr. Dickinson was asked to co-operate in a plan to bring them home. He thought the matter over very carefully and asked to be excused from participation in measures to obtain the boys' release from the Army. "They will go anyhow. I know those two boys. They will run off again. Isn't it better to let them stay with their own crowd?" Don and Clair stayed with their crowd.

The crowd got into the swing of it and things moved faster. A month of guarding railroad bridges and then befell a tragedy. The First Vermont was split up. Captain Smith was transferred, to become aide to Colonel Dickman, and one day to ride across the Rhine by his side. Lieutenant Evarts succeeded to the command of the Machine Gun Company. He took it to France, led it through the war and brought it home.

But not right away. First off the Machine Gun Company found itself at Niantic, Connecticut, grafted onto the Fifth Separate Squadron of Connecticut Cavalry, a more-or-less Harvard and Yale silk-stocking outfit that had just been relieved of its horses. The walking cavalymen were sore, the banished Vermonters were sore. They were to be amalgamated into something to be called the 101st Machine Gun Battalion of the 26th Division, whatever that was.

Now, esprit de corps dies only to be born again. There was a rebirth of it at Niantic, and in the fullness of time the 101st Machine Gun Battalion became a thing with a body and soul. No company in the battalion was more jealous of the fair name of the 101st than Company D, late of St. Albans, Vermont. And, having learned what a division was, it held the 26th Division to be the best all-fired division in this man's Army. Then months passed.

The company was on a practice march when an orderly delivered a note to Captain Evarts. The battalion had been given ninety-six hours' special leave. First Sergeant Webber got on the telephone and a special train of the Central Vermont appeared to take D Company home. Followed three memorable days in St. Albans and then the quaint old town told its own goodby.

Three days of "closed camp" at Niantic—no passes, no mail, no cigarettes—and aboard a guarded train with window blinds drawn. A journey of fifteen hours and a halt in the morning in a large city. The company filed out on the cobble-stones of what someone recognized to be an obscure street in Montreal. Montreal is not very strange territory to St. Albans, being only seventy miles away; the spires of Mount Royal are visible from Fairfield Hill just east of the village. On the other side of the street a canvas wall, thirty feet high and a block long, maybe, stared at

the travelers. The men were formed up and marched in column of twos toward an opening in the canvas wall. They marched through the opening and found their feet on what turned out to be the gangplank of the S. S. *Megantic*. She sailed that night—October 6, 1917.

On February 7, 1918, the 26th Division went into the line on the Chemin des Dames. St. Albans was there—Company D of the 103d Machine Gun Battalion now. The crowded months of battle training with new guns, new everything and a world to learn had brought the usual ups and downs from which the schoolboys of Company D, with all of the virtues of youth, had emerged rather better than average. The Chemin des Dames was "quiet." Raids, patrolling, gas and shell-fire but no general attack. On the 18th of March the company and division came out of the line.

Ten days later it was back in on the Toul front. Apremont. Seicheprey. Pitched battles, these, but Company D of the 103d was not in the thick of them. Its time came on the 16th of June. After a night of clashes between patrols, random machine gunning and miscellaneous excitement the Germans dropped a wicked barrage upon the ruins of Xivray-Marvoison. Company D held a good share of Xivray-Marvoison. At the first crack of dawn the German infantry in three parallel columns threw itself upon the Yank positions. Flammenwerfer detachments led the way. The boy machine gunners were going to get the brunt of the attack. Captain Evarts glided from crew to crew. The guns were well set for enfilading fire. The gray German silhouettes showed through the mist and the gunners let them have it. There was a fight. The machine guns held fast. The dead piled up before the emplacements. The attack failed.

On the night of November 10th D Company struggled over ten kilometers of risky Argonne landscape, from Ormond Farm to Beaumont village, and thus ended its two hundred and ninth day on hostile fields of fire. Orders were to attack in the morning. The men dropped into shell holes and slept while the Germans felt for them with artillery. It takes veterans to do that. Belleau Wood. Vaux, the Marne, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne had made veterans for Company D. Fifty-one men out of 172 were left. Of the fifty-one eighteen were old originals who had gone out from St. Albans that April morning in 1917; the rest were replacements from everywhere. Of the twenty high school boys eight remained. They had just buried Walter Finn at Ormond Farm. Eugene Laurier was dying of wounds. Brackett, little Clair Regan and Gennette were in hospital with wounds. Captain Evarts was dizzy from gas but carrying on. Harry Walsh was first sergeant. Harry Webber was an officer in the 89th Division.

On the morning of the 11th the company had no breakfast. At 10:30 it was deployed for attack. The Germans were shooting a lot of artillery but

shooting high. The Yank artillery was busy. Company D was ready but the signal for attack did not come. Instead, a bareheaded lieutenant, greatly excited, ran along the front shouting not to advance as the war would be over in thirty minutes. Company D thought the lieutenant was crazy. But in thirty minutes, exactly, the artillery on both sides stopped, and a patch of German heads popped from the position Company D had prepared to assault. With the war out of the way D Company set up a howl for breakfast.

THE ten years that have crept in between then and now find most of the survivors of the school boys who went from their lessons to war back in St. Albans, which has changed less than they have. Captain Evarts is gone. The men he had led for two years buried him with honors when he died in 1920 of gas poisoning, truly mourned as a gallant officer and a steadfast friend. Elmer Brackett is a police sergeant in Detroit. Arthur Garey is an advertising copy writer in Boston. Maloney is a construction foreman in New York. Daley is a railway clerk there and Clarke is a salesman in Hartford. Hurley was the only one to go back to school. He took a government-paid course at Georgetown University as a disabled ex-soldier and is in Washington now.

You cannot walk far along Main Street, St. Albans, without meeting some of the others. Neiberg and Walsh are customs inspectors. Bushey and Eugene Finn clerks for the Central Vermont. Donald Miles, who was sixteen when his war was over, is a freight brakeman. Babe Shannon is the foreman of the *Messenger's* big commercial printing plant and Si Godfrey is a reporter on that newspaper. Corrigan carries mail, Clair Regan runs a florist shop and so on and so forth. Harry Webber is the general comptroller of the Central Vermont.

They are all together in Green Mountain Post No. 1 of The American Legion. Jack Wood is commander. It was the first post chartered in New England, and, indeed, it is older than the Legion is. In France soon after the Armistice the boys formed an after-the-war organization which hooked up with the Legion as soon as there was a Legion to hook to. The first voiture of the Forty and Eight in Vermont was formed in St. Albans.

Green Mountain Post No. 1 is A1. It is a substantial part of the community life. It has created prestige for and confidence in the Legion. Ask any banker in St. Albans. Last fall the Vermont flood skipped St. Albans but the Green Mountain Post sent a relief expedition by motor truck into the devastated region. The expedition had things in hand in its sector when other outside help arrived.

Vermont is a land of tradition, and any old resident can tell you a few of them. The schoolboys of Company D have made some additions to the total, and they do not appear to be through yet.

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1. This payment will cover the right of first serial publication in The American Legion Monthly, but Houghton Mifflin Company's share of the award will be in addition to royalties on the sales of the book.
2. Any author, regardless of nationality, may compete in this contest, but manuscripts must be submitted in the English language.
3. To be considered by the judges of the contest, manuscripts must be not less than seventy thousand words in length.
4. Address all manuscripts to the War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
5. Manuscripts will be acknowledged and read as promptly as possible by the reading staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly, and all possible care taken to protect them against loss or damage. All manuscripts which are considered not suitable to be submitted to the board of judges will be promptly returned.
6. The competition will close at 5 p. m., May 1, 1929. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time prior to that date. Early submission is encouraged.
7. The judges of the competition will be: ALICE DUER MILLER, novelist, member of the Council of the Authors' League of America; Major General JAMES G. HARBORD, President of the Radio Corporation of America, author of "Leaves from a War Diary," former Commanding General, S.O.S., A.E.F.; RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, R.H.L. of *The Chicago Tribune*; JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor of The American Legion Monthly, and FERRIS GREENSLLET, Literary Director of Houghton Mifflin Company. Their decisions on questions of eligibility and interpretations of the rules and their award shall be final.
8. The decision will be reached by the board of judges as soon as possible after May 1, 1929, and public announcement made. The sum of \$25,000 will then be paid outright upon the signing of the contracts, as outlined in Rule 1 above.
9. All manuscripts offered in the competition other than that winning the prize are to be considered as submitted to The American Legion Monthly for first serial publication, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in book form on the author's customary terms or on terms to be arranged.
10. Every contestant must fill out and attach to his complete manuscript at the time it is submitted a special blank form giving the name of the manuscript and the name and address of the author. This form can be obtained by addressing War Novel Competition, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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A Cry That Has Echoed Through the Ages

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in His great compassion He laid His hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years, more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

Address all Communications to

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The Commander Earns His Wings

(Continued from page 51)

tain National Park, Captain Breene soared his plane to an altitude of 17,000 feet.

The hospital at Fort Lyons, Colorado, was next visited and in the same day a second meeting was held in Colorado Springs. Then back to Cheyenne from which city they set out for Salt Lake City in Utah. And it was during this stage of the journey that the tour was temporarily interrupted. Within a short distance of Salt Lake City, a blizzard was encountered which forced the captain to turn back and land in Rock Springs, Wyoming. After the storm had abated, the flight was continued to Ogden, Utah.

Only one week out from the jumping-off place in Pittsburgh and the air tourists were nearing the West Coast after having stopped for Legion meetings and greetings in twelve cities. On April 7th, stops were made in Burley and Boise, Idaho, and on the following day the 240-mile jump to Elko, Nevada, over the difficult country about which Captain Breene had already told me, was made. Reno, Nevada, was next visited and the flight continued to Medford, Oregon. Now in the Pacific Northwest, meetings were held in Portland, Oregon, at Camp Lewis, and Seattle, Washington.

In one day, 500 air miles were flown, with stops at Spokane, Washington, and Missoula and Butte, Montana, and just before reaching the latter city, the second blizzard and hailstorm was encountered. A route due east, through Miles City took the fliers to Fargo, North Dakota, and again they backtracked to Bismarck, North Dakota, and from there to Sheridan, Wyoming.

There was a surprise in store for the carriers of the Legion message when they neared their next scheduled stop at Billings, Montana. About twenty miles from that city, a flight of five planes met them and escorted them to the airport. The men piloting these planes were garbed in the accepted Western manner, chaps, six-guns and all, but I forgot to ask the captain whether the five-gallon hats had been replaced by flying helmets. Upon landing, the air reception committee was presented to the Commander as the "Flying Cowboys"—all members of Yellowstone Post of the Legion in Billings. The Legionnaires were flying commercial planes which are used for freight and express hauling in their section of the country. Quite a far cry from the cowboys on galloping horses who used to race alongside incoming trains to greet visitors and to escort them when they left.

The development of aviation looms large in the Legion's program and the establishment of airports and the marking of towns along air routes already established or which may be established is one of the major activities in the Le-

gion's plan of community betterment. So it was natural that I asked Captain Breene just how the Legion posts in the territory he had covered had carried out these ideas, and of what benefit their execution would be to aviators.

"Of first importance at this stage of aviation," he answered, "is the absolute necessity of the development of proper landing fields, the establishment of lighted airways for night flying, and of equal importance, the marking of all towns which are now or may soon be along air routes. I know that the Legion has stressed the first and last of these items, but it's a sad fact that few of the posts along the route we flew have acted upon the suggestions. I am sorry to report that the only town along our course which has been marked by the Legion is Sheridan, Wyoming."

Captain Breene had flown to the west coast a number of times along the air mail route, but on the flight with the Commander, most of the territory covered was north of the established route and therefore new to him. Cities to be visited had, of course, been advised in advance of the arrival of the Commander by plane and where no airports were available the local Legion men had staked out flat stretches of ground in the vicinity of their towns where a plane might be landed. But in some instances, local judgment was not as good as it might have been and the staked fields were found unusable.

"At one stop we made," the captain said, "a landing place had been staked and the reception committee was all lined up to receive us. I circled the field, knew at a glance that a safe or comfortable landing could not be effected on the site selected, and so coasted around until I found a level stretch of ground nearby on the mesa, where we came down. Although this meant that the reception committee had to jump into their cars and follow us to the place I had chosen for a landing, the greeting was just as cordial."

A straight course southeast carried them to Alliance and North Platte, Nebraska, Wichita, Kansas, and Tulsa and Muskogee in Oklahoma. The latter town was the southernmost point in their tour. From Muskogee the route led north again to Kansas City and thence via Belleville, Illinois, to Indianapolis, where the air chauffeur delivered his passenger.

I managed to get a word with Commander Spafford after the captain had gone and asked him if his air trip of twenty-three days, during which he had addressed thirty-five Legion meetings, hadn't been a bit strenuous, right in the middle of a busy year. He said, "No; traveling by plane is far less tiring than ordinary travel. In the future, if I want to get anywhere quickly, it will be by plane if any planes are available."



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